The Wolverine

ALBERT·L·LAWRENCE

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THE WOLVERINE

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written by my
very first beau brother
was about 1883 — Edith A Root

The Wolverine

A Romance of Early Michigan

BY

Albert Lathrop Lawrence

With Illustrations from Drawings by

ARTHUR E. BECHER

BOSTON
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THE WOLVERINE

CHAPTER I.

WHEN you had grown tired of being an Indian, having taken so many scalps that the very dregs of novelty had been drunk, there was always the game of pirates in waiting. It required but a nod from your leader's imagination, and new life was at once put into the day's sport. But if, while you were digging a hole in which to bury the blood-bought treasure, your spade hit on something hard and mysterious, everything changed at once. You were now respectable, law-abiding people, suddenly come upon some robbers' rich hoard; for in sober earnest you knew that pirates had never visited this region of the Great Lakes, a thousand miles from the sea, and therefore this was no treasure from the Spanish Main which you were uncovering. Your enthusiasm, however, increased a thousand fold. It was no play now. This was *truly*.

"Lemme git at it with me pick!" cries Dan excitedly. "Gi' me a chance't there, Frenchy!"

"Zain't no robber treasor," returns François, stubbornly refusing to give place, though he was smaller and must yield at last. "She hones' treasor. I know

what she ees. Mère Gobielle tol' me. Mère Gobielle she was leettle zen, an' remember all about zem times; Bloody Run, ze fire ships, ol' Pontiac. Antoine Golais burie' his riches, an' mak' quick to get into ze Fort. Leef me alone, Dan Hooks! Zis ees mine! Zis ees French treasor!"

"Out of my way, Frenchy," Dan now commanded, roughly pushing the other aside. "I don't know no Ontwon Golay. You go claimin' the hull an' you don't git none o' this 'ere treasure!"

"Of course you not know him. You peoples no leef here long 'nough for zat. Nobody knows where he burie' his treasor. He tol' nobody. An' he was kill' at Bloody Run. Mère Gobielle she tol' me; she tol' me manee times all anybody can tell. Ze treasor ees French treasor, an' nobody can haf eet but ze French. You hear me tell you, Dan Hooks!"

"Oh, I hear you, Frenchy. An' I've heard little froggies croak before now."

"Let's put him in the hole after we've dug out the treasure!" suggested Dick Weaver. "Oh, let's put Frenchy Beaucœur in the hole!" And his companions took up the cry and began to dance about François like a band of Wyandots, screaming their determination.

"Naw, naw!" yelled their leader above the din, while he paused in his labors with the spade. "But if he don't shut his mouth, an' quit whinin', we'll throw him into the Savoyard, where all the froggies go."

"Ha! ha!" cried the band, obedient to its leader. "Into the Savoyard! Throw him into the Savoyard! Frenchy eat froggy; froggy eat Frenchy! Ha! ha!"

"You not talk to me like zat eef Louis was here—or Isadore Duprè—or Pierre Lievre. An' I tell zem bime-by."

Indeed, the English-speaking boys had taken advantage of being vastly in the majority, a thing that at this early day rarely occurred in the old French town now undergoing metamorphosis.

The clamor suddenly came to an end when Dan pried out an old rusty gun-barrel, the stock of which had rotted and fallen away. Then followed the skull and a few crumbling bones of some Indian or early European, who had lost his life on this oft-contested ground. At once the boys began an awed speculation; some argued for a French origin for the bones, some for an English, and some placed them to the credit of various Indian tribes. The relics were poked over, handled gingerly, and passed about. The probable time of death was discussed, and old legends were called up—of the Raisin massacre, of Simon Girty, of Knaggs and the Navarres, of Pontiac and his red followers; until the boys felt the blood crawling in their veins, and fairly trembled for safety at their distance from the town. Then Dan felt his disappointment in the sort of treasure they had unearthed, and sought consolation in the joy of teasing François Beaucœur.

"French treasure, is it?" he cried. "Then into the Savoyard it goes. Ah! Frenchy will have the hull of it, will he? Then into the Savoyard he goes after it! Come on, kids! ketch the Black Frenchman!"

"Non, non!" screamed François, turning to run. "I will tell Louis. I will tell monsieur le gouverneur!

I am no Black French. You Black American—Black Anglish! *Bad!* Leef me go, Dan Hooks! Leef me go, all!"

They had caught him and were dragging him toward the little stream, which flowed between them and the town, when, without warning, his sister appeared on the opposite bank.

"Boys! boys! what is it you are doing?" she called, with the slightest French accent in her words. "Take hands off François at once. You will hurt him! Boys, you will hurt him!"

She looked swiftly, anxiously, up and down the stream for some place to cross to her brother's aid. It was too far to the little bridge, and the muddy water, though neither wide nor deep, would ruin her shoes and soil her pretty gown, if she tried to make the passage on the partially immersed and wholly uncertain stones, over which the boys came and went at pleasure. Ah! how she would have boxed their ears and sent them to the right and left, if she were but near enough.

François had given up hope of escaping the ducking, and was thinking at what moment he should stop screaming and close his mouth with one full breath, that he might not strangle when the fatal plunge came; and his sister, in despair, was about to close her eyes against the cruelty of those deaf alike to threats and entreaty, when suddenly a champion appeared out of the woods on the farther bank, and hastened to her brother's aid. He was a stranger, tall, and athletic in proportions, with long yellow hair, and a keen blue eye that took in the

situation at a glance. His face kindled in holy wrath, and his strong arm seemed without mercy, while he dealt blows to the right and left, hopelessly scattering the parcel of youthful bullies, who fled in every direction as if very life depended on the nimbleness of their sturdy legs.

"Dieu merci!" breathed Marie Beaucœur in glad relief. She was not likely soon to forget the face of him who had proved a friend in her brother's need.

François had lost no time in springing from boulder to boulder across the stream which separated him from his sister and safety, and when the battle was over, he was standing by Marie's side, his face wreathed in smiles at the discomfiture of his enemies.

"I thank you, sir," said Marie to the stranger, as he paused before resuming the stick and pack which he had carried on his shoulder previous to the onslaught.

"Not at all," he returned, with a movement of his hand toward his hat. "It was a real pleasure," he assured her, with such grace as he could command, for he had not been trained to court manners.

Marie was all gratitude at the moment, but that did not prevent her from storing up a picture of the fellow to mimic and laugh over when alone. Had she been a commonplace person the other would have been quite at ease. But her marvellous beauty smote him irresistibly, and because of that and her sex, everything about his own person seemed forced upon his consciousness. To cover his embarrassment he looked up and down the stream for a place to cross.

"Ze water eet ees leettle on ze stones," said François, guessing the stranger's intention. "Voilà!" he called the next instant, and pointing, he darted up the Savoyard a few rods to another fording place. "Come," he cried; "mak' long step, big jump, an' ze feet zey are not wet at all. I will carry ze pack. My feet zey are already ver' wet; eet mak' no different. Eet was a grand fight! You haf mooch mooscle!" And he laughed as he looked back where his enemies had gathered to console themselves.

"A stranger in Detroit, are you not?" questioned Marie Beaucœur, when she came up with her brother and his new friend, who in the meantime had made the passage of the Savoyard dry shod, thanks to his strength and agility.

"Yes, ma'am, a stranger," he answered. "But I hope to make it my future home. Massachusetts has been my home. To-day I came from Monroe—walked most of the way, though I did get a ride with a farmer for a few miles. My name is Perry North."

"I am very glad to welcome you to Detroit, Mr. North," the girl returned, and Perry was not sorry he had yielded to François and waited for his sister to join them. His natural diffidence had prompted him to continue his way alone after crossing the Savoyard, but François had clung to the pack as if of course the three would walk into town together. And now, as his sister did not immediately return the stranger's self-introduction, the young man took it on himself to make them known.

"My name eet ees François Beaucœur, and she eet ees my sister, Marie Louise. We leev not ver'

far in zat part of ze town," he continued, pointing from their elevated position, over a score of rather small, red, and white, wooden houses. "Eet ees ze suppertime, Marie, why do you not ask monsieur to go home wit' us? I would be ver' glad——"

"Why do I not?" she repeated. "Because, mon petit frère, you have not given me a chance to say one little word." And she gave North a look and smile that was the sweetest form of invitation.

"Thank you, Miss Beaucœur; thank you both," said Perry, transferring his pack to the other shoulder. "But I have a friend expecting me at the Steamboat Hotel, and I think I had better go there at once."

"Ah, for why ees eet zat you walk, Meester Nort'?" interjected the lad. "Moos' people zey come on ze steamboat. Efair day eet ees anot'er boat; an' black all round ze sides an' on ze wheelbox—black wit' people. Monsieur Baddeau he ver' mad. An' so mon père. Ah—my fat'er—he ver' mad, also. Many people zey mak' ceety where ees land—farms. My fat'er he not like ze ceety. He like ze farm."

His sister's laugh rang on the evening air. Her manner so completely absorbed North that he allowed an instant to pass before replying to the boy's question, and by that time the sister had started a discussion which drove the question from the minds of all.

"François, your English will be the death of me! Oh, it is so very funny! And Mr. North is just ready to die, too, because he will not laugh in your face."

"Then I will not speak English at all, if you laugh

at me and make fun of me before the gentleman!" declared François in a good and sturdy French patois.

"Oh, you will not! Then how will you speak to the gentleman?"

François turned suddenly toward North, for whom he had formed a quick liking. "Parlez-vous français?" he questioned, his face showing doubt and hope by turn.

"I am sorry I do not," answered Perry.

"Vous comprenez!" cried the lad, as if, in the moment of defeat, he had snatched half a victory. But he was doomed to crushing disappointment.

"What is that?" asked Perry; and Marie went off in a merry burst of laughter.

"Everyone knows 'Parlez-vous français?' mon frère," declared his sister. "And you will be compelled to speak the English to Mr. North. Our father will be rejoiced, for he wishes all his children to learn the English perfectly"—this to the stranger.

"Well, François," returned North, with friendly air, "I will teach you English if you will teach me French; and I'll promise not to make sport of your English if you'll not laugh at my French. What do you say—is it a bargain?"

"Will monsieur teach me ze fight?"—and he put up his little fists in a very pugilistic attitude. "Zen I can whip ze Anglish boys al-ways when zey will fight me. Ees eet not so?"

"If you will promise never to whip me," agreed North, with a look to Marie to share in his humor.

But before his sister laughed, François understood the stranger too would make sport of him,

and such a look came into his face as smote Perry's manly heart.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, seeking to recall his words. "Then it is a bargain," he added.

They had reached a point where the path branched. Marie drew her brother aside. "This is a shorter way to our home," she explained to North. "The other will lead you into the town."

"And to the Steamboat Hotel?" he questioned, regretting to lose so charming a companion.

"I will point monsieur ze way," declared François, springing from his sister's side. Then with boyish imperiousness he directed Marie to take the new path, while he would continue with monsieur, and afterward, running, would be the first to reach home.

"If the English boys do not overtake you," interjected Perry, hoping to alarm François so he would persuade his sister to accompany them into town.

"Oh, zey will not follow," declared the lad confidently, and Perry was forced to bid his new acquaintance good evening.

He and his guide kept up a sprightly conversation to the very door of the hotel. Perry continued to see the sister's eyes where properly belonged the lad's own; and the smile of his lips was so like the other's too. The shrug of the little shoulders recalled Marie's manner when she had laughingly declared: "Everyone knows 'Parlez-vous français?'" What a delightful experience he had had.

Then came the moment of parting. Invitations were given and promises of other meetings exchanged.

Perry repeated his "Good evening," adding, "I am much obliged for your kindness, François."

"Bon soir," answered François, and explained: "Eet ees 'good evening.' Eet ees ze firs' lesson."

And all smiles, with a pretty wave of the hand, he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

DETROIT at this time contained not far from three thousand souls, about half of whom were of French descent. Emigrants from the Eastern States, mostly of English extraction, a few Indians, some half-breeds, and a sprinkling of German, Scotch, and Negro types, made up the remaining population. The Erie Canal through New York State had just been completed, and a flood of new settlers was pouring in. As yet, however, the town was scarcely built three streets beyond the river front, along which it lay, incongruous in its mixture of the old and the new, bearing many signs of the frontier military and trading post, out of which it was slowly evolving.

Excepting the French element, Perry North was quite at home in his new surroundings. Sprung from Puritan ancestors and reared by a widowed mother on a stony New England farm, he was used to privation and hardship. His early education had been gained largely from borrowed books, which, after the closest economy, he had supplemented with a short course at the "Academy," as the advanced

country school was called. He had fitted himself for a land surveyor, and it was the promise of employment in his chosen profession that had brought him to Detroit.

At the hotel he received his first disappointment, for the friend whom he expected to find had been called into the interior. This friend was the Territorial Representative in Congress, Lucius Lyon, himself a young man, and formerly employed as a government surveyor. Back in New England their families had been connected, and it was this claim which led North to apply to him when he wished for advancement. There was nothing to do but wait patiently for the Congressman's return, which, according to word left behind, would not be for three or four days.

The early part of the evening Perry sat in the poorly-lighted hotel office, listening to the politics of the Territory. The new Secretary had just arrived, a young man from Virginia, Stevens Thompson Mason by name; and the fact that he had not yet attained his majority gave rise to severe criticism on the part of men of experience, who did not relish being ruled by a mere stripling. Later, there was singing in the ladies' parlor, up one flight of stairs; and the landlord, coming to North, invited him to join those listening.

"I want you to meet my brother by and by," said his genial host. "He's at the organ there, now. He's quite a literary man, historian, poet, and all that sort. He's going to sing one of his own songs shortly, at the request of Governor Cass. That's the Governor

over there, just beyond the organ,—the one with his head thrown back looking at the ceiling—rather portly, with striking face. He drops in here frequently of an evening. I didn't know but I could point out the new Secretary to you, too. But he's stopping over at the American. He's been in here; but I don't see him now."

Then "Uncle Ben"—as the landlord was commonly called—paused in his explanation, for the music began. Perry listened to the song, "The Old Oaken Bucket," as it was sung by the man who wrote the words—Samuel Woodworth.

"He's here on a visit," the landlord explained in an intermission. "I expect we'll get a good deal of that while he stays." And he looked proud and happy. He liked to feel the importance of the hostelry of which he was head. Uncle Ben was always attentive to his guests, but a friend of Lucius Lyon's was worthy of additional effort, for Lyon was one of the big men of the Territory.

It was late when Perry reached his room that night. Nevertheless, he began a letter to his mother and sister back in Massachusetts, with the intention of adding to it from time to time, till it should reach fair proportions. The postage might be as high as two shillings, and it stood him in hand to send something of real value. But he could hardly fail to be interesting, as he wrote of the grave he had visited on his way; of the strange Providence that had led his father West at a critical period in the Nation's history, there to sacrifice his life in a glorious defense

of the flag, after sending back a name for the son he was never to see.

When Perry blew out his ill-smelling light and crawled into bed these things ceased to occupy his thoughts and pretty Marie Beaucœur with her dark eyes and cherry lips, her charming form, perfect in all its animation, came and possessed his mind for the five minutes that preceded the seven hours of dreamless slumber.

Immediately after his breakfast next morning, Perry sallied into the streets to acquaint himself with the town which was likely to be his home for the future. He went first to the wharf to see if his belongings sent by boat had yet arrived. He had preferred to make the last part of his journey by land, that he might gain a knowledge of the country which would be an advantage to him when he should have money to invest. There was no lack of sights to interest him now on every hand: the shaggy, Canadian ponies; the odd two-wheeled carts; the quaint windmills for grinding grain; and the easy-going, pleasure-loving French habitant, jostled and awakened by the energetic, bustling emigrant from New York and New England.

In the afternoon he met his young friend, François Beaucœur, at the hotel door, come in search of him. Together they resumed sight-seeing through the town and adjacent country; and for three days this continued with no interruption, save intervals for meals and rest. François proved a charming guide, for he was acquainted with every foot of ground, and had some story to tell of nearly every object, mingling

history and legend in his narrative in a manner to form the most fascinating romance; and the whole was told with such boyish naïveté, and quaint, broken English that Perry never grew tired of listening. Did the narrator fall into a dull moment, there was his face to recall to Perry's eye the prettier face and figure of his sister, and when the tale took on fresh interest, it was as if the listener had for the instant been attracted elsewhere by some exquisite illustration.

Thus they explored the remains of old Fort Shelby and the ruder fortifications known as Fort Nonsense. With canoe rides on the broad river, and long walks, they visited the battlefields of Bloody Run and Monguagon, invaded Canada again, took Fort Malden, and pressed up the Thames over the route pursued by General Harrison and the Kentuckians who killed Tecumseh a few short years before. As history it was all fresh in Perry North's mind. Indeed, he felt himself peculiarly a part of those stirring times and bloody scenes. Had not his father been killed in the famous naval battle on Lake Erie? And was not he, the son, named in honor of the gallant hero of that fight?

In the intervals of rest, in Perry's room at the top of the old wooden hotel, were given the lessons in French. François, as guest, had the honor of the single chair. North, sitting in his open window, would question him after some such manner as, What do you call this? and, How do you say that? And receiving his answer, would repeat the word or phrase over and over till he had acquired the accent to the

critical satisfaction of his teacher, and stored up in his memory several hundred of the most common expressions.

Then came payment for his instruction, when his tutor would mount the bed with its hay mattress; and so, their faces on a level, the sparring and fisticuffs would begin, to end only when François was exhausted and out of breath.

It was Saturday noon when Lyon returned. He welcomed the young man cordially, expressed regret for his absence at the time of Perry's coming, and took steps at once to secure for him the position he sought. Before the sun went down that afternoon, North had the satisfaction of buttoning his coat over an official document which made him a sort of surveyor-general of the Territory.

"Now we've started you in a business way," said Lyon, in his rather slow, altogether kindly tones; "the next thing is to give you a good social launching. The Governor entertains this evening at the Mansion House in honor of the new Secretary, and I have an invitation for you to be present. It is quite informal, but will furnish an opportunity for you to meet many persons of influence."

"You know I've already met several members of the Council," said Perry, glad of a chance to show that he could make a little way unaided.

"Yes," returned Lyon, shifting his portly form in the hard chair of the hotel office; "but you must meet the wives and daughters of these men. You cannot afford to neglect the ladies, Perry, if you would succeed. Now that sounds a little odd, perhaps, coming

from a bachelor; but I know it to be true. If I could be a whole year in one place, I think I could make choice of a woman to become Mrs. Lyon."

He was smiling now, and Perry smiled with him, but the color came into the younger man's face almost as if he were a school girl. He was wondering whether Marie would be at the Mansion House. He realized as one making a discovery, that persons of influence were not always men; for how easy, and what a pleasure it would be, to do work for Marie Beaucœur!

"You will travel far," Lyon was saying when Perry returned to the florid-faced, well-dressed servant of the people, "before you will find better society, more real culture, more pretty faces—than right here in Detroit. I have spent a season in Washington, where you will find a greater mass, but as individuals go, nothing higher than here." Then his smile returned with more pleasantry. "There is a woman down at the Capital who might pull a heart-string or two here,"—he touched his own expansive chest, —"but she little dreams of it, I fancy. And if it were not she, I don't know who else might claim that power, unless it be Marie Beaucœur of Detroit."

"Marie Beaucœur!" exclaimed North. "Why, I've met her too!" he added. "It is her brother who has acted as my guide the last three or four days. Will she—— Do the French, as a rule, attend the Governor's social gatherings?" Perry had talked right through the Congressman's surprise.

"So you have met Marie!" repeated Lyon. "Well, no; as a rule, the older generation of French do not

mingle with the newcomers, as of course we are—sort of interlopers; and you will find they regard us with some such feeling. But the younger generation—— I think I can promise you Marie Beaucœur will be there. So you have met her. Tell me about it."

Perry thereupon gave his friend an account of the incident on the banks of the Savoyard.

"Good!" exclaimed Lyon, when the other had finished. "She is a clever girl, and it will help you if you can claim her as a friend. It was a splendid introduction—far better than I could have given you." He rose at this point, a shadow on his face. "I wish this race antagonism might be stamped out altogether," he continued, impressively. "It's not alone with the children. It crops out in the older generation when you least expect it. North, let me ask you to make it a special object while here, to promote better relations between these classes. There is no duty more worthy of a good citizen."

Perry was quick with a promise, for the matter seemed to embody some delightful relations with Marie Beaucœur. He thanked Lyon for the interest he had shown in his affairs, for the help he had given him; also, for the Governor's invitation, which he gratefully accepted, and promised to be in readiness when the hour should arrive to set out for the Mansion House.

CHAPTER III.

PERRY had already seen the Mansion House a number of times from the outside. As a structure it was bound to attract attention, even in a town so well supplied with interesting and curious sights. François had told him it was built by the great Cadillac, more than a hundred years before, and his listener had not doubted the statement in the least, for age was stamped on every board and written in every line of the strange edifice. Surmounting the large one-story building was a high, sharp roof out of which, near the center, rose a short stone chimney of enormous thickness, on which the roof seemed to lean as it sagged toward the middle. In front of the house was an odd-looking porch of generous proportions, but out of plumb, with a Chinese-like top shooting above the eaves. This feature presented the appearance of having been flung at the main structure by some careless giant hand, and the resulting shock seemed to have disarranged the lines generally.

It was after eight o'clock when North and Congressman Lyon set out. The night was not dark,

for there was a full moon, thinly veiled, giving promise of rain, which was sorely needed. Occasionally a two-wheeled cart rumbled by, and merry laughter would fill the night air.

A circular gravel walk led up to the brightly lighted house, and, as the weather was warm, the large front door stood open with an air of ready welcome for all. Suddenly, Perry found himself within the reception room, shaking hands again with the great man of the Northwest, who smiled in recognition and spoke his name before Lyon prompted him. A gay throng filled the apartments, and the hum of many voices fell like a continual pleasant droning on the ears. Perry's sweeping glance took in the wall ornaments of this first room—Indian likenesses, pipes, snowshoes, bows and arrows, medals and a hundred other mementoes of the American forest and aboriginal life.

Then they passed to the right into the drawing-room. There was little formality about the function; nearly everybody was acquainted with everybody else. A group at the farther end of this second room, however, proved the one exception. Here, the guests as they moved along were being presented to the new Secretary, Stevens Thompson Mason; and with him in the line were his mother and sisters.

Mason impressed the beholder at once with his fine personal bearing. He was tall and handsome. A bright, beaming eye seemed to mirror the restless spirit that animated his being; while his hair, dark and waving, fell about a brow, marble-like in its patrician fineness. These features, in spite of his

youth gave him a clear-cut and commanding presence.

When Perry was presented to the new Secretary a picture was formed worthy of a Stuart or a Peale. The two men, in form and size, were counterparts of each other. But North's hair was of a singular color; neither yellow nor red, it yet partook of both—perhaps a pale orange would best describe the shade.

"What a homely man!" the beholder invariably thought on first seeing him. This was not strange, for an orange-colored head moving among heads of a prevailing black, becomes something of a freak. But having called him "homely" at first sight, his critic was almost certain, six months later, to point him out to some stranger as "that handsome young fellow with light hair;" and forthwith he would fall into an argument to prove the correctness of his amended opinion. He would enumerate other points undeniably good; great, earnest, blue eyes; a well-formed chin; a straight nose, not the least too large or too small; and a mouth, every line of which was a revelation of strength;—and all set above a form that was perfect in its athletic proportions.

Perry shook hands with Mason with a quick feeling of admiration. He was himself ambitious, and loved power; and here in this young man—younger than he—was embodied so much that usually takes years and hard struggle to attain. He watched him with almost envious eyes during a moment of animated conversation with Lyon, regarding some Washington friends; and then Perry and the Congressman passed on to give place to others.

By this time the rooms were filled. From somewhere the strident sound of stringed instruments came, mingled with the rhythmic shuffle of feet, which told that dancing was going on not far away. Through an open window people could be seen promenading up and down the long porch, or moving in little groups about the dimly-lighted grounds. Perry was beginning to wonder why he did not see Marie Beaucœur's face anywhere in the throng, when her voice sounded at his very elbow.

"Bon soir, Monsieur North," she said, mockingly addressing him in French. She had just come from shaking hands with the new Secretary. "Un grand chevalier, n'est-ce pas?"

Perry's brow gathered in a frown as he endeavored to translate.

"Ah! I fear the lessons are not well learned," she continued, with a sad shake of the head.

"You are too quick for me, Miss Beaucœur," he returned, at last guessing the import of her speech. "It is a weighty matter, and an opinion should be given only after due deliberation. Indeed, he is a handsome man," said North, with a glance toward Mason.

"Ah, the men they will be deliberate," sighed Marie. "But the ladies they are all in love with him this moment. Are you not very jealous, Mr. Lyon?"—turning to Perry's companion.

"I shall be if you do not promise me the first waltz this evening," answered the Congressman.

"The first? Is it not promised to Mr. North?" And she put her finger to her brow with pretty per-

plexity, as if memory were playing her a trick. With charming, covert glance her eyes turned quickly toward Perry, while her wonder grew at his continued silence.

"Was it a promise made on the banks of the Savoyard?" asked Lyon, remembering Perry's story.

But now Perry was ready with a speech. "It would be a great pleasure to dance with Miss Beaucœur," he said, "if one were every whit prepared. But my feet are more ignorant of that than my tongue is of French. And I fear I have disappointed you once, already."

"Sly fox!" commented Marie, eyeing him while she spoke to Lyon. "It is an excuse. He wishes me to give him lessons also, as François does. But how think you he would pay? I do not care for the fight, as my brother does."

As she spoke, she placed her hand within the Congressman's arm, and permitted him to lead her away in the direction of the music.

Left alone, Perry withdrew to the porch, and there presently found a window through which he could watch the dancers. He was not in the best of spirits. It was evident that Marie would have given him the first dance, had it been possible for him to take part in the gay amusement, though he had not asked her for it, and another had. Her coquetry pleased and puzzled him. He wondered whether Lyon comprehended her words and action, and what he thought of them. Her manner through the whole scene set his blood to tingling; it also stirred the old Puritan

within, and the argument that ensued between his two minds put him in bad humor.

He had been taught that it was wrong to dance. Nay, that the dance was positively an allurement of the Devil's for entrapping souls to their eternal destruction. The question had not weighed with him personally before; but now suddenly it had snatched from his lips a cup which he felt would be very delicious to quaff. In consequence a feeling of injury rankled in his breast.

How long he stood watching that gay throng he scarcely realized. But dance followed dance, and he saw Marie whirled about, first by Lyon, then by Mason, again and again, as the evening progressed. Finally, the argument became so fierce that his mental picture dimmed the picture before his eyes, and he lost all consciousness of time and place.

"Ah! here he is," were the words which called him back to the present. "We have searched for you everywhere," said Marie in her sweet, girlish tones. "I would not let Mr. Lyon give up till you were found. He has some stupid matter to talk with De Tocqueville about prisons and whipping posts; and then he will carry him off to the Governor's den, and they will spend the rest of the night conversing on the subject, and when the Territory shall be a State. Never become un homme d'etat, Mr. North, unless you wish the ladies to think you very stupid. You may go now," she said to her escort. "Mr. North will take care of me." And she dismissed him with a smile and a final "Merci, monsieur le congressman," that robbed her manner of rudeness

"Ah! now I can breathe," she sighed. "It was so stupid in there. Truly, Mr. North, have you never danced?"

"I never have," was Perry's calm answer, as he looked into her face, revealed to him by the light from the window. "But you are quite heated, Miss Beaucœur. You will take cold," he said, in quick apprehension.

"Then let us walk," she returned. "I know a path —it is here—that leads down to the river. Ah! the moon is it not fine?"

She took his arm, and they moved away from the house and the music.

Perry's first thought was, "This is better than a dance!" Providence had not been so cruel to him, after all. He was half-ashamed of his earlier rebellious spirit. Indeed, with further reflection, he seemed to find in Marie's last act Heaven's quick reward for having settled in his own mind that he would be true to the teachings of his ancestors, and not be led away by the gaieties of the world. Of course these things were not sin to the pretty creature on his arm; that was to be charged to her education; she could not do or dream anything that was not pure and heavenly.

"How is it," he asked, his mind fastening on the educational feature, "that you speak English perfectly, while your brother's words are so broken?" He could not make her speech less.

"Ah, do you think I have never been to school? That is the way with all who come here from the East. You think we are rough; boors; backwoods-

men and slatternly women—all; no culture, no refinement. It is not true! Has not Monsieur De Tocqueville expressed his surprise? 'So like my France—my Paris!' When François has been to school he will speak perfect English. It is our father's wish."

"You misjudge me, Miss Beaucœur. I am from the East, but I knew there were cultured people in Detroit. I have read letters of the Reverend John Montieth's in the New York *Observer*."

"You should have met these people to-night, instead of hiding yourself away out of doors," she declared, warmly. "Mr. Trumbull was there for a short time, and Mr. Schoolcraft, and Mr. Woodworth's brother, and young Doctor Houghton, and a dozen others I might name."

"I have met Mr. Woodworth," said Perry. "I should like to meet Mr. Trumbull. I have read his famous poem, *M'Fingal*."

"Ah, I would take you back and present you now. But it is late, and he goes early to his home. He is very, very old, you know."

"Then I saw him talking with your talented young countryman, De Tocqueville?"

By this time they had reached the water's edge.

"Voilà!" she cried, interrupting him. "Is not the river magnificent? Ah! the narrow path of gold! How I wish I were a fairy, and might dance away, 'way yonder to the moon!"

She had taken a step beyond North toward the river. As she spoke, he reached a quick hand after her. He was frightened with the thought that she

might deceive herself into making the experiment; for in his own mind he began to doubt her reality.

She turned to him quickly, however, placing her hand on his outstretched arm. "Why have you never danced, Mr. North? It is so fine! Come, let me give you a lesson. See; here the bank it is hard and smooth. First you must stand so; with your feet so."

She drew her dainty skirts so they revealed the whole of her pretty boots.

"Now step this way. See—as I do. Now this way. Good! Try that again. Ah—but first I must teach you how to bow."

She came at him with both hands, as if he were some wooden image on wheels that must be rolled into position. Perhaps the lack of grace in his movements had suggested this. To North there was something hypnotic in her commands and magnetic touch, and he obeyed all as one in a dream.

"Ah, I should have a hat! But yours is not here. Let it pass. You must think I have one—and you one—and do as I do."

She moved a few steps away, and began by calmly raising her right hand with a perfect roundness in the curve and motion of the arm. At the level of the head she seized an imaginary hat-rim, lightly, slightly, with about half the length of her fingers. The imaginary hat was slowly lifted and slowly carried out into the air to the fullest length of the gradually straightened arm. The movement was calculated to turn the hat over slowly, so that it described a complete semi-circle on its road, and reached the extreme limit of its distance at the precise instant it became

upside down. At the moment the hat was lifted from her head, her body began bending forward, continuing till the hat had reached its greatest distance. Then the hat came slowly sweeping back, and with its return her figure became erect.

"Now you do that," she commanded sprightly, and he obeyed—but not just to her satisfaction.

"No, no! The movement it is too rapid. It must be *so!*" And she repeated the action, at the close calling on him again with pretty imperiousness: "Now you!"

Once more he tried to satisfy her demands, but Puritan stiffness was not equal to the artistic ideas of la belle France.

"Ciel!" she cried, "the joints they are all like rusty hinges. It must be done many times till they are bright like new. Again. Oh, the arm it is too much in front. It must be more to the side. I did not so! See—I did *so*. Now you!"

But his attempt only drew forth laughter, while she tried to console him with words of encouragement. "With much practice monsieur may become perfect," she said. "But enough of that now. We will go back to the dance."

The dance! The sinful word aroused him to his danger.

"This is witchery!" he cried. "I will have no more of it!"

"Ah," she said, ruefully, "if monsieur is tired of the lessons we will return to the house." But she remained, and her injured, childlike air was the despair of monsieur.

"I don't think you understand me," said Perry, sorely disturbed. He would be true to his old traditions, and yet retain her friendship. "Such things are not to be a part of my life. I must work and struggle. I must be in the woods, away from society."

"Ah, but while you are here," she protested——

"It is getting late," he interrupted, and looked at the moon fiercely, battling with the tempter within. "It must be near the Sabbath." And he took a step in the direction of the house.

"Ah, yes, we will return. Mr. North wishes it."

Perry knew she was offended. Her "Mr. North" in contrast with the previous "Monsieur" revealed it. But what could he do?—though his very soul cried out against his brutality.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was far toward morning before Perry got to sleep. He tried to fix his thoughts, first on his home, and then on the work that lay before him, that he might not think of Marie and the humiliating spectacle he had made of himself that evening. In spite of his efforts, however, there would steal before his vision the figure and face of the girl, as she stood directing him on the river bank, and he would feel again the thrill of her hands as she turned him about to satisfy her whim. Joy came also as he recalled that she had left the gay revelers and sought him out. She had declared the dance indoors stupid, and had asked to walk with him. And what a walk it was!

Perry sucked the air in with an ecstatic sigh, when a knife seemed entering his side as he realized he had lost himself again.

"This isn't thinking of home! This isn't forgetting her!" he hissed in the dark, and turned fiercely in bed. Once more he corralled his straying thoughts, and, to keep them from forbidden paths, set himself the task of solving problems in geometry, following

this with numbers of three figures each, which he squared on a mental blackboard.

At last, worn out, he fell into a sleep, from which he seemed speedily to awake, having dreamed that he and Marie were overtaken in a forest by a terrible storm. Even awake he continued to hear the roar of the wind; and, springing from his bed, he rushed to the window in time to see, in the pale light of dawn, a troop of French ponies scurry madly through the street, directed solely by some wild fancy of their own. Perry would not go back to bed, so he dressed and wrote for a time on the letter which was soon to be sent home. But he wrote nothing about Marie.

Later in the morning he attended services at the Presbyterian Church, and, coming away, met Governor Cass in the streets. They walked for a block, together, and fell to discussing a point in morals, when the great man asked him whether he had read a certain new author on the subject; and, as he had not, the other graciously offered to lend him the book from his library, if Perry would accompany him to the house.

The young man kept to the quiet of his room in the hotel, poring over the volume till the cool of the afternoon, when he went for a stroll in the open air. He returned thoroughly scandalized by the behavior of the French. Out on the Common he had come upon a concourse of people highly excited over some horse-racing; one of the contestants was his little friend, François, and among the interested spectators he caught a glimpse of Marie.

North would not have been so shocked by any-

thing else which he might have seen. Marie a Sabbath breaker! He had no thought now to put her out of mind; rather was he filled with a burning desire to save her from false teachings, to lead her into a Christian life after the type of his sister Laura's. It would have been some consolation to him, suddenly awakened to proselyting, had he known that Marie only just arrived on the scene when he discovered her; and that she had come to call her brother home, not because he was doing wrong, but because it was supper-time. She, or any other person, had the same grounds for thinking he was a Sabbath breaker. But she had not seen him, and if she had, would not have judged him, so, after all, he was not far wrong on the point he considered vital.

Perry had many romantic dreams of how he was to accomplish this new and creditable object. Naturally impulsive, he had long been haunted by a fear that some time he would commit an irreparable blunder, and to guard against this he had schooled himself to deliberate action. In the matter of Marie's conversion he rightly judged that success could be won only by slow and patient endeavor. Meanwhile, his professional duties required immediate attention, and ten days passed before he saw the French beauty again.

Detroit was now expanding in every direction, and Perry's first work as a surveyor was to run lines which opened up streets and formed building lots for the people flocking thither from the East. He knew the French were opposed to having their farms broken up in this manner, for he had heard the subject dis-

cussed in the hotels, and had appreciated the laughter which always followed an exhibition of their short-sightedness. The very thing which the Yankee would have hailed with delight, meaning riches and power to the owner, was an abomination to the French, who were quite content with their simple life. But the work was a question of public improvement; a thing which so naturally followed that Perry never once thought of armed opposition in performing his duties.

He and his assistant were working in the middle of a fine old French orchard, marking out the course which Jefferson Avenue has since taken. He had just got his level in position, and was waiting for the target to be placed, when a great hue and cry rose off to the right. Turning to see what it meant, the young surveyor was nonplussed at the sight of a war-like force advancing toward him. With every show of hostile intention they swooped down upon him,—a trio of stalwart, lank-faced young Frenchmen, led by a middle-aged man of commanding appearance.

Surely there was some mistake; doubtless they thought he was there to steal their fruit. He would explain to them. Calmly he awaited their approach. Of course they would not shoot him, though the two with guns continually threatened. If one had talked alone he might have understood his jargon; however, it was plainly evident they wished him begone. And it was his business to remain. Stones which the third in the ranks commenced to throw were more to be feared than the guns, and Perry was obliged to take shelter behind a pear tree. Having developed some

evidence of fear in the defense, the leader of the attacking party was willing to parley.

"Eet would give me mooch sorrow to shoot monsieur," said the commanding officer, with courtly manner and fine, picturesque accent, while he beckoned his men to desist. "Will monsieur take his instrumen' and go 'way? Zen 'ere be no trouble—nothing to make one sorrowful. I hope monsieur will comprehen'."

"I am not here to steal your fruit," returned Perry from behind the tree-trunk, thus making it evident that the nature of his offense was not understood.

"Mon Dieu! eet ees not me fruit," explained the old man, shaking his long, white hair. He looked more like some admirable picture done by a master hand, than an object to be feared. He was clothed in a full-dress suit of black, with white cravat and rolling shirt-collar, clean and immaculate as the snow. Perry could not help feeling the charm of his voice, his rosy cheeks, his fine mouth and perfect teeth; and it all helped to rob the situation, in a measure, of its annoyance.

"If it's not your fruit, what is it?" demanded the young surveyor, trying in vain to find reason in their action.

"Eet ees ze road I will not have," returned the courtly Frenchman. "Eet will ruin me trees. Bimeby you come again an' cut 'em down; I canno' suffer zat. Ah, eet would break me heart. I hope monsieur will perceive. Ze trees zey are plant' by me father's grandfather—ah, so long ago I canno' tell. My life eet ees wrap' up in ze trees; I will defen' zem wit' me

life. I hope monsieur comprehen'. Ze guns zey are load'. Eet ees ver' danger's no' to go 'way wit' mooch promptment."

"I think I understand you now," answered Perry. "And I will not go away. I am a government official; and the government will protect me in the discharge of my duties. You should know this. I am not afraid of your guns."

"Monsieur will no' go?" he questioned. "Monsieur ees a ver' brave man. But zen I moos' proceed. I will defen' ze trees wit' me life."

He spoke a word to his followers in French, and they promptly surrounded the spot where Perry had taken refuge. Then at a second command they rushed upon him from three directions. It was worse than useless for Perry to resist, but his was not the spirit to give up tamely. With a feeling of disgust, he saw, in the distance, his craven assistant take to his heels in the direction of the town, while he, with back to the tree, awaited the assault.

The first man received a blow that was a surprise to him, for he at once measured his length on the ground. Then Perry's arms shot out to the right and left, and the two others met fists that staggered them. The attack, however, was immediately renewed, but with a feint that tempted the young surveyor from the friendly tree toward where his first assailant lay. Before Perry comprehended the danger, his legs had been seized and pinioned by the prostrate man; and the next instant four men were rolling on the earth. It was a question now of only a few

minutes before the Frenchmen had their prisoner bound hand and foot, and utterly at their mercy.

Perry was filled more with curiosity than fear, as to what disposition would be made of him. His captors were indulging in animated conversation while they rested from the struggle, and he tried to gather the substance of what was said by the knowledge gained from François. But their faces and gestures told more than the words from their lips.

They seemed to be jolly, good-natured fellows; the one whom Perry had knocked down was now the butt of his companions' jokes. There was no anger for their prisoner; the two who had suffered least were willing to share their fun with him,—if he rightly interpreted their actions. And when, presently, they came and took him up, with the evident intention of carrying him to the house in the distance, their manner was both gentlemanly and deferential.

Perry never forgot how things looked as he took that involuntary journey. At one side walked the courtly old Frenchman, handsome, grave, and dignified. Above was the summer sky, its deep blue flecked with clouds; then all blotted out by massive green boughs, as they passed under some ancient pear tree. Away to the left lay the town; the sun, low over his feet, shone on the Capitol off at one side; in the center the shadow of a cloud rested on the five white towers of Ste. Anne's. Not till they made a turn near the house, quaint, old, and yellow—half trading-store, half dwelling—did the broad sweep of the river come into view, with an occasional sail hovering, bird-like, above the water.

They carried their prisoner to a low room on the second floor, and placed him on a rude couch, where, still bound, he was left alone. Through a small dormer-window Perry had a glimpse of the sky, the distant Canadian shore, and a narrow band of blue water. From his surroundings he easily guessed they had imprisoned him in a sort of lumber-room, which, when the house was crowded, had been used as a sleeping apartment.

No sooner had the last footstep died away than he began thinking of escape. He soon found, however, that the cords which fettered his wrists and ankles had been fastened by a master hand, and were not to be removed. By dint of much wriggling he threw his legs off the couch, and got himself to a sitting posture. Then he rose to his feet, and, by a series of semi-circles on heel and toe, made his way to the window. Day was fast giving place to night; but in the soft twilight he saw, if his hands were free, he might easily raise the window, slip down the roof, thence to the ground was but a few feet.

While still contemplating the prospect, the bolt slid cautiously in the door, and some one entered the room, though he had heard no step approaching. There was not time to get back to the couch. He merely turned to see who his visitor might be, and, in utter astonishment, cried one word—

"Marie!"

"Mon Dieu! c'est Monsieur North! It is what I feared—les cheveux d'or," said mademoiselle, repeating the words, which, below stairs, had led her to suspect who was her father's prisoner.

"The golden-haired," however, was not so much frightened by all that had previously happened, as now, by his sudden use of her Christian name.

"I am so sorry for monsieur," continued Marie, and her troubled countenance made Perry forget all his wrongs. "Monsieur must fly! There is a way—let me think." Her mind worked beyond the immediate object, however. "Monsieur must never, never come here again. Let him make his roads through the forest, and not through cultivated fields. This once will I help him to escape. See, it is nearly dark. In an hour raise the window and creep down the roof; a ladder will be there. Where are monsieur's hands?—my wish it is to unbind them."

"No, Miss Beaucœur, I cannot let you," answered Perry, with an effort to be firm. "If I am not mistaken, this is your father's house, and I am his prisoner. I cannot let you take my part against your father. It would bring you trouble. And no harm can come to me."

Then began mademoiselle's art. For reply she said, softly: "A moment ago it was 'Marie'; now it is 'Miss Beaucœur.'" Her tone was so grieved Perry feared she was about to cry.

"I do not understand,—Marie," he returned, made bold by her timidity.

"Monsieur should understand. It is not French that I speak. If he will turn about I will untie the hands, and then he may loose his feet. Is it not good English?"

"Perfect. But what will you say to your father?"

"I do not tell tales on any one. Does monsieur think I will begin on myself?"

"There will be questions asked."

"I shall not hear."

"Perhaps you will not be able to avoid it."

"One can look ignorant and not understand."

"That would be acting a lie; and I cannot let you do that for me," he said, severely.

"Monsieur is very, very good," she returned, demurely.

For a space there was silence. Then Perry ventured, stammeringly: "Is not—mademoiselle—good, also?"

She started, pleased with his use of the French word.

"What does monsieur think?" she asked, with timid insinuation.

"I saw you watching a horse-race, on a Sunday, not long ago. Was not that very, very wrong?"

"I do not remember," she answered, disappointed and dropping her head in thought. "The horse-race it does not interest me much. If monsieur had said he saw François——"

"François was riding one of the ponies—was one of the contestants."

Her reverie held her still. "And monsieur thinks I am very, very naughty," she mused, sadly. "Father Richard does not think me very, very naughty. Father Richard says I am a good child."

In his heart Perry wanted to bless Father Richard, but his reason told him that he ought rather to condemn the Priest severely. Was he not a servant of

that source whence came all her false teachings? But while he searched for suitable words, Marie burst from her reverie with fresh determination to perform the errand which had brought her thither.

"But we waste time," she said, impatiently. "Monsieur will let me free his hands now?" she pleaded. "Because I ask it—because it will please me. Monsieur will give me this pleasure?"

"Why do you ask it?" he questioned, finding it hard to refuse, yet feeling that to accept her assistance would be almost cowardly.

"Ciel! why do I ask it?" she repeated, to gain time to plan a new campaign. And after a moment: "Let monsieur answer his own question. He has truly said no harm can come to him here. But what of my father who has made monsieur a prisoner? What will they say at the Capitol? What will monsieur le gouverneur do when he finds his surveyor officer does not return? What of my father then? If I help monsieur to escape, will he not be a friend and forgive injury? My heart tells me monsieur is good and kind."

"Since you put it that way," Perry said; and turning about, in a moment his hands were free. "Thank you."

"Now I will go. Monsieur can unbind his feet. I shall not forget the ladder; and monsieur will not forget to be kind."

And with that she slipped noiselessly away.

Their plan worked without a flaw, and in less than an hour Perry was in his own room at the hotel.

CHAPTER V.

PERRY'S little adventure by no means put a stop to the extension of Jefferson Avenue. But previous to resuming work there, a hearing was had before Governor Cass. Thanks to the excited story which the assistant spread, the affair had come to the Governor's ears before Perry himself carried it thither. Remembering his promise to Marie, he reported as little of the matter as possible, and only asked that it be made plain that further interference would not be tolerated. Perry's attitude pleased the Governor, as it did Mr. Lyon, who was present at the interview.

Father Richard was there also, come in the interests of the offending Frenchman. Perry had heard a great deal of this Priest, and all of a favorable nature. Tall, sepulchral, clad in coarse, cheap cloth, cut after the order of the Sulpician monks, Father Richard was a striking figure; indeed, a man of rare ability. Born and educated in France, in his early manhood he had been sent to this country by the Superior General of his order. For a time he served as a missionary in Illinois, but was soon advanced to the more im-

portant field at Detroit, where he had served a third of a century.

While waiting for Beaucœur, the Priest, in reply to questions, told Governor Cass of the first newspaper published west of the Alleghany Mountains, and of the difficulties he had had to surmount in moving his press from Baltimore to Detroit. Father Richard had the same French accent that was becoming so familiar to Perry's ears, but his words were all well chosen and fell into perfect English sentences. His manner showed him to be courteous and affable, with innate simplicity, to which was added the strength of unknown forces held in reserve. Perry's admiration was appealed to at once. This man had sat in Congress with Clay and Webster and Calhoun; had battled with primeval forces, and won golden victories. Although Puritan blood strongly prejudiced Perry's mind against anything bearing the stamp of Rome, he felt that it was well to know this Priest, who was to be his arch enemy in the campaign for Marie's soul; and he watched the man with all the eyes he had, calculating the chances when he should cross swords with him.

At last Beaucœur arrived, and the real work of the meeting was begun. Much patient effort was put forth to convince the courteous Frenchman that he stood in his own light. Without threatening to use force—which was very distasteful to the authorities —everything else was done to persuade him to yield gracefully, and in the end, backed by the wise counsels of the Priest, their arguments won.

During the conference the cordial relation which

all wished to obtain between the two races was dwelt upon at great length. The friendship that had existed between Washington and Lafayette was offered as an example of what should be. Cass spoke gratefully of the assistance this country had received from the Marquis's hands; and Lyon finished by telling of a fine portrait of the French nobleman which had just been presented to Congress.

"It is my hope," he said as they rose, an amicable understanding having been reached, "to persuade the artist who painted this work to make a second portrait exactly like the original; and if success crowns my efforts, I shall present the painting to Michigan, trusting that it will grace the walls of her Capitol, there to be a silent but potent monitor of such relations as should exist between her citizens."

With this sentiment the conference broke up.

"I say, North," said Major Hadley, as they came from the Capitol, "you ought to be with us in the Brady Guards. Let me propose your name at our meeting to-night."

"What's the use?" returned Perry. "My work will take me away from the city so much I shall have no time to drill with you. Just as much obliged though."

"But you'll be with us practically all the winter," argued the other. "After you've obtained your field-notes, there'll be your office work, which you'll do here; will you not?"

"Yes," admitted Perry, evidently considering his friend's proposal.

"By George," cried the Major, admiration dominating his tones,—"we want another just such as you in

the Guards. And I promised myself this pleasure as soon as I heard the story of your encounter with the Beaucœurs, and subsequent escape. It was fine of you to keep the best part of the adventure dark;" and the speaker laughed as he enjoyed his fancied advantage. "But I can't let you imagine you've pulled the wool over all of us that way. Why, the Governor knows all about it, and so does Lyon!"

"I don't know who could have told them," said Perry, suffering because of some annoyance which might be brought to Marie, and for which he blamed himself.

"Why, the Beaucœurs themselves. They're not bad fellows. Antoine is in the Guards. He said you were bound, hand and foot, after the most approved manner of the Ottawas. I tell you, these Frenchmen know all those Indian tricks. It is only a man of the first water who could slip those cords, and take himself off as though he had vanished in thin air. They're a superstitious lot, these French, and are ready to believe there's some witchery connected with the way you escaped them."

Perry was greatly relieved to find his secret was still inviolate; and he laughed now with real pleasure.

"Well, I vote it witchery too," he declared, having the best of the joke after all.

"Come, tell me all about it," begged Hadley. They were passing through the Market, deserted at that hour, and but a few steps farther their ways would separate.

"No, no," returned North, assuming more modesty than he really possessed. "You've heard the story

from lips that better grace it than mine. Let it go at that."

"Well; you will permit me to hand your name in to the Guards?"

"What's that?" called a voice from behind, and turning, they saw that Lyon and the Governor had overtaken them.

"I'm trying to persuade North to join the Bradies," explained the Major.

"Well, I wish you success," returned Lyon. "It will be a good thing for you, Perry," he added with approval.

"And incidentally I've convinced him that he can't kill a good story by being over-modest," continued Hadley, in happy spirits. "Murder will out. What a set of ninnies he must have thought us, all through our recent meeting!"

"Truly, I want to congratulate you, Mr. North," said the Governor, beaming upon the young surveyor. "Your conduct in this affair meets my entire approval. Mr. Lyon and I feel that the Territory, moreover, is to be congratulated on having an officer who is willing to subordinate his personal feelings to the public good. A revengeful man would have made us no end of trouble."

"Thank you, Governor," said Perry.

Cass questioned him then about a book from his library, and advised in regard to another by Richard Whatley which would supplement the volume he had. Hadley was on the point of leaving without having obtained a definite answer to his question when the Congressman helped him out.

"Send in Mr. North's name, by all means, Major Hadley; I'll answer for his consent," said Lyon; and as Perry made no objection, the Major considered himself duly authorized.

"These French are just like children," commented Lyon, as he and Perry turned in the direction of their hotel. "They know nothing of self-government, and seem to have little desire to learn. But they will obey a master, their father, or a despotic sovereign, without a question. Now, Beaucœur, as you saw, was as tractable as a lamb before the Governor. He is really a very brave man, and something of a patriot. He fought with Cass at Tarontee, and proved himself very gallant."

"He impresses me very favorably," declared Perry. "He must be quite a character, and one that would easily win your affections, I should judge."

"Indeed, he is all that. You know he is commonly called L'Abbé; and I think it is love and veneration, as much as anything else, which has fastened the title on him. His attack on you was only a childish act of insubordination. It was not the real man."

"I think I must have seen that," said Perry, "for I never felt the least fear of harm any of the time I was in his hands."

"He is going to be as rich as Crœsus some day, and that almost against his will," continued Lyon. "He owns a score of farms in the county; and even now you can hardly turn to the right or left in town, without running over Beaucœur lots, seeing Beaucœur houses, or meeting Beaucœur tenants. While they care little for wealth, these French are all, never-

theless, a thrifty, frugal lot, and form a fine portion of our growing Territory."

And with that, the Congressman's talk drifted into politics.

CHAPTER VI.

PERRY had never had such advantages for reading and study as now came within his reach. Practically everything in the Governor's fine library was his to make use of if he chose; and he was not one to neglect such an opportunity. History and biography came first to his taste, but there were signs of a growing interest in science, which, ere long, was to lead him to the theological essayists and writers on religious controversial subjects. Occasionally he read a novel.

He was deep in Cooper's *Spy* one evening, after a day spent closely indoors, computing and charting his recent field-notes, when a sudden want of exercise forced itself on his consciousness. Laying the book aside, he determined to go for a walk along the river bank.

There was a fine moon shining, and he stood for a few minutes on Barthelet's wharf, watching the water break into golden ripples along the path which led away from his feet. He had been in Detroit but five weeks, yet it seemed like a much longer time since he had last seen that path on the river, when,

in point of fact, it was even less. Just such another night, Marie and he had stood on the bank, a little farther down the stream, and looked upon the same picture, and she had expressed a wish to dance away on that yellow, treacherous band of light. What a mysterious creature she was! One moment, as simple as a single line; again, as complex as the whole of calculus itself. In how many moods had he seen her! varying all the way from that of a little child unconscious of itself, to the queen, sensible of all that makes her regal, and jealously demanding her every due.

North had turned about and was looking up the river, where, dimly visible under the overpowering moon, a light burned in the Beaucœur home. Three nights ago he had met Marie at some public function of a charitable nature, given in Fireman's Hall, and there she had thanked him for the consideration he had shown her family in reporting his recent misadventure. Perry was disappointed by the coldness and formality with which this had been done. Excepting those few polite words, he had not spoken to her alone since being a prisoner in her father's house.

However, it was foolish to feel displeasure at her treatment. He meant to know her only to reclaim her from sinful error—if Providence should grant him so great a privilege. Was it not the wish for her salvation that caused him to think of her now, and led him toward that light far up the river? The question was still in mind when he paused under the great elm that bent out over the water near the Beaucœur home. Her conversion was a thing which could not be

pressed—he had already reasoned that out. She knew what he thought of the horse-racing. Yes, he had made a good beginning.

The door of the house opened, and some one came out into the night. Though only a hundred yards away, Perry was off the road, and had no fear of discovery. He had not seen the direction the person had taken. Suddenly an object appeared just beyond a clump of hazel at his right, and he recognized Marie's form—all too late for him to escape without frightening her.

"Marie."

He spoke to disclose himself as she came directly toward the tree against which he was resting.

"Monsieur!" she cried, in pretty alarm. "What is monsieur doing here?" she asked, curiosity rising above her emotion.

"It is such a fine night. And I've been shut in all day," he explained. "I thought I would walk out."

"But monsieur was standing," she argued.

"I had stopped for a moment," he returned, annoyed by what she seemed to imply. "I will continue now. I hope I did not frighten you." He waited only for her reply.

"Monsieur does not wish me to tell a lie. I was terribly frightened," she answered gravely, while she put her hand to her side.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I saw you leave the house just now, but I did not recognize you till you were upon me. If I had known you were coming here I should have departed at once. Good night."

"Won't monsieur please wait and unfasten the

canoe for me? Sometimes it is tied very, very securely. Monsieur is so clever at untying bands—every one says."

Perry felt in her humor a thrust at him. Was he not acting a lie in regard to his escape from her house? He made no immediate answer to her words, but silently chafed over the equivocal position in which he had placed himself. He perceived for the first time that a canoe lay upon the water's edge, fastened to the roots of the very tree against which he had been leaning.

"You are not going out on the river? To-night! alone!" In the midst of his astonishment he complied with her request.

"Ah, yes, alone—unless monsieur is kind enough to wish to go with me?"

"I will go," he replied, slowly, doubtfully.

"Ah, no—it is not necessary," she returned, coldly.

"Then I wish to go," he declared boldly, with impatience.

"Monsieur is very stupid!"

Not altogether pleased with himself, Perry pushed the canoe from shore, and paddled into the broad stream.

"And now which way?" he asked, with conscious resignation.

"Eh bien; straight across to the Canada shore. And monsieur will do well to head toward the island, for the current it will carry him down-stream. Monsieur handles the paddle like an Ottawa."

This compliment put Perry in good humor. In truth, Marie had watched his first efforts with some

misgivings. But now she settled in the bottom of the canoe with every assurance that all was well.

"I told you once I was no greenhorn, if I am from the East," replied North, as he plied the paddle.

"If I were to fall into the water, think monsieur he could rescue me?"

"Do not put me to the test," Perry answered, with almost a command in his tones.

"Ah, monsieur cannot swim," she retorted.

He dared not tell her how much at home he was in the water, lest the caprice to try him might seize her. But his conscience, or some wilful imp, presently suggested that if he kept silence, was it not the same as acting a lie? And when Perry's conscience pointed a way, he made strenuous efforts to walk therein.

"I could swim twice across this river," he said, calmly, and withdrew the paddle from the water to be ready for action.

"Monsieur is boastful," she commented with disdain, wherewith Perry resumed paddling furiously.

Silence followed for a time, and heated blood grew cool. Marie turned about to search the Canadian shore, dimly revealed by the moon. The bow of the canoe crooned a soft, sibilant strain to the regular pish, pish, of the paddle. The river, dark and mysterious, yet bore them with a tender embrace, its vast depths seeming a fathomless store of peace and contentment.

"Does monsieur see yonder feeble light?" Marie questioned, presently. "The landing-place it is there."

As they stepped ashore, Perry discovered a heavily-filled basket in the forward end of the canoe.

"Monsieur will please fetch it," Marie said, and led the way along a path which shortly brought them through the forest to a hut rudely made of logs. The feeble light which they had seen on the river shone from a window here. Marie pulled the latch-string and entered without knocking.

"Did you think, grand'mère, that I was not coming?" questioned mademoiselle, going up to an aged and wrinkled dame, kissing her on the cheek. Marie spoke in French, but the happy ring in her voice was intelligible to Perry. "Père Richard and Etienne Baddeau came in, and I could not get away sooner. But I have brought you a lot of goodies—and a visitor." And she turned to present North. "Monsieur must speak in French. She does not understand the English."

"Bon soir, madame," said Perry; and unconsciously he went through one of the lessons which Marie had given him in the art of bowing.

"Ah, monsieur is improving," said Marie, smiling sweetly on him.

The old dame rattled off at great length, all of which Marie had to translate to Perry. It was a considerable disappointment to grand'mère, learning that she could not converse with the gentleman without an interpreter. Nevertheless, she received him graciously for mademoiselle's sake.

"Ah, Marie, thou hast another sweetheart," said grand'mère, behind her hand, unmindful that Perry could not understand.

"Oh, no, grand'mère, he is not," returned mademoiselle, with a blush and a pretty shrug of the shoulders.

"But he would like to be," the old dame affirmed. "Ah! once I was young, too." And she shook her bony finger at the girl, and revealed her toothless gums in an effort to laugh.

Marie joined her gaily. "Between you and me, grand'mère, he doesn't know what he would like."

"Ah, he will find out! He will find out! Les cheveux d'or—François has told me about him."

"Ah, yes—les cheveux d'or," repeated Marie, watching Perry, and rightly guessing he did not understand a word. "She says I may fetch you again, monsieur," Marie said to Perry, without the least scruple. "Will you come?"

"I shall be very happy to come again," answered Perry.

And then to grand'mère she said: "Monsieur would like to come again. He thinks you are very clever, and quite a demoiselle. Monsieur is very gallant." This unconscionable speech brought forth a flood of words from grand'mère, which Perry took as expressions of pleasure at his acceptance.

Bowing to the ancient crone, he murmured: "Merci, madame."

Marie began flying hither and thither about the room. "Now we will have the feast, grand'mère," she said. "You sit still and I will make everything ready. I know where the cloth is kept; and we will have tea." In English she addressed Perry. "Will monsieur be so kind as to build the fire? Just a wee, petit fire, to boil the kettle." And she motioned him

toward the great, open fireplace at one end of the single room.

North obeyed, guessing from her movements what were her intentions. Soon he had uncovered the coals, and, with a few pine knots, built a quick fire. The blaze added a cheerful light to the room which hitherto had been shrouded in blackness, save where the candle burned before the window. This task done, Marie sent him to the river for water, and afterward into the forest to replenish grand'mère's little stock of fuel, which they were making use of. When all was ready, the girl's ringing notes called him to the feast.

Grand'mère had but one chair and two stools—just enough for all, Marie declared as a happy coincidence. The stools she placed at opposite ends of the table, which was rudely built out from the bare, clay-chinked wall. Then bidding Perry to escort their hostess, she stood in readiness to bring up the chair which grand'mère occupied. In a moment they were seated, Perry and Marie at the ends, the old dame between. The candle, elevated by a block of wood near the wall, lighted up the three faces, and revealed the steam rising from the tea-urn to the girl's brow, where it kissed the dark locks into elfish curls.

"Will monsieur say a grace?" asked Marie, with quiet dignity, and three heads were bowed.

Then, with gentle deftness, she poured the tea and passed the viands, the while keeping up a running fire of conversation with madame. Perry was convinced he had never before looked on so charming a picture. All of the girl's youth and beauty was en-

hanced by the proximity of so much that was old and ugly. Then, too, this was the first time he had beheld her in the French cap and quaint gown which mademoiselle wore that evening. One moment her face bore all the sweet gravity of a Madonna, the next it seemed the incarnation of everything saucy.

Listening to their conversation, Perry caught, occasionally, words and phrases that he had learned from François, and so knew pretty well of what they were talking, if he did not understand fully. Marie had not given her aged friend's name, but he rightly guessed she was Mère Gobielle from whom François had had all his legends. Perry was thinking if such an evening could be his once or twice a week he would soon acquire a perfect knowledge of French, when a wolf, almost under the eaves, sent up a long, hungry howl.

"Mère de Dieu!" exclaimed Marie, with a shudder.

"Le loup garou!" breathed grand'mère in awful whispers.

The next instant the girl was laughing at the silly start she had given herself. "Ah, monsieur is not afraid?" she questioned with scorn, catching sight of the pained expression on his face.

"There is nothing to fear from the wolf," said Perry. He did not explain that the look, which she had misunderstood, was caused by the feeling of profanation that swept over him as he translated her words. He knew such expressions were not looked on by people of other languages as the English regard them; still he could not rid himself of a feeling of horror that they should fall from lips like Marie's.

He consoled himself with the thought that this was one of the things which he was to lead her from, into a modified Puritan refinement.

"Now, grand'mère, for your smoke!" exclaimed Marie, springing from the table. "I've brought a lot of 'baccy." Not knowing she had just shocked Perry, mademoiselle perceived an excellent chance for doing so now. Searching her basket a moment, she broke out in petulent English, "Oh, grand'mère, my pipe it is at home! I have forgot it. Have you not two? Two will be enough—monsieur does not smoke." And she came back to the table, intent on filling the old crone's short-stemmed clay pipe with tobacco just taken from the now nearly empty basket. "Ah, the English, I forget you do not understand it." And she rattled off something which Perry must needs judge the same in French.

"Marie—no!" he cried, starting to his feet.

"Only this one?" Marie had repeated, in disappointed English, after madame's words. "Will monsieur get a coal for grand'mère's pipe? Ciel! Is monsieur ill?"

Perry turned on his heel and strode toward the door. He had had a sudden and painful revelation. Far down the future he saw himself sitting before an open fire, and beside him was the counterpart of Mère Gobielle, but about the shrunken form and wizened features was a nebulous something that once had been Marie. This, and the pain—what did it mean?

Soon after that, they left the hut and returned to the canoe. Marie made a number of light remarks, but Perry would not be drawn from his moody si-

lence. However, near the middle of the river, the canoe struck a floating log, which Perry had not seen, as a cloud momentarily covered the moon. The shock threw him forward from his knees, nearly into Marie's lap.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the girl, "monsieur is so careless!"

Perry ground his teeth for fear of what he might say. After a moment he permitted himself the words: "I will be more careful."

It was his altered tone that smote her. "I beg monsieur's pardon," she said. "I know it could not be prevented." As no reply seemed forthcoming, she added presently, "Will monsieur not forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," answered Perry, maintaining a reserve.

"Ah, but monsieur's manner says very, very different."

"You would not understand—I cannot explain it to you——"

"I know I am very, very stupid, monsieur. But it is not kind to tell me so. And I will listen——" She bent toward him with a manner that was irresistible in its subtle charm.

"There is such a difference——" he stammered. "It is so much——"

"Ah, is not monsieur easily deceived?" she questioned.

"Only for a moment," he answered. "I know, Marie, that you were playing with me about the tobacco."

"But monsieur has forgiven me that. What else?"

"Nothing to forgive. Yet everything to wish different."

"What?" she entreated softly, sincerely, her manner waxing in its degree of insinuation.

"Oh, Marie! you are French and a Catholic, while I am English and Protestant. Can there be greater difference? We do not understand each other, now. I had hoped we might be friends. But how can we?—we shall be continually quarreling——"

"Mon Dieu, I do not think so."

"There it is! *That!*" he exclaimed. "I know you do not mean wrong. But to me it is very, very wrong to speak of God lightly."

"Ah, that——If it is hurtful to monsieur—I will remember—I will not say such things when monsieur is about."

"Or ever, Marie. I would have you give it up always!"

"It is very, very much," she mused. "I do not see—if monsieur does not hear, what is the harm?"

"It is the sin. It is your soul, Marie," he said, with intense religious fervor.

"*Ah!*" She breathed deeply as light began to break over her. "Ah, the soul! Does monsieur wish me a Protestant?"

"Yes—I pray God!" he answered reverently, his whole heart in the words. He had ceased to ply the paddle, and unconsciously leaned toward her.

She withdrew from him as if bitten by a reptile. "It can never, never be! Why does monsieur ask this? I have never wished monsieur to be a Catholic! Eh bien! is it because I am very, very wicked? Mon-

sieur should have been a clergyman. Will you take me to the land?" She was greatly moved.

Perry thought he had spoilt everything by making her angry. But before the anger and the sarcasm there had been surprise, regret, reproach, and doubt; and these were more than likely to recur to upset any present state. Silently he resumed the paddle, but with such vigor that presently the nose of the canoe was pushed into the soft mud at the roots of the great elm. Marie sprang ashore with her empty basket.

"It is not necessary for me to wait," she said, with much constraint. "Monsieur will make the canoe secure. Thanks. Good night!"

With that she disappeared beyond the clump of hazel at the turn of the path. Perry made the canoe fast, and then waited for Marie to enter the house as he had seen her come out. It was all he could do. Afterward, with heavy heart, and mind sorely perturbed, he made his way to his hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

CIRCUMSTANCES compelled the French to plat their farms in what seemed ridiculous shapes to the agriculturist of a later day. It was necessary to form some protection against the Indians; this, and because your Frenchman loved the society of his neighbors, led him to divide his holdings into long, narrow strips facing some navigable river. There he could erect houses every four hundred feet, and work the land back as far into the interior as he chose. Thus, like beads strung on a silver thread, were built up little settlements, bunched for strength against a foe, and making it easy to congregate for festivities.

Such a settlement had grown up near the head of Lake St. Clair; and such a farm was Isadore Navarre's, where Marie went to visit the day after that evening at Mère Gobielle's. Isadore Navarre's ancestors had received the land in 1740 of the Marquis Duquesne de Menneville, Governor-General of Louisiana and Canada. The grantee was bound to pay a specified number of livres each year in peltries to the Crown, and to assist in planting a May-pole

before the Mansion House on each May-day. This the Navarres faithfully did till the land was made over to them in fee-simple, as were other grants of a similar nature to their occupants, by the United States Government soon after it took possession.

From the yard in front of the Navarre house a charming view was to be had southward across the shallow lake. All day the water sparkled in the sun from the moment it rose over the low delta to the east till it set, red and flaming, on the flat lands to the west. Within the inclosure of red cedar palings ten feet high, grew two enormous pear trees, and beneath the shade of these trees Marie Beaucœur and her cousin, Claire Navarre, loved to lounge on the hot August afternoons.

"Ah, it is so warm!" sighed Claire in French, working her fan, a dainty affair of birch-bark, ornamented after an Indian fashion with colored quills of the porcupine.

"Think of the times we have driven on the ice with the traineau, far out where the sail now is," replied Marie; "will it not make you cool?"

"Ciel, no! I will not believe it ever was or ever can be so cold as to freeze the lake," declared the other, with pretty unreason.

"Ah, shall I stay here always, then? For you know I am not to return home till we can go on the ice, and I can take you with me."

"And do you think, ma cousine, I will care to go, if it is so dull and stupid in Detroit since the new people are coming in? You have not been one bit like last year, when I could hardly keep you here

through the summer. Now you throw your whole heart into our poor charades. Louis Girardin says you are perfect in the plays. In or out, he says, you are always acting a part—now one thing, now another. You are such a mystery, ma chère. You no longer talk of the balls in the city, of the gay parties, and merry-makings, as you used. Do you think I have not missed your confidence? Ah, Marie, sometimes I think a lover has jilted thee."

"Think so if you choose, Claire," returned her cousin, with a shade of annoyance. "But it is not true. And I will thank Louis Girardin to keep his opinions to himself. I tell thee plainly I have no lover, more than other years. Etienne Baddeau—I care not for him—or any!"

Both girls were seated in the boughs of the larger pear tree. Marie idly rested against a slanting limb, which, with another, formed a rude rustic couch. But she straightened before finishing her words, and a flush of determination spread over her face.

"What of monsieur le secretaire?" questioned Claire, with the air of having divined some secret.

"You may have him when you come to Detroit," Marie returned, indifferently. "He is one of the newcomers. He is from Virginia; ah, and very gallant. I think you will like him. But he does not belong to the Church."

An empty cart trundled across the yard, drawn by oxen without a yoke, but with a rope of twisted rawhide fastened around the horns. The girls were silent till the long-visaged, bare-footed French youth accompanying the cart had driven beyond hearing.

"Marie! are you going to be a nun?" demanded Claire, when they were alone. "I have heard you talk so much about the Church! I could never be a nun —unless I was disappointed—that is, unless the man I loved married a hateful rival. And that is why I said——"

"No; I am not going to be a nun," interrupted Marie, not caring to have her cousin repeat the words. But she spoke listlessly, gazing far out where the lone sloop was beating to windward up the current. "I merely said that Monsieur Mason does not belong to the Church."

"And what of that?"

"We were speaking of him as a lover. Would you marry a heretic?"

"I do not know," answered Claire, for she had never before considered such a possibility. "If he were a heretic and loved me, I think he would come over to my Church," she added, with much assurance.

"Then he would be a weak lover," returned Marie, with the readiness of having thought it all out. "And I should despise such!"

"Well, then I think I would become a heretic, too, and marry him," said Claire, off-hand. A weak lover was out of the question.

"Ah, Claire, do you remember what becomes of heretics when they die?" Marie spoke solemnly, with great earnestness.

"I should repent before that."

"And your children—do you think *they* would all repent, too, before *they* died? Ah, if they should not—if there was one—one that did not! It would

kill me to live with such a thought!" Marie's breast rose and fell with strange, deep emotion.

"Perhaps the Church is wro——" Claire started and looked around, and did not finish her sentence of doubt. Both were frightened, and crossed themselves. It was a terrible thought. Claire hastened away from it. "To love and not marry—ah! it would be dreadful—and if one were loved—— But it will not happen," she consoled herself.

"If you come to Detroit it may," declared her cousin, with fateful insistence. "Very few of the new people are members of the Church. And there are many fine young men."

"Ah, but I shall come, any way." Evidently she gave the question more thought, for after a moment she asked: "What would you do, Marie?"

"I should be very, very careful how I thought of young men who do not belong to the Church," said Marie, slowly; and one might have guessed she spoke with the wisdom of a painful experience. "And,"—still more slowly, with some thought that developed a grim expression,—"if I did fall in love with one—with a heretic—ah! If I could not forget him otherwise, I think I would prove him a coward, a weakling, and so I should despise him, and the love would die out of my heart!"

"Marie! One would think you were biting the head off a snake! Why, I never saw you look so!"

With an effort Marie regained herself. "The novel—it is the one we are reading, I think,"—she said in English, fanning her flushed face. "It is plain to you, is it not? that *Leicester* is weak, faithless, and

unworthy of a good woman. *Amy* is weak now—but she will grow stronger. Her eyes will be opened. Fight against love it is useless. But yield and prove the lover weak, unworthy; and so love is turned to hate, and the pain is it not stopped? Mon Dieu! I think it is."

Marie clapped her hand to her mouth as if she had said more than she wished;—perhaps it was something she had promised not to say. "Eh bien," she continued suddenly, "I will fetch the book, and we will read it aloud as yesterday." She stepped from the low branches to the ground. "We must read it for the English, and we must speak the English as well, or we will forget it all where there is only French spoken."

"Mon Dieu, I would not forget my English," exclaimed Claire. "Ah, the scolding from Père Richard —do I not hear it now?" She put her fingers in her ears as if to stop the sound. "And, Marie, you say the schools have made great advancement since we left them?"

"Is it not great advancement when they have instruments?—oh fine! Besides the spinning-wheel which we had, they have a glass wheel now that gives out little sparks of fire—electreeceety, they call it. And oh! much besides. But, ma cousine, I think I would not say such words as 'Mon Dieu'. I have made myself to give them up. The English they think it not elegant."

"Ah, the English—I have heard it! 'My God' they say—and is it not the same? Monsieur the Lake Captain that stops here, he says it much."

"Ah, yes, the men—some men. But never the ladies. And the fine men—l'homme bien né—never!"

Of her teacher Marie did not speak.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING those later summer months and all the autumn, Perry too was away from the city. When he returned, driven into town by the snow flurries of early December, he found many changes had taken place. His friend, Governor Cass, had been called to Washington to become Secretary of War in President Jackson's cabinet. There had been a meeting of prominent citizens to protest against so young a man as Secretary of the Territory, but nothing came of this, and now Mason was virtually Governor in the absence of his chief.

Perry called early at the executive office to make his report, and was cordially received by the young officer. Mason handed him a note from Governor Cass, continuing to him the use of the writer's library during his absence, and directing Perry how to gain free access to the books. Perry was touched by the great man's consideration, and spoke in warm terms of his regard.

For an hour Mason and he discussed Territorial matters, men and women; and when Perry left he was cordialiy invited to call again. He came away won-

dering at that early meeting of protest; for he was sensible of having passed his time with one wise far beyond his years, possessed of a manliness that was as charming as it was irresistably magnetic.

As there was every reason to believe he would spend several months in the city, Perry sought out a boarding place in a private house. He succeeded in finding the quarters he wished, a block above Ste. Anne's church, and at once moved his belongings thither. The house was one of the newer ones, built of brick, and owned by a Mrs. Rolland, widow of a lake captain. There were two other boarders; one—a remarkably bright young lady—his hostess introduced as her niece, Elva Webber. Mrs. Rolland spoke with a broad Scotch accent, but Miss Webber's speech was characteristically American. Early in life she had lost her mother; her father, grief stricken, had buried himself in the wilds of Astoria, where he was said to be making fabulous sums of money.

Perry's new home promised to meet all his needs for his winter's work and study. The attic was his to transform into a workshop, and he furnished it with bench, lathe, and kit of tools. In his labors as land surveyor he had long felt the need of a more perfect instrument, and never so sorely as since running north and south lines in Michigan. The aberrations of the needle in the magnetic compass were exceedingly perplexing. There were instances where, to keep parallel, he had had to increase the variation one degree for two miles, while the next two miles required no increase whatever, and then the succeeding two miles the variation actually decreased twenty

seconds. It was after such an experience that he determined to evolve some instrument that would free him from the inaccuracy and annoyances of the magnetic needle. This was one of the problems he had set to work out during the long, cold winter.

He planned a routine at once, giving certain hours to labor of an official nature, and reserving other hours for reading and recreation. Under the last heading he placed the time spent with the Brady Guards. In this way but few moments were left for brooding, and Perry often congratulated himself on recovering so easily from a certain disappointment which always presented itself in the shape of a dark-eyed demoiselle.

He fairly saturated himself in scientific reading at this time, attracted to it on perusing some essays by Louis Agassiz, a new writer of irresistible fascination. At once it sent the reader to the library at his command, where he found books and pamphlets by Lyell, Humboldt, the elder Darwin, translations of works by Cuvier, Geoffrey St.-Hillaire, and other eminent scientists of his time. All these he devoured as a gourmand, and thenceforward the world was to have a different aspect for him, though several months elapsed before he realized the change.

Meanwhile he had kept away from the gay social gatherings of the winter-bound city. He told his landlady, buxom Mrs. Rolland, that he cared not for such things. In truth, when he thought of the matter he always seemed to see a very pretty French face, one that had proved a distracting element in his work, and he was of the opinion that the less he saw

of that face the better. Sometimes he remembered certain proselyting ideas he had once entertained; but he also remembered that once he had wished to fly like a bird. He was wiser now—and Providence never asked a man to do the impossible.

One cold, bright, January day, however, he went to the river to see the skating, and there met an old young friend. François, without the question, informed Perry that his sister had not yet returned from his uncle's, but since the river and lake were frozen over, they were looking for her every day.

The next night the acting-governor gave a grand ball at the American Hotel; and promising himself that he should not go out again all winter, Perry attended. He took the chance—and lost. Marie was there.

It was a brilliant affair. Not only were all the first families of the Territory represented, but among the guests were many British officers from the posts across the river. And with the red-coated army gentlemen met the blue on friendly terms, for American officers were present from Fort Gratiot above. There was General Brady shaking hands with his old adversary, General Brasden of Fort Malden, and recalling incidents of the fight at Lundy's Lane. A few short years and these two old war dogs were to show teeth and snarl at each other again, if they did not become embroiled in their very efforts to preserve the peace.

The dashing young Governor, a general favorite, seemed everywhere to welcome his guests. Now he was dancing with the ladies down the long dining-room, cleared for the occasion; a moment later he as-

sisted at the buffet to mix a Jamaica toddy for an army friend. Perfect now in his dress, before the function was ended the rolling shirt-collar would be crumpled, and coat-button number two where button number one should be; his appearance, in fact, very much that of Mr. Pickwick after a dinner with his club. But whole-hearted and generous, the pride of his sisters, the idol of his elegant old mother, he was more than a roisterer from Virginia, and under the influence of good advisers their "Tom" was to develop into a shrewd, careful diplomat.

That night Perry met the aged Trumbull and talked with him of Revolutionary matters; of Washington and the Adamses, whom the old man had seen, knowing the latter gentlemen well; of his celebrated poem, *M'Fingal*, which Perry had read, and confessed a liking now for the splendid satire.

> "'Oh, had Great Britain's warlike shore
> Produced but ten such heroes more——'"

quoted Perry to the old man's infinite delight.

Next to this patriot sat another, Major Thompson Maxwell, past ninety years of age, but still wishing to honor the young Governor. Perry obtained a seat near him and listened to his story of the Boston Tea Party. For Maxwell had been one of the forty or fifty men selected by John Hancock, as he declared, to dress in the garb of Mohawk Indians, and throw the hateful tea into the harbor. Perry had read the story many times in his history, and felt the blood thrill with each perusal. But reading was as nothing compared to hearing the personal narrative, with such details as no historian could give; to look into

eyes that had looked on the very scene, and clasp a hand that had so roughly handled the obnoxious goods. This was an evening to remember all one's days!

Presently, up came diminutive Doctor Houghton and stalwart young Chandler, men from the East like himself; with them Perry was to be closely associated in the days to come; and one was to lose his life in its middle years on the great northern lake, the other to thrill the country with bold words of patriotism in Congressional halls at a time when traitors openly plotted their treason, and brave hearts everywhere trembled. There were young women present, as handsome as any in the world. One was to marry an English earl and add lustre to a house already famous for achievement in two hemispheres. And one was to marry a Polish count, live out a career of lights and shadows greater than which one may scarcely see again, and die deserted at last in a low Paris den. But, praise Heaven! the majority were to marry at home and rear sons to save the dearest Nation God has yet given to govern the children of men.

"Mr. North, I wish to present you to my cousin, Miss Navarre."

Perry had not been to the long room where the dancing was going on, and until that moment had not seen Marie. Between himself and her he believed stretched many miles of snow and ice. Had he been less startled he might have perceived that she was

not entirely free from agitation herself. But to her was given a skill for hiding emotion that was not his.

"Ah! that last waltz it has set my head so in a whirl!" she declared, with a flutter of her fan.

"Ciel," exclaimed Miss Navarre. "It is the manner of monsieur le gouverneur. With me it was the same. He is one furore—oh! but very fine. I have not danced—so like a bird! flying, is it not?"

"Miss Beaucœur, I did not know—I supposed you were——" stammered Perry.

"Oh, we returned last night," Marie interrupted, guessing his intended speech. "Did you think I was going to remain away always? Everyone else is asking why I was gone so long. And if you were very gallant, Mr. North, you would tell me now that it has already seemed like always." She spoke with a return of her former charming naïveté.

Already his brain was swimming with the intoxication that came of her presence. He had noted that the cousin had Marie's eyes and Marie's mouth, and he had looked quickly to a third lady—who chanced to be Elva Webber—to assure himself that he was not always to see Marie's face above every pair of pretty shoulders; such had been his sudden morbid fancy. Formerly she had called him "monsieur;" he felt a sense of injury now at her use of the English equivalent. The other had taken him more into her life. This put him at a distance. Then he remembered that their ways were to be far apart.

"I fear I am fated to displease you, Miss Beaucœur," he said, wishing more and more to do the contrary. "It has never been my good fortune to say

the right thing at the right time. Truly, it has been long since I saw you last;—as much as six months."

"Ah, more than that—three days more! You see I remember exactly. Claire, I must tell you of that sometime. It was such an adventure! I took Mr. North to visit Mère Gobielle's. Do you remember Grand'mère? And the next day I started for Uncle Isadore's." Marie's words were almost feverish. "Ah, I have been with you five minutes, Mr. North, and you have not once said you were glad to see me, or that you have missed me. Monsieur le gouverneur told me both three times in a single dance."

"The Governor had an opportunity where none other might hear," answered Perry, blushing at his own audacity. "Have you never heard of a silence that speaks more than words?"

Marie clapped her hands. "It is the first pretty speech you ever made me! Claire, did you hear? Ah! Mr. North, you are getting on. Major Hadley, you should have heard Mr. North's words!"

"Should I? Then will you be so kind as to tell me what they were?"

"No, no. You have come to claim the dance with ma cousine. And I will not detain you. Claire has been from the ball-room ten minutes, and death it is from ennui that will claim her, if at once she does not return. Besides, I have promised to walk with Mr. North. He has asked for an opportunity to make a pretty speech which no one else may hear."

"I'll wager you tell it afterward," said the departing Major.

"I'll wager she'll never have it to tell," thought

Perry, with a feeble effort to regain himself. For Marie had not been altogether pleasing in her last words.

"Let us take this way," said mademoiselle, pointing down a hall dimly lighted. At the end was another corridor with no light at all, save a cold radiance from the moon through a frost-stained window. A cry of delight broke from Marie as she caught a glimpse of the night in all its beauty without.

Her manner had undergone a transformation the moment they were alone. There was no longer the forced gaiety of the ball room. Now she was simple, sincere; timid almost as a child. She breathed on the window, and rubbed a larger space through which to view the snow-covered, moon-lighted earth. Did she really enjoy the scene as manifest, or was it a ruse to cover some secret agitation?

Perry questioned nothing, only rejoiced in the change which had taken place. Was it because the silences were long that she seemed like the Marie of his dreams? When they spoke, their words were commonplace enough.

"The great change what is it that has come over Detroit since last summer?" Marie asked, as she turned away from the window.

"The snow?" suggested Perry, with much stupidity.

"No, no! I can see that, of course."

"There are many people here," he ventured.

"It is not that. Things are older, wiser, different—

and I cannot tell how. But you are so clever. I thought you would know."

"I wonder if you know that I left Detroit, also, that next day after we were at Madame Gobielle's. It is only a few weeks since I returned."

"Ah, I did not know that. And why did you go?" she questioned, unconscious that her accent inferred some personal reason.

"It was my work," he replied. "I think I told you once I should be away a great deal of the time."

"Ah, I had forgot. And again soon do you go?"

"Not before next summer, I hope."

"Then we shall see you often."

"Thank you for saying so," he replied. "I shall leave you to judge: this is the first time I have been out this winter; and I promised myself before I came, it should not happen again."

"Ah, you make such horrid promises! You are all achievement and no amusement. It is not good. You are—what shall I say? More American than the most American. No play—all work. You have never been to our house——"

The words came before thought, and ended in a little, embarrassed catch of the breath.

"I have thought of calling," he said. "But I have been away; and you have been away——"

In her heart she thanked him for understanding her, and so completely ignoring a painful memory. "I shall be at home a great deal now. My cousin will be with me. We shall be glad to see you, Mr. North."

"Thank you; I shall be most happy to call."

They returned now to the corridor where the light was burning. Many couples were promenading up and down its length, and the place rang with merry voices and gay, unrestrained laughter. The music of the ball-room flowed out through wide-open doors like some limpid stream, immersing other sounds in its all-embracing melody. Gold-lace and military uniforms, bright gowns and sparkling jewels, gave color and brilliancy to many an imposing group of guests.

A British officer with a lady on his arm came toward Perry and Marie, evidently intending to intercept them. Mademoiselle had perceived an exchange of friendly glances between the lady and her own escort before they were joined. This led Perry to anticipate their meeting with an explanation.

"You know I am living with Mrs. Rolland now," he said; "so Miss Webber and I are pretty well acquainted."

"I did not know it," Marie replied with a note of surprise. And at that moment the two reached them. "Mr. North has just told me an amazing piece of news. I did not know, Elva, that he was living with your aunt."

"Why, Marie, is that so?" exclaimed Miss Webber, with polite astonishment. "But you have been away," she explained, and added: "I am so glad you are back again. I have been longing to see you. And your cousin is with you! Yes, Mr. North and I are living under the same roof, and we are quarreling most of the time. You must be careful what you say to him. I warn you! he has a dreadful temper."

"Isn't some one telling tales away from home?" questioned Perry with a tone of rebuke, at which Miss Webber clapped the tips of her daintily gloved hand over her mouth.

"Why not retaliate, Mr. North?" said the officer, hoping to hear something of his fair companion.

"No, indeed," returned Perry promptly, with serious mien.

"It's a case of living in a glass house, Colonel Campbell," explained Miss Webber, renewing her attack.

"Colonel Campbell has heard Miss Webber confess to the same roof," Perry shot back, and all joined in the laugh that followed.

The ladies reiterated their pleasure at meeting again, and promised to exchange calls at an early day. Perry and the British officer talked of the winter's sports, and of the gay gathering of which they were a part. Colonel Campbell was a fine fellow, a younger son of the Duke of Cairngyll; utterly devoid of arrogance, he had none of that self-sufficiency which makes a warm friendship impossible. At home, outside of the army, he was known as Lord Percy.

"Somewhere there is a buffet, Mr. North," Marie said, presently. "I am very thirsty—and a little tired." Perry led her to a seat in one of the adjoining rooms, and went to find the place of refreshment. Presently he returned with a glass of water.

"Thank you," she said; and after drinking: "I might have known you would bring water. You never drink wine," she ventured confidently.

"I have," answered Perry, with a tone of liberality.

"You say I never do; perhaps you divine a resolve I have made never to drink wine again." Then wishing to please her and curious to know, he asked—"Did you wish wine, Miss Beaucœur?"

"If I had asked for it, would you have brought it to me?"

"Yes," he replied, after a moment's thought.

"Why do you hesitate?"

"You are very inquisitive, Mar—Miss Beaucœur."

She laughed oddly; Perry hardly knew whether at the blunder he narrowly escaped, or at the point he would make in their conversation. That she was pleased her eyes told him in a charming manner. "Ah, you are so different from the rest," she said. "I think you do not know. If you did you would not wonder at my questions. And you have not answered the last——"

"Why did I hesitate? I was thinking. You will agree with me that it is better to leave the wine alone than to become as many of these will, before the night is done."

"Ah, yes. But why make a beast of oneself?"

"Another question," he commented, and she laughed with renewed pleasure.

She rose now. "Your voice is very like Père Richard's;—I had wondered. Your sentiments are his, also. You two should be acquainted. Have you ever met him?"

"Yes, many times," Perry answered. "I rode with him recently to Monroe." He wanted to tell of that journey, and so prolong the moments. But Marie was casting glances as a bird about to fly.

"Have you seen my father, Mr. North?" she questioned.

"Indeed, I just met him. I didn't know he was here till I ran against him in the next room. He and Mr. Richard are together."

"Father Richard?" His words had seemed so odd.

"Yes. And your cousin is with them."

"Take me to them, will you please? I think it is time Louis came with our cariole. It must be nearly midnight."

Perry had a great deal to think of when he reached his rooms half an hour later. By some mysterious trick of circumstances six months seemed suddenly recalled, and he was back where he had stood on that evening of visiting Mère Gobielle's. He had talked religion with Marie—and yet she wished to be friends with him! It is true her manner was more formal than before, but here the six months of separation offered a welcome explanation. Her formality but thinly veiled a friendly spirit, he was sure.

If it had not been the very next day, Perry would have gone to make his promised call at the Beaucœur home. He decided it was best to curb such impulsiveness, and wait another twenty-four hours. Then came a dainty note inviting him to a dinner there. He guessed the handwriting was Marie's, and it gave him a pleasure unimagined heretofore. He traced every line and curve many times. It required repeated perusals to make sure of the day and hour, and he even tricked Mrs. Rolland into reading the words aloud that his ears and another's eyes might confirm the testimony of his own.

After this, coming to himself, he declared he was daft, and that he should not go to the Beaucœur's at all.

CHAPTER IX.

PIERRE BEAUCŒUR was born in the house in which he lived. There, three different governments had ruled over his head, coming and going with the fortunes of war, till the changes had marked three times more. Through war and in peace, in the beautiful bright days of spring, in the lazy, sultry weather of summer, in the golden gorgeous autumn, in the snug, crisp cold of the long winters, he had watched the growth and progress of Detroit. From his dormer-windows he had seen the surveyor enter his fine old orchard; and we have learned how jealously he guarded his own, after his best lights. From those same dormer-windows he had looked over the sparkling straits, and seen the old "Walk-in-the-Water" of 1818,—the first steamboat on the Lakes,—supersede the Indian canoe and pirogue, to give place again to the "Henry Clay," the "Niagara," the "Sheldon Thompson"; which, in turn, were to be sent adrift by the "Illinois," the "Empire," and the "Mayflower," and these by others, till the floating palaces of to-day, of thousands of tons

burthen, with speed like the wind, should by a natural evolution claim possession.

The ancestors of Pierre Beaucœur came from Normandy on the lower Seine. Those on his father's side settled first in Lower Canada, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and thence came to Detroit at an early date. Those on his mother's side—the Navarres—came directly here from France, in the fore part of the eighteenth century, and it was from this royal line that Beaucœur inherited his courtly manners, and sturdy fighting qualities, which he had, in spite of the sobriquet—"L'Abbé."

The little dinner party which assembled in that home on this cold winter evening was typical of the city at that time. Twenty were the number to sit down at the table when all had arrived—a little late, for the Governor's party kept them waiting at the last. Perry was there in spite of words to the contrary; indeed, as the hour approached, it would have been impossible to draw him from the place with all the French ponies in the Territory.

"I am so chagrined, Mrs. Beaucœur," said stately Mrs. Mason, making excuse for their tardiness when once they were arrived. "But, do you think, Tom got so engaged sliding down hill on a sled that everything else slipped his mind! I told him I should tell you. I reckon it will be a lesson to him. But you know, in Virginia, we haven't such winters as this. It was a treat for Tom. And the boys acted like they enjoyed it too. Why, I do believe the Governor was the youngest in the lot!"

These words puzzled François, who was listening

with ear to an adjoining door. He had been one of the boys. In his eyes Mason was every inch a man, though his elders did call him "l'enfant-gouverneur."

"Ah, eet ees no-t'ing; eet ees no-t'ing," returned their hostess politely. "Eet ees jus' ready zat we are. An' monsieur will conduct madame," presenting her husband, L'Abbé the courtly. "If monsieur le gouverneur will give me his arm—now at once we will go." And so, after the French custom, she led the way to the dining-room.

Perry never knew just how it was all brought about. As they were pairing off he wondered what was to become of him, when lo! at his elbow was Marie, who, with a smile, placed her hand within his arm, and so they passed out with the others. The last to come was Pierre Beaucœur, escorting the Governor's mother with grave dignity, the two, grand and stately, a picture for a master artist.

The table was lighted with wax tapers in tall candelabra from over the seas. Above the snowy linen glistened ancient silver and polished glass beside quaintly figured Delft that had first seen service in Normandy. Deep in the shadow, but ready to serve them at a signal from madame, stood Tetro, the one negro slave belonging to Pierre Beaucœur. At one side of Perry sat the wife of the Justice, and across and a little farther up the table, next to Elva Webber, was the venerable Woodbridge himself; nearer the foot were Zachariah Chandler and young Doctor Houghton, and between them radiant Claire Navarre. Perry rejoiced that Chandler was there, for this tall, awkward, fair-haired, diffident youth seemed to take from him

some of the embarrassment of his own anomalous position.

The sepulchral figure of Father Richard alone remained standing when the others had seated themselves. With his long arm he lifted high a crucifix, and while all bowed their heads, repeated a grace in Latin, with deep, musical intonations. With the advent of the viands and clatter of the service conversation began, moving at first in low murmurs about the board, interspersed with gentle laughter, but all gaining in volume with each succeeding moment.

Perry fancied that Marie scowled when he turned his wine-glass down, taking his cue from the action of Chandler, who happened to be served first. The young men exchanged glances, and took courage of each other. These two Puritan Presbyterians, however, had one other with them, and, strangely enough, this was Father Richard. Perry's respect for the Priest grew apace.

Much formality marked the conversation at the start. Mrs. Mason asked their host some question about the war of 1812, and the treatment the English gave their prisoners. And while this last word was yet being handed about, Beaucœur fils suggested the advantage it would have been to some who were carried to Montreal at that time, if they had had the cleverness of a certain recent prisoner of his father's. With a direct look at Perry, the situation became somewhat embarrassing.

"Mon Dieu," cried Beaucœur père, with sudden delight, "I haf nevair heard how monsieur made his escape from me house. Will he pleasair me now?"

"Good!" exclaimed Major Hadley. "I have tried to get the story from North many times, and he has always refused me."

"It was simple," replied Perry. "I walked away." He was not a little confused, however, and wondered how he was to maintain his secret and not displease his host, if the old gentleman insisted on an explanation.

"Parbleu, yes," said Antoine; "and left all the cords here—no knots, none cut." And he shrugged his shoulders, following which was a gesture of the hands that said: "Miraculous; miraculous!"

"If he will not confess," offered the Major, with spirit, "I suggest, Mr. Beaucœur, that he be bound again, and that we have an opportunity to watch the process by which he gains his freedom. He hinted to me once that a witch interposed."

Perry was alarmed lest Marie take these words literally and in a bad sense; but he saw no way to help the matter.

"Nevair," declared their host. "Eet could not be! Ze horseshoe I haf eet over ze door. And Père Richard, is zere not holy water in ze house? Ah, no, no, I will not be so inhospita'le to me guest. I will not mek him prisoner once more."

Then Mrs. Mason came to the rescue, perceiving that Madame Beaucœur and Marie were both anxious to have the subject changed.

"Your venison is the finest I ever ate," she said to her hostess. "You did not buy it in the market?"

Madame looked to her husband for answer, and

so the matter which Antoine had so tactlessly introduced was dropped.

"Of ze white Indian—what you call his name? Ah, Tanner! Eet ees of him ze venison has been bought," explained Pierre Beaucœur. "Madame enjoys eet?" he questioned with pleasure.

"Tanner!" repeated Doctor Houghton, across to Perry. "Mr. Schoolcraft told me a marvellous story of him. He comes of a good Kentucky family. Was captured by the Indians when only a lad. Has always lived among them."

"They say he is going to settle down with the whites now," said the Justice's wife, with the sense of adding interest.

"It is true," confirmed Marie. "Louis Baddeau told me that it is Julie Arnault he is going to marry. Julie works at the Steamboat Hotel."

"Once before have I eaten venison like this," the Governor had said, after his mother. "It was over at Pontiac last summer at the barbecue after the completion of Mack and Conant's new flouring mill. And by the way, there was a little incident happened on the road back, which I reckon you never heard of."

Everyone stopped talking to hear the Governor's story.

"There was a heap of speech-making appropriate to the occasion, and, besides the feasting, we had something to drink," he began——

"Monongahela?" questioned the Major.

"I reckon, and other brands, too," answered Mason, inwardly enjoying his story in advance of the others. "And some of the boys were pretty thirsty that day.

Well, coming back, they were in for a good time. Some dressed up like Indians, but no one was much scared, excepting a few school children. Just back of the Indians people always saw General Cass, and everyone knows the General is sure medicine for the Indian. So all felt tol'ably safe on seeing him. But just before we reached Royal Oak the General and his party were detained a minute. The General's horse had cast a shoe—wasn't it a shoe, Doctor?" he asked, turning toward young Houghton, with a queer gleam in his dark eyes.

"I'm not going to help the Governor with this story," said the Doctor to Mason's expectant listeners. "And I'm not going to deny anything he says when he's through. It isn't necessary. You all know him. Go on now, you Munchausen!"

"Well, Houghton and I remained behind with the General," continued Mason. "But I reckon I can tell tol'ably well what happened with the boys who went on. They met an Irishman with one of your French carts——"

"A t'ief?" exclaimed Monsieur Baddeau.

"No. But the boys made out they reckoned he stole the cart; and they told him they were going to hang him in the shafts for a thief. So the horse was taken off and the reins were fastened about Pat's neck and then tied to the shafts at the end. Well, the boys piled into the cart to tip it up a bit and give Pat a great fright'ing. But the Monongahela and the unsteady cart were too much for their legs, and all went rolling in a heap near the tail-board. Up went Pat

in the air; and there we found him when we of General Cass's party rode up."

"Oh! dead, Tom? Not dead?" cried Mrs. Mason. And all the ladies looked aghast.

"Dead!—so Doctor Houghton pronounced him after we had relieved the weight at the tail of the cart, and let poor Pat's body to the ground. 'But,' says the Doctor, 'I have an idear, with my skill, I can put new life into him.'"

The ladies smiled at Tom's perfect mimicry of Houghton's eastern speech. They were now pretty sure the story was not a tragedy.

"Well, up comes Pat's Canadian wife at that instant. 'Faith,' says she, 'make him a Ninglishman,' says she; 'for I'm tired o' livin' with a Nirisher.' But I reckon the Doctor didn't hear. 'Tany rate he pays no attention to her. He just stoops over and stretches his pigmy form along that giant's, as far as it would go, and blows new breath into the man's body, and sure enough, he came to life—but an Irishman the same as before, to the mighty disappointment of the woman. But 'twas a mighty relief to the boys who had put up the joke, for a minute before they had seen prison bars staring them in the face."

There were many comments on the Governor's story, and all aimed with more or less wit at the little Doctor, who received them with as much hilarity as the others. He had before now given more than one jolly skit at the Governor's expense, and generously allowed him this moment of triumph. Woodbridge had a story to tell them, and after him Monsieur Baddeau told how an Indian had recognized

the nationality of his friend Moreau on an occasion, arguing with himself: "He Yankee 'cause he impolite. No, he French, 'cause he sleep like a dog!"

Some commotion was caused at this point by a great cinder which snapped from the fireplace to the table. Luckily, it fell on one of the large platters, and so Madame Beaucœur's fine linen escaped injury. Tetro removed the smoking ember, and Antoine, reminded by the incident, related an adventure during the recent visit of De Tocqueville. Woodbridge had another story to tell of the time President Monroe was the City's guest, and then Pierre Beaucœur proposed a toast—"Our President"—which all drank, though some glasses contained but water. The Governor praised the wine, and would know where his host procured it. Each new dish had likewise been extolled with many laments that the cook at the American House was so far inferior to monsieur's.

"I'll set up for myself yet," declared the Governor, turning to his mother, "and bring Mammie Chloe up here. There's a nigger for you—and a cook!" he added to Woodbridge. "I reckon she could make your mouth water with a 'possum as good as this beaver-tail."

The shake of his head was a challenge to his auditor.

"There might be some question about your holding a slave here," said the judicial Woodbridge, with little thought of making the other angry.

"Couldn't hold a slave here?" cried Mason. "Beaucœur has his slave," with a nod toward the white-haired Tetro who was serving them. "Pray, why not

I? A pretty set of laws you have in the Territory if your officers aren't allowed to bring their servants with them."

"The Ordinance of 1787 forbids slavery, but it allows those who were under the English government to retain the slaves they held, while it frees the children born to them," explained the Justice, and he would have gone on at length but the chief executive interrupted him.

"I reckon I could free Mammie Chloe and pay her wages. There's a lot of free niggers here, as you say, already. You'd allow one more, wouldn't you?" Mason demanded irascibly, for he and the ancient Woodbridge were always clashing.

"Certainly, certainly," replied the Justice blandly, and there a troublesome matter was allowed to drop.

Their host asked monsieur le gouverneur to propose a toast, and he offered,—"Michigan Territory: soon to be the Wolverine State."

This was drunk standing, after which Madame Beaucœur led the way back to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER X.

NORTH and Chandler walked back to town through the deep snow together. They took the path which sled teams had made down to the river, and thence over the ice to Barthelet's wharf; for the usual road was not broken through the deep, white drifts. The feeling which Mason had shown over the Negro question was the subject of conversation, and this naturally led to politics. Both young men were Whigs, and so opposed to the party in power—the party of Jackson, and Cass, and Mason, and Lyon. But first of all, they agreed, they were for the Nation, and the Territory next.

They separated at the store where Chandler was junior partner, and had a bed at night; and Perry continued his way alone. The evening had been full of entertainment for him, yet he was not without a sense of disappointment. Marie had not spoken a dozen words to him. Had he not sat next to her at the table he would scarcely feel that he had seen her since the week before. However, as he thought it all over, he seemed to find reason for her behavior which satisfied his wounded spirit.

Marie, no doubt, had felt very largely the responsibility of their entertainment. As the eldest daughter, household cares long since began to fall upon her shoulders; and, besides, as she had been more in that newer society which was commencing to set the fashion in Detroit, it was natural that in certain things she should take command. Indeed, Perry had noticed that she quietly coached her mother on more than one occasion. Little versed as he was in the polite ways of either English or French society, he recognized a mingling of customs in many matters which had come before his eyes that evening.

Marie had quivered almost as if pierced by an arrow when her brother made his inapt allusion to the time of Perry's imprisonment in the room just over their heads. But from the moment Mason finished his story, the dinner promised to be an unqualified success, and the burden of her anxiety seemed to lift. Perry could not help wishing it had been he who had told that story.

The fire was burning brightly in the sitting-room at his boarding-place when he entered. Miss Webber, who had accepted an invitation to ride in the Woodbridge sleigh, had reached home first. Perry found her cosily warming herself before the blazing embers. A friendly smile, with a motion of the hand toward a chair, bade him draw up and share in the welcome heat.

Though not more than ten o'clock the house was quiet, other members of Mrs. Rolland's family having gone to bed. The conversation between the two was almost entirely about the recent dinner party, and

many of the conclusions which Perry had reached alone were now confirmed. Miss Webber was correctly versed in polite society, as she had spent two winters in the first circles of New York City. Meeting her daily in this house was no mean education to the young man who had had so little acquaintance with the world.

Nothing could be more delightful than those few moments listening to Elva talk of Marie Beaucœur. The two girls had known each other for years, having attended the Young Ladies' Seminary together when that institution was under the management of the Misses Farrand, in the large, rectangular, yellow-brick building whose appearance Perry was so familiar with. Elva seldom had but praise for any one, yet her words were unusually warm in regard to Marie. She told many incidents in which her friend had impersonated another, and the cleverness with which Marie was said to hit off a character surprised Perry, as he had never beheld her in that rôle.

"She's a lovely girl, Mr. North," declared Elva, as she rose to go to her room. Her words were a recapitulation of all she had conveyed in the fifteen minutes they had sat before the fire. "You may be acquainted with her a year, and then something will transpire that will make you think you are only just beginning to find her out."

Perry, left alone, sat many minutes in a profound reverie. Then rousing himself, he debated whether he should go to the attic and work on his invention, or remain where he was and take up his book. Sleep seemed as far away that moment as after his morn-

ing's ablutions. It would be cold in the attic, while the atmosphere of this room was a sensual delight; thus the temptation to remain and read proved more than he could resist. He took up his book and turned to the marker, and it was after midnight before he closed the covers. The volume was Hume's *Dialogues on Natural Religion.*

At that hour the Beaucœur home was hushed also. In the great fireplace a heap of coals yet burned, and the heated stones at the back continued to give off comfort. The red embers softly outlined the massive timbers of the ceiling in their crude nakedness; touched with ruddy tinge the long table pushed to one side, and the chairs put in order about the room where recently had been feasting and gaiety. Presently a face peered cautiously from the door at one end, followed by whispers in a soft French treble.

"The room is empty, Claire; come on."

Immediately two white-robed spectres appeared and glided noiselessly across the room toward the glowing coals.

"Ciel; the floor it is like ice to the bare feet," cried Claire.

The two girls stood laughing and hugging each other in the excess of their spirits, trying vainly to make no noise at all.

"We can have all the furs," declared Marie, shivering from the cold of the room they had just left.

In a moment they had stacked the floor with bearskins and wolf-robes, and were seated before the great chimney, in positions of perfect comfort.

"I am glad it is over with," said Marie, with a sigh of relief. "Do you think it was a success, Claire? Tell me what you saw, and what you think. I had so much to see to I do not know a thing that happened."

"Ah, it was a brilliant success. Monsieur le gouverneur told me to tell you when we were all alone, that he had never enjoyed himself before. How could it be otherwise than a success? Marie, the men are all in love with you."

"Monsieur le gouverneur was fine!" returned Marie, warmly. "It was proper that maman should go out to supper with him. But I could wish the chance had been yours, ma chère. But you shall have him when we go skating on the river. Ah, no; the men they are not all in love with me. What think you of Mr. North?" she questioned in English.

"Les cheveux d'or? Mon Dieu; he is so homely. He does not compare with monsieur le gouverneur!"

"Ah, but he is brave. He will be laughed at and it will make no difference. The wine did you see he touched it not?"

"But I like not that kind of man," returned the cousin. "He should be a monk and shave his head."

"'Tis a pity he is not in the Church. He would be one man after Père Richard's own heart. Ah, but one does not know what to think. He believes it is wicked to dance; but I made him dance for me one night on the river bank."

"It is because he is in love with you, Marie. I said all the men are in love with you."

"Ah, he is not. I am a Catholic," explained Marie,

very confident, though she sighed a little, a fact that escaped her cousin.

Then for a time no words were spoken. The heat grew uncomfortable on their faces, while their backs were cold; so Marie brought more furs for their shoulders and copies of the *Gazette* to hold for screens before their eyes. Claire read some lines from the parallel columns of English and French, as Marie's head was pillowed against her knee. Marie played idly with the long plaits of hair which fell from her cousin's head, and looked dreamily into the fire.

"Louise La Sage is to marry Jean Baddeau in the spring," said Marie, after a time. "It has all been arranged by their parents."

"Mon Dieu; the parents shall not arrange my wedding," declared Claire Navarre with spirit. "I like the American way, and I can choose my own husband without help. Is it not so, Marie?"

"Our father likes many of the American ways," said Marie, with a judicious air. "And he will not object to whom I marry, if he be a good man. I think he would be willing for me to marry out of the Church. But I will never, never marry a heretic! I will marry Etienne Baddeau in the spring, and have done with it!"

Marie had started up in some passion. Claire did not understand the motive prompting this action. Catching her gown, which had fallen away at the throat, the cousin made another quick movement that covered her bare feet before the fire. "Did you hear someone?" she whispered, prepared to fly at a second alarm.

"Mon père—it is his heavy breathing," Marie said, and resumed her place against her cousin's knee.

"Has Etienne asked you again to be his wife?" questioned Claire.

"I have not seen him since last summer. But he will be here again in the spring. And he asks me every time he comes."

"But you do not love him!"

"Love, love, love! I hear nothing but that from you. Love it is not everything, you silly child!"

"Marie! I do not understand you. Yesterday you said just the contrary. Is it acting that you always are?"

"Yesterday I was a fool. No; to-night I am a fool. Ah, I have worked hard to-day—that is why I am cross to you, ma chère." And she drew closer and put her arms around her cousin's neck, burying her cheek on the shoulder where it was bare. "Let's don't say anything. Only just look at the fire."

Five minutes ticked away.

There was just a murmur in Marie's throat, as if she might be laughing in her sleep. But she was wide awake. Without moving her head, she pointed where some coals had newly parted and fallen away.

"That is just the color of monsieur's hair," she said, with a little whimsical note in her words.

"Monsieur North's? When did he come to Detroit? You never told me of him at home last summer. And you know him well. Do you remember you were going to tell me of the time you went to Mère Gobielle's with him?"

"It was in the early summer that he came. Fran-

çois can tell you all. He is his friend. Ah, I do not remember. What was I going to tell? Why, we went there—to Mère Gobielle's. It was in the night."

Claire waited for her to go on.

Marie sat up and stared into the fire. "I wish I could make up my mind and stick to one thing!"

"I wish so too," declared her impatient cousin.

"You silly goose," exclaimed Marie, kissing her impulsively. "Don't you know what I mean? I'm as warm as toast. And I mean to go to bed!"

Springing to her feet, she flew to the door through which they had entered the room.

"I'll tell you about that another time," she called back.

Claire followed, wondering at her cousin's incomprehensible actions. And only the fire remained to give life to the room.

CHAPTER XI.

DAY was not long enough for all the sports of the merry winter season. Over against the dark outlines of what we now call Belle Isle, but which then had no such musical name, a huge bonfire shot red and yellow flames into the night. All up and down the ice rang the shouts of a happy throng. Heavily-mufflered, steel-shod men and boys darted hither and thither. Occasionally there was one with a rosy-cheeked, fur-clad companion whose skirts the wind tugged at as if to snatch jealously from a rival. Strong arms drew hand-sleds here, while there flashed the sturdy Canadian pony before the French traineau; and accompanying all were the high spirits that caused the air to resound with laughter and cries of merriment.

To join this revelry, down the right bank of the river came a party of four, picking their way along the road broken out by the passage of many a traineau en route to the ice. On either side the snow, crimson in the firelight, rose in walls to the waist; but when once the river was reached, there the strong winds from the west had swept clear the glassy surface. The

experienced eye of the foremost of the party searched the spot for a place to sit while skates were being donned.

"Here, François," he cried, in a commanding bass, as in the lurid light, a figure shot by prone upon the ice. "Lend me your sled a minute, please. There is no place for the ladies to sit while we fasten on their skates."

"Ah, Meester North!" said the boy by way of greeting, as he came and peered into faces to discover all of the party. "Marie!" he enumerated, and there was a word for his cousin. "Glairy ees eet that you call ze eece, eh? monsieur le gouverneur!" But what was meant as a question ended in an exclamation, for his feet slipped and he sat unceremoniously on the frozen river, to the inconsiderate amusement of the newcomers. "By gar!" was his droll comment.

"Are these rights and lefts?" asked Mason, as he knelt with skates before Claire, following the example of Perry before Marie.

The Governor could lead a cotillion on the ballroom floor with the utmost skill, but his Virginia training had not imparted the secrets of a northern winter's sport.

"Let's see—that's right," said Perry, as he suspended work about the shapely ankle which his own thumb and finger encircled; "and this strap goes around there, and buckles here. See—like this." But before His Excellency had finished with one skate, Perry had fastened on his own and Marie's, and then turned to assist the others.

The Governor made a sorry spectacle on the ice,

and Perry felt indeed this was his hour. Claire could not boast of her partner here as she had in the waltz, and Marie openly laughed in a way that made Perry's heart soften toward the one of whom he was oftener jealous. It was, however, only with womanly tact that Marie had divided the four into couples, and given to Claire the man of her choice. Perry offered Mason a few simple suggestions that were of much help, and his pupil gave promise of rare aptitude.

"If monsieur le gouverneur will sit on me sled, I will draw him," said François generously, as they moved slowly across the ice in the direction of the blazing brushwood.

"Ah, thanks!" returned Mason with grim sarcasm, while the others laughed. "Can one learn to skate by sitting on a sled?"

"Ah, but he gets ze ride—bully fun!" answered François, giving his sled a jerk that sent it dangerously near the Governor's uncertain footing.

"Thunder! young man, are you going to run that into me?" His Excellency cried, aghast at the threatened catastrophe.

"Run away, François, now, with the sled," commanded his sister. "You bother monsieur le gouverneur!"

"Eh bien, if monsieur will take one end of this," said Claire, offering him a scarf, "I will draw him. Put the feet close together, and keep them so."

"That is good exercise for the ankles, Governor," said Perry, encouragingly. "You'll do nicely in a short time."

Claire was perfectly at home on skates, and soon

had Mason flying after her at a rate that made him shudder whenever another passed near them. Perry and Marie joined hands and followed with easy, graceful strides, gliding in such perfect unison that it was as if one body swept forward. Neither spoke for several minutes. This was the first time they had ever skated together, and it seemed that by tacit understanding each would show the other what the one was capable of performing. Others on the ice came between the two couples, and track was lost of Mason and Claire for a time. So pleased were Perry and Marie with their performance that they continued on by the snapping, roaring flames, giving them and the lurid figures standing about but a glance as they passed. Into the darkness beyond they glided, bearing swiftly upon their shadow, which stretched away before them, the one grotesque thing in all their movements.

"I have never skated with a woman who was your equal, Miss Beaucœur," said Perry with unfeigned admiration, when at last they paused, far up the river.

"Ah, 'tis pretty thing number two you have said," she replied, with evident pleasure. "But you skate, too, Mr. North," she added, in a way that returned his compliment. "Do you know the fancy skating? Figures?"

"Yes, a few," answered Perry, and forthwith commenced a series of movements, now forward, now backward, swinging now on heel, now on toe, cutting circles here and scallops there, doing all with the swiftness and grace of a swallow in the air.

"Ah, you can do that and yet cannot dance!" she marvelled.

"Dance! it should not be spoken of in the same breath. This is far, far ahead of any dance."

"But one cannot have this all the time. I know you think to dance it is wicked. To me it is only another pleasure. I do not understand you."

"Didn't I tell you once we should never understand each other?"

"Yes. And is that the end? Have you no wish to try? It is not friendly."

Marie pleading for his friendship! Was it any wonder he was speechless? There were more manœuvres on the ice, but Perry's mind took no conscious part. "I think it is the difference of education," he answered with considerable abstraction. "Shall we skate back?" He held his hands toward her, and she took them both; and so, he moving backward, they retraced their path. "I certainly wish to be friendly," he continued. "You little understand what is in my heart, or you would not say that."

Perry might have said the same to himself, and he was beginning to realize it. Little did he know what was in his heart. Once he would point out errors in her life, as a duty, even though they quarrelled and afterward separated. Now the moment had come when he might do so again, but the impulse lagged, his voice halted; there seemed a loss of ideas. What had become of his former proselyting fervor?

The blazing fire at his back lighted up Marie's face, revealing all its marvellous beauty. There was the liquid depths of her eyes, so black that night's darkest

spot seemed gray in contrast; there was the perfect curve of her cheek, with its rich coloring, against which the deep, soft fur of her collar played with ravishing effect; there were her lips, full and rosy, set lightly together in lines Cupid might have stolen for a bow—and this was all his, his alone so long as these moments could be made to last! Somewhere else there were dogmas, it is true; dogmas which he had built upon for a score of years. But men, high in the world's estimation, had differed about these dogmas, and what was an ordinary man to say?

"I have been taught that to dance is wrong," was what Perry said. "I perhaps would not teach it so, arbitrarily, to another. But I shall not learn myself. There are things which seem, and possibly are, innocent in a degree, yet lead to sin. I find there are two sides to 'most every question."

Perry felt himself expand with such fair-mindedness.

"But I do not see," began Marie. "The dance it may lead to sin. But skating it can not!"

"I did not say that."

"But no—you skate!"

And so they argued for a time. Their tones were not antagonistic. Rather was there a friendly bantering of words. The vital thing was their companionship, and that grew while dogmas became like dried leaves with which children play. Yet could it be said, though heavy blows had been dealt, neither had surrendered his past.

CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE they re-entered the throng about the fire, Perry turned around, lest he skate into someone, and they continued side by side through the thickest of the crowd.

"I did not see Mason or your cousin," he said.

"No,"—neither had she.

He threw himself before her and would resume the position they had abandoned in the noisy multitude.

„"Ah, it is my turn," she declared, and with a skilful manœuvre swung about so she was the one to skate backward.

"Can you do that?" he asked.

"Can I not?" she returned, with a saucy uplift of the head.

The light was once more in her face, and he saw her beauty again, and with it a determination to prove her skill. He increased his speed and she met the impulse with a smile. He glanced over her head to see that the way was clear, and exerted more of his enormous strength. Like the wind they sped down the river. His hands clasped her arms firmly near the shoulder. Her breath was on his cheek. He felt

those shoulders shrug with pleasure; the light in her eyes invited him to put forth all his strength. For a single moment he yielded to the temptation; it seemed as if they were flying. Beneath them the ice appeared to rush in the opposite direction in ribbons of blue and gray and pink and purple as flames from the fire fell on the scene. Suddenly Perry drew her close against his breast, and his feet ceased their mighty strides, while his skates cut deep furrows in the ice to block their progress.

"What is it?" she asked, taking alarm from his manner.

"Madness!" he cried. "What if I had pushed you against some pebble in the ice, a twig from a tree, or your skate had come loose!"

"Ah, but you didn't," she answered, with complete abandonment. "Nothing happened." And she breathed deeply, freeing herself from his arms as they came to a standstill. "It was glorious! Oh, it was glorious!"

"It was sheer madness," he protested, fairly trembling as in imagination he re-enacted their reckless flight. Yet it was nothing more than he had commonly done with some male companion.

"Ciel! where have we come to?" she demanded, looking about in surprise, as she recovered herself. "We are far below the town! This is it not the Canada shore?"

"Indeed it is," Perry answered.

"Ah, grand'mère's it can not be far from here! Above that point, I am certain. I have not been to

visit her this week. Would it be too much trouble?" And she looked at him and down at her skates.

Without speaking a word, she seemed to say more than Perry had ever dreamed could be so communicated. His impression was a compound of all this: "It is cruel to ask you to take off these skates. The straps are frozen. You will have to kneel on the cold ice. But you have always been so kind to me. No man ever was so kind to me. And then they will have to be put on again. And the straps will be wet. And you will have to kneel on the ice again. Oh, it is an awful bother! But will you do it for me?" He was a slave to that glance.

"The trouble will be nothing if I may go too," he said, with much earnestness.

"Ah, I did not know you cared to see grand'mère. You have never inquired. But I did not mean to leave you behind. There is a path—we may skate to that."

Her talk ran on merrily while he removed the skates. She dropped into a whimsical manner which sat upon her with the same charm that possessed all her moods. She pouted when he was slow in offering his hand along the icy path that led up the bank, and when she called him stupid—even then he found pleasure in the words, coming from the same pursed lips.

"A merry surprise, grand'mère!" cried Marie in French, as they burst into the winter-bound hut. "Ah, but it is nice and warm in here!" And she placed her hands near the blazing fire before going to kiss the old dame on her cheek.

"Ah, my children!" returned grand'mère, with plea-

sure. "I have not seen monsieur for a long, long time. This is a merry surprise!"

"Monsieur has been away from Detroit!" explained Marie. "He has only recently returned. He begged me to bring him to madame."

Through the shrunken lips and toothless gums came a flood of words.

"Madame thinks you might have left some snow out of doors, and not brought it all in here to melt on her floor!" said Marie, assuming her old rôle of interpreter and prank-player in general.

Perry looked at her in surprise. The path had been narrow, and instead of following Marie, he had kept at her side through the deep drifts. Indeed, he had brought in much snow, but madame had made no allusion to it whatever.

In fairly good French Perry replied: "I heard what madame said. Her gown is good enough to receive a better man than I. She need make no excuse." But he looked at Marie in a way to make her quail.

"Eh bien, if you know the French, Mr. North," answered mademoiselle, struggling with her astonishment. Then to grand'mère she said: "Monsieur has acquired the French that he may speak directly to madame. He will not trust me more to pay his compliments."

"Monsieur speaks very good French," returned grand'mère; and forthwith there were recalled days when she was a demoiselle. "I must congratulate monsieur. Ah, it is a fine language. It is a language to love. It is the language of the heart. Those were the words Marquis de Vaudreuil said to me as we

danced at the maison de ville in Quebec. Ah, those were grand times! And grand man was the Marquis!"

"Some time I will bring monsieur here, and you shall tell him all about those days," promised Marie. "But to-night we cannot stay. Did François bring madame the basket of things this morning?"

"Ah, yes; thanks, ma chérie. It is kind of monsieur your father to remember a poor lone woman. I pray to the Saints daily for him!"

"And does Pierre Coutelier bring you wood and water every morning? If he does not my father will be angry with him, and give the pay to another man who will do the work."

"Ah, Pierre Coutelier is very good. He helps me very much. And I thank monsieur your father; and daily I pray the Saints."

Perry was holding the skates before the fire, removing the ice from their straps, while the talk went on. By and by grand'mère cast a glance toward his broad back. "Etienne Baddeau is away with the trappers," she said to Marie, and there was a note of significance in her tones that did not escape the girl.

"Ah, yes; he has a hundred men trapping for him beyond the Ouisconsin. He will return in the spring —and—and then—*I shall make him very happy!*" Her words ended in a breath close to grand'mère's ear, as she stooped and kissed her.

"Ma chérie, these eyes tell me a different story!" said the old dame, and again she looked toward Perry.

"Ah, but we must go now," cried Marie, springing

to her feet. "I am quite warm. Are you not warm, Mr. North?" she asked in English.

After they returned to the ice, Marie was very quiet. Perry thought it was because of the rebuke he had given her for trying to deceive him. Believing his indignation only just, he would say nothing to conciliate her now. They went at once in search of Mason and Claire, but it was some time before they found them among the scores of people constantly moving over the ice. At last when Marie was about to declare they had gone home, she discovered her cousin in a traineau coming swiftly toward them.

"Ah, Claire," she called, loudly, waving her hand; and in a moment they were all reunited.

"Where have you been?" both couples exclaimed in a breath, and then laughed at the collision their words had made.

"Monsieur le gouverneur grew tired of the skates, and would have a traineau," explained Claire. "Everywhere we have looked for you! And not finding you we drove almost up to the lake."

"Have you seen Major Hadley?" inquired the Governor. "He is looking for you. We are going to have a little spread at the Franklin. Oysters! And you must join us. Here he comes now." Another traineau with jangling bells came speeding to the spot.

"Ah, I have seen everyone to-night!" declared Claire with happy excitement. "The officers from Fort Malden—have you seen them, ma cousine? There can be no one at home anywhere! All are here!"

"Why, Tom, have you really found them?" cried

the Governor's sister, with fine sarcasm. "Do think, Major Hadley,—he has found them! But on my word, he found the lake first!"

"But no—we found them!" interjected Marie.

Presently, with high spirits the party moved off toward the town, Marie and Perry skating by the side of the sleighs.

The Franklin was one of the best eating-houses in Detroit that winter. In the parlors they found a dozen others waiting their coming, among them being two red-coats from the neighboring British garrison, one of whom was Colonel Campbell, and with him was Elva Webber. Couples were broken up in the gay discussion of sports, balls, and entertainments, while waiting the preparation of their lunch. Major Hadley was active in interviewing certain ones in regard to some amateur theatricals before the winter was over; he suggested that they produce *The Merchant of Venice* for the benefit of the hospital which Ste. Anne's was struggling to maintain.

Then the waiter entered and facetiously announced: "Lunch is served. Gents, secure your pardners!"

Mason was standing near Marie, and quickly seized his advantage. "May I have the honor, Miss Beaucœur?" And he offered his arm. Marie shot a glance toward Perry. She was willing to punish him for spoiling her joke at grand'mère's. There was no hiding his disappointment, though he struggled against it. The Governor and Marie led out the party, and North and Claire brought up the rear, neither in a very entertaining mood.

Nor did matters improve any when the ladies were

escorted home. "Miss Beaucœur, you will ride with your cousin and me in the traineau," said Mason, as they were breaking up. "It is too far to walk."

"Ah, thank you," she answered, her manner an acceptance; but looking around the room for Perry, she added: "It would be too bad for monsieur le gouverneur to return afterward alone. Mr. North, won't you ride out with us?"

"Ah, will it carry so many?" asked Claire; and in the same breath Perry had said: "I shall be happy to." He thought he recognized on Marie's part repentance and a willingness to make amends.

"I fear the traineau is too small," the Governor answered to Claire's words. By this time all were in the street where the Canadian pony and French sleigh were waiting.

"Monsieur le gouverneur—not if I sit on your lap?" asked Marie. "Ah, Claire, you know we have ridden so many times. Mr. North, you do not object to holding my cousin? The distance it is but short."

It was not to Perry's liking. He felt there was something coarse, something rather common, almost vulgar about the proceedings. Perhaps such thoughts had never entered his head had he been in the Governor's place. Perhaps he was meanly jealous; if so, such feelings should be conquered. Finally—Marie and vulgarity? It was impossible!

Marie held the reins, and, besides being quite hysterical in her merriment, was almost reckless in her driving. At the Beaucœur home it was found that her skates had been left behind. Mason quickly promised to bring them to her next day. Perry assumed the blame of forgetting them, and begged excuses.

"If you are really sorry," said Marie, as they parted, "make it evident by returning them to me, and do not let monsieur le gouverneur be bothered."

Mason protested that it would be no bother, and silently resolved to be the one to return them. But Perry alighted from the traineau at the Council House, and instead of going up the street to his boarding place after the Governor passed on alone, walked directly to the Franklin and secured the skates, which he carried to his rooms that night.

Usually, before going to bed, he read an hour or two, however late it was; but to-night his mind was in no condition for books. There seemed something irritable in the very sight of *Spinoza's Life*, which lay open on his table, and closing it impatiently, he sat long in a moody silence. Miserable company as his thoughts were, he would not go below stairs where he might have a few minutes with Elva Webber. Her delightful wit always threw a rainbow across any dark cloud. Nor would he go again to the attic where he had spent a hard day, puzzling over the problems of his solar compass. As the moments passed, however, and he grew warm before the fire, the expression softened between his brows, and by the time he fell asleep a smile had impressed itself on his face.

He had hung Marie's skates where they would dry without rusting; and they had received a second, last attention before he blew out his candle. Their presence imparted to his room an atmosphere it never before contained, hard to define, but exquisitely sweet and delicate.

CHAPTER XIII.

DETROIT had been three full weeks without its mails. On hearing Doctor Houghton chafe impatiently because of such isolation, Justice Woodbridge recounted entire winters when they scarcely heard a word from the outside world. That, the young Doctor reminded him, was long ago, and very poor consolation. The Government had taught one to expect better things since it had given them mails every day the past summer. And even after navigation closed, there had been no greater break than a week till now.

At noon on the twenty-first day, however, Baron Le Borgne's bugle was heard in cheerful notes, and at once Postmaster Abbott's little store on the corner became the most popular place in town.

Two negroes were the first to reach the scene. They were quickly joined by Jean Chapeau, wearing his cobbler's apron, followed by a group of boys trailing their sleds from the coasting-place near the river. At least a dozen were gathered in advance, to welcome Le Borgne with shouts and jeers, watch him throw the pouch dexterously from the coach roof,

wheel his four spirited horses about, and dash off gallantly to the hotels, giving repeated cracks with his long, black whip. From that moment people kept coming all day, but the crowd was greatest at the time the postmaster began to distribute his favors, a half-hour after the mail's arrival. Then the walls were pretty well lined with men in all manner of winter apparel, while groups similarly composed stood about the centre of the room. All started as with an electric shock, when, at last, the little slide rose in the glass-fronted pigeon-holes.

In that half-hour Pierre Beaucœur walked about the room, dispensing his courtly bows and pleasant "bonjour." His heavy fur great-coat gapping its length revealed his dressy black and immaculate linen. Governor Mason mingled democratically with the throng, and told some good stories. General Brady and an army friend dropped in. Major Hadley was there, and when North and Chandler entered together, pounced upon his surveyor friend as one lying in wait.

"I was coming up to your boarding-place to see you if I didn't find you here," he said, strengthening the petition he was about to make with the premeditation it had received. His manner was warm and eager, and his words contained a subtle diplomacy. "You have heard something of the talk of a play for the benefit of the Hospital?"

"Only what you said at the Franklin two weeks ago."

"Well, I'll tell you what I've done. I've been pushing it in a quiet way. You'll agree that it's in a good cause?"

"Yes," said Perry, but his reply lacked enthusiasm.

"You Presbyterians don't always harness up well with the Catholics, and I wanted to know how you stood before going any farther."

"And they're generally down on the theatre, too," put in young Woodworth of the Steamboat Hotel, who was standing near.

Perry ignored his remark, but to the Major he said: "I don't know why you say that. Reverend John Montieth and Father Richard have long worked together, teaching in the College here. And what they do, I think Presbyterians and Catholics in general may do." The fact that Perry gave the Priest his usual title was not entirely due to his growing liberality; it was in part a concession to his ears, and wholly unconscious, for he heard the name a dozen times every day.

"Right you are, old fellow, and I'm deuced glad to hear you say it," answered Hadley. To Woodworth he said: "No one ever objects to a play of Shakespeare's." And then to Perry: "We were going to give *The Merchant of Venice*, but Miss Beaucœur positively refused to be Portia, and there is really no one else to take a leading lady's part. So we have compromised on *As You Like It*. Governor Mason has agreed to take the part of Orlando; and Miss Beaucœur will play Rosalind—if you will take a part in the play."

"If I'll take part in the play?" repeated Perry in surprise.

"Yes; it's some whim of hers;"—but Perry was pleased, as he saw. "The Governor and I have a

wager on your decision," continued Hadley. "And don't you fail me, old fellow!"

"What is my part to be?" asked Perry, with more interest.

"Well, you see, it's like this—we're going to take some liberties with Mr. Shakespeare. We want you to take the part of Oliver; but we want you, also, to do the wrestling with Orlando. So we will leave out the Court-wrestler, and have the brothers do that together. You know how the play goes. To have it announced that you and the Governor will give a wrestling bout will make the performance take like wildfire with the populace. Every one has heard of your feats at the Armory. And Mason comes here from Virginia, with a regular George Washington record."

"But who will care?—if I play my part I am downed anyway."

"That's another liberty we're going to take with Mr. Shakespeare. The bout will be in earnest. Then the play goes on with the understanding that Orlando won irrespective of how it really falls out."

"And your other characters?"

"Miss Navarre plays the part of Celia; the Governor's sister, Doctor Houghton and I are to have parts; and others are yet to be assigned."

"I'm surprised that Miss Beaucœur should wish to include me in the play," Perry said, still withholding his consent. "I thought she knew me better than that. I never acted a part in my life, and have no more talent than a cow." Nevertheless, he was more than pleased by the manner in which he had been included; as, had

he been left out, he would have felt an unreasoning slight.

"Oh, you're not alone! There are others of us who have never taken part in a play. There'll be a lot of rehearsals, and the drill will be as good as a school to you. Don't give me your answer now. Think it over. Go out and see Miss Beaucœur, and talk it over with her."

"What's that?" demanded Mason, joining them at that moment, his hand full of letters.

"Oh, it's the play. You needn't look so mighty jealous. But I believe you'd give your Governorship rather than lose the chance of playing Orlando to Miss Beaucœur's Rosalind!"

"The part has its charms," admitted Mason, with one of his winning smiles. "But how is it—will North do the part of Oliver?" And then to North himself: "Do we wrestle for the plaudits of Rome?"

"I'm going to think about it over night," replied Perry, his inclination losing fire in the kindling of sudden jealousy.

"Marry! see to't ye think favorably on't," returned Mason.

"E'en now the very atmosphere doth hedge the Governor about—the atmosphere of the drama, you understand," said the Major, recovering quickly from the other's contagion, and indulging in a bit of horse play.

"But say, North," interjected the Governor, become suddenly serious: "I want you to come up to the Capitol. Here are a heap of letters—from General

Cass, Representative Lyon, and others. I want to talk them over with you."

"I'll see if there's any mail for me, then I'll walk up with you at once," answered Perry, turning to the post-office window, before which the crowd had fallen away by this time.

A letter from his mother and sister was handed him; and there were papers and a magazine. The postage was not all prepaid, and Perry satisfied the claims against him with a wedge of silver from a Spanish dollar—such money circulating freely in the Territory at that time. The letter was skilfully folded, without envelope, and sealed. Perry broke it open and read the first and last paragraphs to assure himself there was no ill news.

Arrived at the Capitol, Mason suggested that he finish his letter, while he himself examined the official correspondence. Afterward, he and Perry talked for an hour, going over papers and examining maps. Mason could be a perfect companion, free and easy one moment, and the next assume all the air and dignity of high official position. One moment you might say—"That's all right, Tom, but——" and the next you were compelled to reply gravely: "Very well, your Excellency," and bow your assent.

That night Perry re-read *As You Like It* in order to freshen his memory of the play. The fact that Marie's action was conditional on his flattered him. He tried to divine her motive. He knew he had offended her at Mère Gobielle's, and that he had been receiving his punishment since. Was this not of a piece with that? Sometimes he wondered if she were

not playing with him from first to last;—but this was too painful to be entertained. Besides, he was too loyal to believe her guilty of such wickedness.

It was not pleasant to think of her playing Rosalind to Mason's Orlando. He wished Marie were to change parts with her cousin. The cousins in life were to be cousins in the play! It gave him a bad half-hour thinking of Marie dressed in man's attire—the Ganymede costume. This nearly decided him to give it up—if it would save her from that! But he doubted whether she would hold to her whim not to play if he did not. Such action would result only in shutting himself out. There were to be many rehearsals, and he would have as much of her society as the most favored. He would show her that he did not care for her coquettish punishments. Besides, the whole thing had been flung at him like a challenge. They had all thought he would not play. But he would. And he would throw Mason in the wrestling bout!

While preparation for the play was still going on, Perry met Father Richard one afternoon in company with Marie and her youngest brother, just about to turn in to Ste. Anne's. The weather had come off suddenly warm, almost spring-like. The ground was still covered with snow, which sent back the glaring light of the sun with blinding effect. A torrent of water poured from each tall, steep roof, and the narrow board walks were sloshy and disagreeable. But the experienced habitant would tell you, with rare contentment, that things underfoot would be worse before they were better.

François had his snowball, and was on the lookout for game, when he spied Perry coming toward them. With the assurance of real camaraderie he let the white missile fly at its mark, with the result of immediately drawing fire upon himself. Marie and Father Richard escaped to the church steps, where they watched the battle out of range of flying snowballs. It was short and decisive, for François presently took refuge behind them within the doors of the sanctuary.

"Won't you come in?" the Priest asked, after some pleasantries, as Perry was about to pass on.

He hesitated, and Marie added: "I am going to play the organ. You have never heard me play, Mr. North." And so he followed them into what seemed the blackness of night after the glare of the snow. "The music is some of Father Richard's own composition," Marie explained, as she held some papers before her eyes. "Why, I cannot see a note!" she cried, with sudden dismay.

"It is the snow blindness," said the Priest. "The eyes will recover in a few minutes." He spoke with the distinct enunciation which thirty years of patient endeavor to acquire the language had given him. Perry had noticed the accent at their first meeting, and it had always remained a pleasant feature in the clergyman's conversation. "This is the first time you have been within these walls, is it not, Mr. North? You must tell me what you think of Ste. Anne's before you leave."

Father Richard was justly proud of the structure, the finest in Detroit in that day. He had put the best portion of a lifetime in its erection, freely giving

his last penny, and rejoicing when the salary of a Congressman made this seem considerable.

Meanwhile, François had groped his way to the bellows, and stood ready to do his part in producing the holy father's music. Soon the strains of an organ floated through the sombre, vaulted nave, hushed and empty. The Priest and Perry had remained near the entrance, where they dropped into pews, the elder man a little in advance. Perry had a splendid view of the strong-lined, sallow face above the broad, bony shoulders.

At first the music came low and soft, with languorous movements; and the young man seemed to see sunny fields of Normandy, with flocks and herds, and to hear the flute notes of some strange bird calling to his mate. Presently the low notes became heavier, the time stately, suggesting a dark, ivy-grown cathedral; the heavy, chilled atmosphere of banished sunlight, of massive walls and stained-glass windows; the listener heard footfalls of monkish feet on tiled flooring, and he saw crucifixes and kneeling, penitent figures. Then came a stormy passage, the deep thunder of Atlantic billows, the shrill whistle of icy wind through rigging; low, sullen clouds battled with dark-green, angry waves. Suddenly there was a calm, when but a single note seemed repeating itself; it was the haven after the tempest; the low hills of another shore. Again the music moved on, grand and free; till Perry saw the New World's cathedral, massive forests, with leafy minarets lifting skyward above dusky, untutored children, worshipping at a Jesuit missionary's feet.

This, that he was listening to, was the Priest's composition, he had been told. It was the story of his life, he felt certain. And as Perry marvelled, there was a final burst of melody that made him recall all the imagery of the closing pages of his Bible; the strange book with the seven seals; Michael and his angels fighting with the dragon; the Lamb and his company, singing in that new heaven above the new earth, the song which no man could learn.

The spell took hold on him with such force that involuntarily he started and looked about the chilled and sunless chamber, recalling certain diabolic deeds he had once read in an attack on Popery. The next instant he was smiling at the senselessness of his emotions; for Marie's voice came like sunlight to banish gruesome feelings. The clear, ringing practicality of her question as she asked the Priest regarding the movement of a certain passage, assured him that he was yet in a very safe and normal world.

When Marie had finished, she joined the men and accompanied them about the church, while Father Richard exhibited its appointments to Perry. It is very doubtful whether the young man would have been so intensely interested in the matter had they been alone. As it was, the three lingered over each new object, and he put questions which drew Marie into the conversation. Their talk wandered to other things, and presently drifted to the hospital, which the Father was interested in as well; thence to the play was but a step.

"Ah, there is something I have wished to speak to you about, Mr. North," said Marie. "The Forest of

Arden, can we not make it a real one? You men, can you not get trees—evergreens—and fasten them on blocks so they will stand?"

"That is a splendid idea, Miss Beaucœur! I'll speak to the Governor and others about it; and if agreed to, I'll get the evergreens myself," said Perry with enthusiasm.

"Ah, indeed," repeated the Priest, with approval. "It is certain to be a success. Everyone is talking about it. And four hundred tickets have already been sold."

"What did you think of the rehearsal last evening, Mr. North?" Marie asked.

"It was well gone through with, if I am any judge. It was a vast improvement over the previous one, was it not?"

"I think so. The costumes seem to give one the air of the play. Is not Touchstone simply perfect? Ah, Père, you should see Antoine in his part. He is so droll!"

"And is not the Governor a perfect lover?" ventured Perry, not without guile.

"He is good," was Marie's rather noncommittal reply. "He wishes more rehearsals; but one more will be sufficient, do you not think?"

"I think so," answered Perry absently, and then repeated his conclusion with emphasis.

"Ciel; I remember! I promised Claire I would return before it was dark to try on my Ganymede costume. I must go at once!" But she lingered to say: "Ah, it is very fine with its long cloak of fur!"

"Cloak?" questioned Perry.

"Ah, yes; men wore cloaks in those days. You shall see. But Claire, I fear she will go mad in love with me!"

After Marie had gone, Father Richard invited Perry into his study where a fire was burning, and there they discussed the early maps, the explorations of La Salle, Cadillac, Father Marquette, and kindred topics. The old idea of crossing swords with this man for the salvation of Marie's soul had grown feeble in Perry's mind, and only appeared now and then as a lame excuse for indulging in mademoiselle's society. Perry was an ardent seeker after knowledge, and Father Richard could satisfy his mental hunger as no one else. Avoiding controversial subjects in the main, their discussions were limited only by the confines of human knowledge and the ability of the mind to form speculations. A strong and lasting friendship then and there began between the two men.

As they talked, there repeatedly stole before the young man's vision a figure in a cloak which, sweeping away in folds, revealed a very boyish form, exceeding anything else in its grace and beauty. That Marie had never worn her Ganymede costume at their rehearsals was a source of satisfaction to Perry. She had always made an excuse that the things were not completed.

CHAPTER XIV.

"AH, ma cousine, you make such a fine fellow —un beau garçon!" exclaimed Claire, as she stood off and admired Marie in her Ganymede toggery. "There! it is best to let the cloak fly back loose from the shoulders—like that. It shows the gallant cuttle-axe upon thy thigh. Ah, your form it is just right; mine would never, never do!" And she ended with a little sigh.

"Eh bien, I wish you had the part to play," returned Marie, with a toss of the head. "I like it not. Sometimes I think Rosalind—it is not modest that she acts. Think you if I loved a man I would sigh and tell it here, there, and everywhere?"

"No more did Rosalind," said Claire in defense, "but to her cousin who was as a sister! Marie, if you were in love you would tell it to me, would you not? Ah, have I not told you it is too sweet to keep to one's self? And monsieur le gouverneur is he not a perfect Orlando? I wish we did change parts!" Again she finished with a sigh.

"Monsieur le gouverneur is perfect in parts," said Marie, thoughtfully. "He can make the pretty

speeches, and in love he will write the poetry, I do not doubt. But Mr. North is more like the real Orlando at the first. He has had the rude training. But he would never write the poems and pin them to the trees. That is silly! I think Mr. Shakespeare is not true to life."

"You would not say that if you were once in love," returned Claire, confidently. "What seems folly to you now would then be only sweet. Ah, do not pull the cloak about you so! You will do that on the stage and it will spoil all. Throw out your arm with the boar-spear, and let the cloak trail like a mantle."

"You deceive yourself, ma cousine," Marie interrupted. "I shall act my part when the time comes. But I was not going to make a show of myself every evening we rehearsed. That, you know, was the reason I would not have this finished sooner." And a rosy flush crept over her handsome face.

"Ciel, you can be so firm," declared her cousin, "And that, I think, it is not like the real Rosalind. You play the part excellently, as we have seen it in the rehearsals, ma chère. But I think in life you would not faint at the sight of blood."

"Ah, then I am a better man than Rosalind!" exclaimed Marie with an odd laugh, finding satisfaction in her cousin's words.

"Yes, but it will not help in the play."

"The play! I can get along with the play. It is in life I was thinking. *How full of briars is this working-day world!* And men can bear it better than the women. I am glad the winter is nearly gone. In two weeks Etienne Baddeau will return."

"Mon Dieu! you are so odd. Sometimes I think you do love Etienne, you do count so on his return! But you care nothing for his picture that he gave you, though he paid monsieur le peintre Burnham a great price for it. And you will never wear his furs! Why do you not act like other demoiselles? Come, tell me—would you like Etienne to be Orlando?"

"If he could act the part I should not mind. But he can no more act than a stick can act! It is necessary, I suppose, that I marry somebody. Etienne is as good as another. And the sooner it is over, and I am settled, the better. I can tell you, Claire, chère, I would not play to an Orlando that I loved. My love—the love that lasts, shall come after I am married. And I will show it only to my husband."

"I believe Mr. North would like to play Orlando to the woman he loves. I have seen him look at monsieur le gouverneur with such jealousy when he has been rehearsing his lines."

"Ah, I do not think it," Marie answered, but not without pleasure in what her cousin reported. "I have been greatly tempted to try him sometimes, when we have been alone. I am sure he knows the part. Do you think it would be wrong—just one little moment?" It was an argument as much repeated to herself as to her cousin. "If he is in love with me—which, of course, I do not know"—this, in spite of the happy flush that came into her cheeks as she spoke the words—"he will quickly recover after I am married to Etienne. And so will monsieur le gouverneur." And then she repeated—"*Men have*

died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

"How horrid Mr. Shakespeare is at times! *Worms have eaten them*—ugh!" cried Claire, covering her face with her hands.

"Yes, eaten them," repeated her cousin, a bit of cynicism creeping into her tones. "We are all eaten of them at last. So what matters it? I'll have my fun in the play—and then—then— Why, then I'll marry Etienne!" And Marie tried to laugh off her bitter mood.

"Ah, you do look so fine in doublet and hose. And a reckless air becomes you, mon beau garçon!"

"Does it, truly? You have said so many pleasant things to me. I would that you might have your wish, ma chère! You play your part well—have I not said so many times? And that is the main thing; for it is but a play. The character of Celia is unselfish and loyal; and she is modest. I like it better. But you would rather be Rosalind. The others would not listen to my protests, you remember at the first——" Then, suddenly becoming oblivious of all her disparaging criticism, she added, as one thinking aloud: "I do think you are more like Rosalind than I."

"Thank you, ma cousine, since Rosalind is not modest," said Claire, sudden anger giving point to her sarcasm.

"Ah, you know I did not mean that! *Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak!* Ah no, no! not that, either! I do make matters worse!" And all confusion, she flew to her cousin, taking her in her arms. The long cloak had fallen from her

shoulders to the floor. "You are a dear! What would I ever do without you, ma chère, ma bien aimée!"

"Mon Dieu! you do embarrass me with your arms and your man's clothing! Ciel, think you a man would embrace like that?" breathed Claire, blushing with pretty modesty.

"Certainement! And you have dreamed that it is sweet! Now is it? And this? and this? and this?" And she hugged her cousin rapturously, again and again; kissing her on lips, and cheek, and in the hollow of the throat. So that when they parted they were flushed and breathless, and tears were in their eyes. And looking at each other, they laughed convulsively, clinging to their sides till they could no longer stand, but sank into chairs.

CHAPTER XV.

THE old Council House was swept and garnished and further transformed, till it made a very satisfactory play-house. These four stone walls were used to strange sights. Here had gathered the Pottawattamies and Ojibways, the Wyandots and the Ottawas, and with the white man representing the Great Father at Washington, delivered their long harangues, smoked their peace pipes, and marked their rude totems on innumerable treaties. Did walls give back their secrets, what simple eloquence these might unfold! They had served their original purpose, the day of which was already departed; to-night they looked down on a different throng. Perhaps an Indian or two was present, for the concourse was a motley one; but if so, all vestige of whatever grandeur he once possessed was gone, and he stood now a lone, forlorn figure in this mingling of superior races.

The music of an orchestra absorbed all discordant sounds. In the audience French heads wagged to the sweep of Félix Cadette's arm above his fiddle, and Yankee toes tapped the floor as notes poured from

the brazen throat of Charlie Smith's cornet. Then up went the curtain amid the wild clapping of a thousand hands, and there on the stage in picturesque costumes were the usurping Duke Frederick; his daughter, and her cousin; the sons of Sir Rowland de Bois; Lords and attendants.

"*You shall try but one fall,*" cries the Duke, and forward steps Sir Rowland's sons, amid the hearty cheering of that sea of faces below the footlights.

Perry and the Governor are at each other in an instant. The throng in the pit is breathless. There is the scuffling of wrestlers' feet. They wriggle and twist in a bear-like embrace. Now Orlando is on one knee. Now he is up again. Presently Oliver's back is bent nearly to a fall, and the audience breaks into a premature cry. Each tries a trick and is foiled by his adversary. The pit is on its feet. And then the thing happens—Oliver is thrown heavily on his back.

Rosalind's words, "*O excellent young man!*" are hopelessly lost in the cries beyond the footlights.

"Hurrah for the Governor! Aye! Vive le gouverneur! Oui! Aye! Oui!" Again and again the cries are repeated, till at last, through fear of missing the play the crowd becomes still. In that moment of hush Perry hears at least one sympathetic voice as François pipes loud and shrill: "Vivent les cheveux d'or! Vivent les cheveux d'or!" There is a burst of laughter, then the spectators take it up and repeat the words, good-nature mingling with derision, till the old Council House fairly rings with the cry.

Though his young friend meant well, the cries of

"golden-hair" rankled in Perry's breast with the unexpected defeat at Mason's hands.

At last the play proceeds. Rosalind bestows her necklace about the victor's throat and makes her first confession to her cousin. The scene shifts to one within the palace, and the Duke pronounces banishment on his niece. Then Orlando and Adam have their meeting, and Orlando flies with the old man from the brother who would kill him.

It would be some time before Perry would appear again, so he sought a secluded chamber, there to nurse his wounded spirit. Into this room Marie found her way after her first scene in the Forest of Arden. Her cloak was drawn about in a way to hide doublet and hose. Her face was flushed, and her eyes burned with deep, womanly sympathy. Never before had she looked so lovely as now.

"Ah, the people they are so horrid to-night!" she began. "I like not their shouts and cries. I wish we might hide from it all. I wish we had never to go back on the stage again!"

Could she know how much her words were to this man? She had found him in a moment when he was not altogether himself. He stood ready to snatch anything that would be a salve to his wounded pride, a balm to his lacerated feelings.

"It is like a nightmare," he groaned. "I didn't think it would be so! But you—— They are kind to you."

"Ah, I like not such kindness. If they would be kind to me they must be kind to all my friends."

"It was your brother's voice that started the cry."

"Truly. But it was friendly. He likes the color of your hair. I might have said it myself." And her air plainly said: "You cannot doubt me." She came quite close to where he stood, and her eyes poured into his more than just the sympathy of an ardent young nature. He could but feel the intense thrill her manner gave him.

"But that—the people—are nothing. I do not care," said he, throwing off all that vexed and mortified. "It is kind of you to come here now—to say what you have."

"Ah, no, it was not kindness. I am so afraid I shall forget my part." This was so evident a pretense that it added to his pleasure. "I should die—out there before them all—if I did! How is it that it goes?" She put her finger to her lips in thought. The simple, childlike expression of her face came, and then passed as she recalled the lines. Again she was supremely womanly, and to the man irresistibly fascinating.

"*What would you say to me now an I were your very, very Rosalind?*" she repeated most charmingly.

"*I would kiss before I spoke,*" returned he, taking the other part.

"*Nay, you were better speak first,*" was returned, with a saucy toss of the head, but—did she know it?—with a bewitching, daring invitation in the eyes.

"*How if the kiss be denied?*"

And playing his part as he would, he held her by the shoulders, looking into a face of ravishing beauty, his heart hanging on her words. But no words came. Along the hall, however, a footfall sounded. This

moment—supreme in his life—was threatened. Twice he kissed those mute lips and freed her before Claire burst upon them.

"Good Heavens!" she cried. "Monsieur le gouverneur has fastened his poems to all the trees, and Touchstone has repeated his droll remarks three times, while we have hunted everywhere for you. Hurry with me! The play is like to be a failure!"

Indeed, the audience had begun to show signs of uneasiness. All this was quickly turned into applause when Marie appeared on the stage. She and the Governor were unquestionably the favorites of the evening.

"By gad!" exclaimed General Macomb, "that girl makes a mighty fine fellow!"

"And she's a mighty fine girl, too," added General Brady. "All Detroit is proud of her—I might say all of Michigan!"

"You could easily have said that a few years ago," returned Macomb; "for then Detroit was all of Michigan. I can hardly believe she is the same little girl I used to hold on my knee in those old days!"

"And you remember the plays we used to give?" questioned Major Biddle. "The Thespian Corps? And how we officers put the scenery together, which the ladies of the Post painted? Ah! those were fine times—gone never to return!"

"It does me good to get back to my old birthplace, and recall those early days," declared Macomb. "There was little Lieutenant Jimmie Webb, used to take all the lady parts in our plays! And now he is in the Diplomatic Corps, away at some foreign post."

"But look! here comes Orlando and Rosalind. They say the young Governor is up to his ears in love with Miss Beaucœur. I swear he plays the part as a man might who was! Jupiter, and what an opportunity for a lover!"

"He's a fine fellow—our Governor. There was much opposition to him at first, but he seems to be a general favorite now. The future will hear from him! He seems to be a young George Washington; all he wants is an opportunity. Another year and he will be the idol of these people."

"And the idol of that girl's heart—or women aren't what they used to be!"

"Ah! there you have a mystery that never changes, except to grow more inscrutable. But listen!"

It mattered not to Perry now that the populace gave all the glory to his rival. That might be a thousand times greater and yet fall far short of what he had received. Through his remaining parts he moved in a sort of glorified haze, and at last got to his rooms after such a revolution as made him doubt whether he was the same personality.

He tried often enough to think clearly, but always the thrill of that supreme moment came, and everything else fell like servants on their faces before some potent master. He knew he loved Marie Beaucœur. The knowledge, and his action that evening, gave rise to a thousand questions. Had he acted the part of a gentleman? For answer, he puzzled over Marie's behavior. She had not seemed offended. She had spoken to him several times afterward, and her manner was a complete effacement of the whole affair.

He could not understand her. She should have been indignant at his action. Could it be that his love was returned? The thought was intoxication.

As time passed, questions became more and more insistent and troublesome. He had found it so easy and pleasant to drift of late, though the teaching of ages was against such folly. Time had so often unsnarled knotted difficulties for him, he relied on it now to lead to a happy solution. In the morning he would know what to do.

In the morning he returned Tom Paine's *Age of Reason* to General Cass's library and brought away a novel by Brockden Brown. The snow had all disappeared, and the day was very spring-like. He felt an irresistible longing to see Marie; but as yet he had not answered that question—Was he a gentleman? He ought to ask her to be his wife after the part he had played. He should do this to preserve his self-respect, if for no other reason. But the horror of a Catholic wife! What would his Puritan mother say?

A picture of his Eastern home on its bleak hill-side, with a vision of that mother moving about the small, impoverished rooms, took his thoughts for a time from Marie. All his life she had been a widow, toiling hard to wrest a scanty living from the barren farm the government had given in recognition of the father's services. Perry's new passion seemed like rank disloyalty to her; a craven return for the hardship she had undergone to give him food, clothing, and a bit of schooling. Thoughts of the goodly sums he had regularly sent home eased his mind somewhat,

and a resolution to double the next remittance floated him from the rock on which he had stranded.

By the following day, influences which had restrained him were dissipated, and he went out to see Marie, but found the cousins away from home. A second attempt resulted no better. This was not in itself strange; the pleasant weather invited one to be abroad after the long, cold winter. Marie's social acquaintance was large, and made demands on her time; besides, she was active in the work of the Church and in private charities, as Perry well knew. He was almost sure to find her at home in the evening, but there would scarcely be a chance to see her alone, for the Beaucœur place was very popular at this time. Perry's picture of an evening there never failed to include the Governor, and he had no wish to play a further accompaniment for him. Marie would know of his repeated efforts to see her, and that should speak for his honorable intentions. He certainly did mean to be honorable; but just what action an honorable course demanded he had not thought out. A great deal seemed to depend on Marie's attitude toward him; he must see her, and be guided by that.

The third time he called he was told the cousins had gone to Monroe for a visit among friends there, and still farther south.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR three days Perry fretted around, argued himself from one thing to another, and at last decided to go to Monroe and take the chance of finding Marie.

As the river was full of floating ice, no boat would be likely to put out for several days. Perry's alternative was Baron Le Borgne's coach—a new and gaudy affair, resplendent in yellow paint, drawn by four handsome horses, veritable giants by the side of the usual Canadian ponies. Their Jehu was a diminutive Frenchman who had lost an eye at the Raisin massacre, and thus gained the sobriquet *le borgne.* Some secretly believed he was a refugee nobleman of vanished fortune, in hiding from the Terror; for such a story was started by the newcomers, who were ignorant of the French language.

Baron started his team with blasts from a long tin horn, and kept up the din till they had splashed through the muddy streets and reached the military road leading south from Bellefontaine. They found the Rouge and the Ecorse swollen and turbid, but the newly-built government bridges gave them quick and

safe passage. In fact, till they reached Swan Creek the sandy roads were fairly good. But thence, quagmires and bogs seemed more and more to prevail. The wheels sank in mud to the hubs, and at every revolution carried loads of the heavy, black tenacious earth. A dozen times the passengers were tumbled out to give the hard-worked animals a chance to pull the coach from the slough in which it had become fast. The horses steamed and panted, glaring out of blood-red eyes; wet as with a shower of rain from above, and splattered by oceans of mire from beneath. Scarcely a mile an hour was made, and night overtook them before half the way had been traversed.

Nothing remained but to stop and put up with the first rude accommodations that offered. Le Borgne would not go on in the dark, with his horses in their exhausted condition. A man with sense would not ask it, and Perry still possessed some.

The house before which they finally halted was of the common log variety, but nearly twice the usual size, and dignified by the name of "Tavern." This was already filled with wayfarers, but their host "guessed" he could accommodate a few more, and began bustling about with cheerful hospitality. Supper had been served once, but soon another meal was in preparation for Le Borgne and his jaded passengers.

The bill of fare was ample, including as it did, Johnny-cake and milk, fried bacon, corn-bread, wheat rolls, cold meat,—supplied by game from the forest, —stewed dried apples, strained wild honey, new maple syrup, gingerbread, and coffee. Toast and a poached

egg were served as a delicacy to a pale, weazened-faced child, a member of Le Borgne's party, who was evidently ill. The little one at once became a matter of solicitude to the kind-hearted hostess, who discussed at length with the mother, chills and fever, and the efficacy of certain herbs as a cure for the prevailing complaint.

After supper, those at the table melted away into the two groups which were formed on either side of the open fireplace. Although the day had been bright and spring-like, the air at night had a nip in it that made the blazing logs a real comfort. The circle made up of men listened to personal experiences that one and another had to relate of their journey to this new country. Now a burly fellow told of his race to beat a rival to the land-office. A little man related an odd experience with a band of Pottawattamie Indians, while a third person boasted knowledge of a certain valuable tract of government land, which he meant to purchase as soon as he could acquire the money—or, he would impart his secret for a sufficient consideration. Perry heard of endless startling adventures that had befallen emigrants on their way through the Long Woods of Canada, and of wearisome mishaps that occasioned vexation to travelers by the dismal Black Swamp of northern Ohio.

In the other group the women entertained themselves with household matters. Patch-work quilts were discussed for a time—introduced by the sewing which a neighbor had brought in and busied herself on, while gathering the news fetched by travelers to this country hostelry. Most of the women had their

knitting of mixed blue and white woolen, and when tongues were still the click, click, of industrious needles could be heard. Now and then their words were passed about in low whispers, when the subject chanced upon could not be openly discussed before the men.

Newly arrived parties were always eager for knowledge that would help to lighten the heavy load which, as pioneers in an unbroken wilderness they had shouldered with courage and resolution. Those with one, two, or three years' experience gladly aided as they could, and received their pay in the joy of new neighbors, and the benefits of a rapidly growing State. Hopefulness, high spirits, a ready willingness to help each other, and open hospitality, were everywhere characteristic of the people.

At ten o'clock Perry climbed to the loft above, where, with five or six other men, sleeping places were made of fur robes spread over loose straw. There were a few comfortable beds in the house, but not enough to go around. These were given to the women, some of whom might have to find places on the floor of the room below, if they proved more than enough to fill the beds.

In the night Perry awakened, and between the logs where the chinking had fallen away, caught a glimpse of the moon in its last quarter, rising over the leafless branches of the trees to the eastward. The moment interested him with the strange fascination of night sounds; a romantic background for thoughts of Marie. The heavy breathing of tired men around him came first; then he heard the horses stepping about in the

stables; presently a child cried below, and a mother's voice soothed the little one to sleep again. Far off in the forest a wolf howled, answered by another; nearer a night-hawk screeched, at first so close and unexpectedly as to startle him; this withdrew at once, following up the cry of another of its kind.

Each living, moving thing had its mate, and the two, mutually interested, stood apart from all the rest of the world. This was nature's law; and what a simple matter was its operation among creatures. But a thousand things seemed vexing him! Was there, after all, a higher law—a spiritual law? He knew there was. The moon in its serenity told him there was. Did the moon tell the same story to everyone? In this strange world how many people might be looking on that same silver half-disc at this very moment! Was Marie looking at it? and what did it tell her?

Somewhere a horse whinnied, oddly, Perry thought, and then a cock crew, shrilly, in the neighboring hennery. He wondered if some of the help were already astir at the barn. But that could not be, for this was Sunday morning, and it would be early to rise at daylight.

Then another question rose to trouble him. Should he continue his journey on the Sabbath? A year ago he would have dismissed it with a ready—No! Now there seemed reasons why he might continue his way; but the old teachings were yet strong enough to make him hesitate, and decision was put off for a time.

He fell asleep again, and was awakened by a commotion in the house. The sun was up now nearly

where he had seen the moon before. The women were talking excitedly below, and from the yard Le Borgne's queer English rose, hardly comprehensible, prompted as it was by wrath and sore vexation. The little man of Indian adventures appeared with head at the top of the ladder.

"Come, George," he called to one of Perry's sleeping companions. "You can thank the Lord that your horses aren't first-class in every respect. I never realized the advantage of owning a poor team till now. That French stage-driver's had his best span stolen!"

"Old Sile Doty's work, I'll swear!" came from the burly man in the corner. "I've b'en expectin' to hear from him ag'in. He's b'en quiet a consid'able spell."

Everyone was up in a few minutes, and out at the stables. Between sun and sun the ground had frozen hard, and there were no hoof-prints to mark which way the thief or thieves had taken. Perry remembered the noises he had heard in the night, and believed the horses could not be far removed. Meanwhile, Le Borgne had gone on a third horse to communicate his loss to the Sheriff, who lived two or three miles away on a cross-road.

Till the officer came, very little would be done, except to tell stories. The burly man knew all about Sile Doty, and entertained a group of listeners with anecdote and incident till they were summoned to breakfast. However clever the thief might be, their host declared the Sheriff would prove enough for him. Neither generous slices of fried pork nor plates well heaped with buckwheat pan-cakes appeared to retard

conversation. Perry was as much interested in the furtive efforts a young mother made to hear what was said, while at the same time alternately feeding herself and the child in her lap, and guarding the swift little hands which constantly threatened to draw all within reach to the floor.

When Perry returned to the farmyard the mellow sounds of a church bell were vibrating on the clear, pure air. Le Borgne would probably make no effort to get away that day. It would certainly be useless in the condition the roads were to try to proceed short of four horses. Perry's troublesome question was therefore decided outside himself. Next time he hoped he would have grace sufficient to resist the temptation alone; and, as an atonement for his morning's weakness, he determined to attend services in the neighboring church.

As if Providence interposed to help him in his every effort of right, the landlord came at that moment to harness a team—"so's the women-folks kin go to meetin'," he explained to Perry. "But Sam Hill! I don't want 'o drive 'em there," he added. "I ought 'o stay here to see the Sheriff when he comes."

"I'll drive them," volunteered Perry.

"I'll be much obliged if you will," the other returned. "An' if y'u'll jest hold them horses now, I'll go in an' put the coals into the foot-stoves. I guess 'tain't warm 'nough so's y'u better go 'thout them yit."

There were five women to accompany Perry on the three seats, which were put across the box of the lumbering wagon. With him sat the young, sweet-

faced mother, her child being entrusted to those on the next seat back. Her husband had volunteered to be one of a posse to pursue the horse-thieves, and she was a little worried for his safety. She talked a great deal of him to Perry, and her marital happiness fed his hungry heart, filling him with sweet hope and noble aspiration.

When they returned to the tavern, after the services at the little white meeting-house, the men—save one—were gone with the Sheriff. The landlord and Perry alone remained to eat dinner with the women. But in the afternoon, as news of the theft spread, farmers came from all directions, to learn the particulars of the crime, and to offer sage advice for the apprehension of the criminals. There was no lack of society, and the one topic never grew wearisome.

So long as the sun shone the men remained out of doors in little groups, talking and idly using their pocket knives. "It looks like town-meetin' day," the landlady remarked to one of her guests, after glancing from the window. Whereupon all her companions rose and looked into the yard, each of the twelve lights framing a face.

At dark the Sheriff and his posse returned from a fruitless chase. Le Borgne had moods of being gloomy and sullen, from which he would rouse into angry garrulousness. Le diable was in his misfortune, he would declare, as he had slept in his coach, and anything less supernatural could not have committed the crime without wakening him. Some wit suggested that hereafter he must sleep with one eye open, and this he took literally and seriously.

"One e'e open ees eet? Mère de Dieu! how will I sleep at all, when I have but one e'e?"

Another evening Perry sat before the hospitable fireplace and listened to country-side talk of lands being cleared, rails split, crops put in, house raisings, Territorial politics, and the thousand and one incidents of pioneer life.

In the morning Le Borgne hired the best span of horses he could obtain, and putting them on the coach before his remaining team, the journey was resumed. At first the road was rough and frozen, but as soon as the sun smiled on the earth it became as soft and sticky as at the outset. Through persistent effort, and carefully husbanding the strength of his horses, however, Le Borgne succeeded in reaching Monroe at nightfall. Perry fell asleep in comfortable quarters in the new hotel, fancying that Marie was just across the river, with friends among the older French settlers.

He had thought out just how he should find her in the morning. He had but to ask the first Frenchman kindly to direct him to the house where Marie Beaucœur was visiting. His courtly reception, the accent, and the polite way in which he would be conducted along the muddy path to some odd, steep-roofed, dormer-windowed dwelling of an earlier day, were all anticipated.

"Ah, Mees Beaucœur! Yez," said Louis Godfroy, smiling and showing his perfect teeth; and thus far it had all come about as Perry had foreseen. "She waz veeseeting here. But she ees gone." The smile vanished and the face became grave, his long arms

dropped to his side—all in a way to frighten his questioner. "Zere waz a deat'—some person ees dead! An' ze demoiselles zey haf departed Sat'day morning. Eet waz one friend near ze Beaucœur fameelee."

Saturday morning—that was the day he had left Detroit. It was strange he had heard of no death. A friend, however, and not a relative of the Beaucœur family—he might have heard and taken no note of the matter. Somewhere he and Marie had passed on the road; probably on Sunday, when he had taken little notice of people coming and going along the highway, so many had called at the country tavern to learn of the horse-thieves.

Only one thing took root in his mind, and that was to get back to Detroit as soon as possible. He was on the point of buying a stout Canadian pony, with the intention of taking to the saddle at once, when he learned that the channel had become clear of ice, and that a boat was about to leave La Plaisance Bay for Detroit. The passage could be made as soon this way, and would be far pleasanter. Instead of buying, therefore, he gave the owner a generous sum for the use of his shaggy creature as far as the Bay.

In an hour Perry was out on the beautiful blue waters of Lake Erie, with a northwest wind blowing him toward the mouth of the river. It was rather early in the season as yet, but venturesome captains were ready and willing to make short runs. One rather long tack was necessary, but everything proved smooth sailing till the very mouth of the river was reached. There they met considerable floating ice, but not enough to stop their progress till they

were opposite Grosse Isle, when the little schooner became fast in an extensive floe.

From this moment they began drifting back with the current, utterly unable to free the little bark from its icy surroundings. There was no immediate danger, for the sky was clear and serene, but the situation might become one of dire peril if they were overtaken by a storm before parting with the ice that fettered them. Little by little, they lost all that had been gained, till once more they were out on the broader waters of the lower lake. The prospects brightened now, for the ice was no longer forced against the boat by narrow shores. The men worked with great handspikes, pushing away the floating cakes, but night overtook them before they succeeded in getting the boat free.

Once, while they were yet in the river, Perry had sought to make his way ashore over the grinding, crumbling ice-jam. As they were then but a few miles below the city, he believed, if once on land, he could soon make his way back to town. Twice he fell, and was sorely bruised. After a third attempt, which plunged him into the chilled waters, he was compelled to return to the boat, glad of such comforts as were afforded by the small, poorly-furnished cabin.

In the morning the ice had entirely disappeared, and sail was once more hoisted, sending the little bark on its way under a spanking breeze. At noon they came in sight of La Plaisance Bay, and put in shore for food and rest. They had taken provision for only a day's run, but had already been out thirty-six hours,

and the small crew was nearly exhausted with continuous work.

Perry was thoroughly discouraged, and as a result of his wetting, suffered from a cold. He was beginning to question the meaning of such persistent misfortune in his endeavors to see Marie. That a special Providence watched over and meted out every event of his life, was still a habit of thought with him. But as the captain of the schooner was determined to make a second attempt to reach Detroit on the next day, Perry resolved to cast his fortunes with him once more.

The wind came from a more favorable quarter with their next attempt, but it was fitful, and they were often becalmed for an hour at a time. However, they met ice but occasionally, and not in quantities to block their passage. At six o'clock the little schooner was safely moored at Barthelet's wharf, and Perry was again in the familiar, muddy streets of the old French town.

The others had had their supper when he reached his boarding-place, but Mrs. Rolland set out a lunch for him, first having administered something hot for his cold. Then she hospitably took a place at the table, where she could entertain and be entertained. For one having been away and safely returned was sure to have much of interest to relate if he could be coaxed into the right humor. To-night Perry was easily led, as he himself had questions to put; and because they were so very important to him, it seemed all the world must know he waited to ask them.

"Well, now it's your turn, Mrs. Rolland," said he

in a hoarse voice, after finishing a rather detailed account of his misadventures. "What births, deaths, marriages, wars, and rumors of war, since I left?" He drew a deep breath, this speech seeming longer than all else he had related.

"I dinna ken the' hae been much," she began in rather broader Scotch than was her wont. "For wars and rumors of war the' is naething. Nor do I mind bearths nor mearriages. The' hae been a funeral —a French wan, that brought oot all o' the pony carts o' the toon."

Perry's heart beat faster than its normal while he waited for her to proceed.

"I dinna ken the boody. He was drooned in the lake above here. The Indians were quarrelit in the canoe, and he made fine to separate them. The canoe was upset, and in the icy waters the Frenchman took a cramp and was drooned. His name—it seems to me—was Eighteen Baddeau—or some such ootland-ish number."

Etienne Baddeau—Perry breathed a sigh of relief, and helped himself to more cold meat when a moment before he thought he had eaten a great plenty. Ah, yes, the Baddeaus and the Beaucœurs were very intimate. French funerals were always well attended, and a member of one of the first families would be shown unusual marks of respect.

Etienne Baddeau—he had heard Marie speak the name. It was only a name to Perry. He little dreamed then—nor did he ever know—the part the death played in his life's history.

CHAPTER XVII.

TO feel that one has a sure refuge and then suddenly to have that refuge snatched away, is perplexing in the most ordinary circumstances; but if the catastrophe come at a time of vital need, the refugee is driven to so strange and desperate measures that one may question the sanity of a mind operating under such tense conditions.

Within a limited circle it was known that Etienne Baddeau had repeatedly asked Marie to become his wife. It was also known that she had refused him. But within this circle report had gained credence during the last months that in the end the two would be united, and that Father Richard was to announce the bans in the early spring. A few friends therefore were prepared with an explanation for any strange emotion Marie might show after so sudden and dire calamity; but when she rallied within a week and declared her intention to attend a ball given at the home of the Chief Justice, they looked shocked, shrugged their shoulders with an uncanny air, and murmured something that contained the word *aliénée*.

"Why, Marie! is it quite proper?" asked astonished

Claire, who, though forced by every canon of good society to put the question, was, in her heart, grieved at the prospect of missing this gay occasion. "What will people say?"

"People? Why should people question? We were not affianced. Have I not told you I did not love him—as—as you think? Is one to mourn for a friend always? I shall not dance. But I must go to the ball. I must!"

Her face was strangely pale, with a firmness about the lips that was unusual. Some fixed purpose seemed burning in the depths of her dark eyes. "Marie, you have acted oddly enough! What is the matter? I fear you are—are— What shall I say?"

Claire did not dare utter the word which some had already whispered behind Marie's back.

"Crazy! Why do you not say it, ma cousine? Perhaps I shall be! But not yet—not yet! See—look at me now." By an effort all the lines of her face relaxed, tranquillity shone in her eyes, and a smile of peace seemed forming at the corners of her mouth. "Is one crazy when one can look like this?"

With steady purpose she came to Claire and put her arms about her neck, kissing her slowly several times, meeting her eyes between these demonstrations with a calm, even gaze.

"Mon Dieu, I do not know. It is acting that you may do and nobody can know," Claire said, bringing herself slowly to accede to her cousin's strange determination. "It will make talk. But if you do not dance, I can say you came on my account, as I am soon to go home. Monsieur le gouverneur will be

there, and the dances he would give you, maybe I shall get. Eh bien, what shall you wear?"

"The black silk—what think you?"

Claire gave her shoulders a shrug that might have said, "It is all irregular, so what matters one thing more?" But she did say, "The black is very becoming, ma chère. It makes you quite striking; you are pale so much of the time since—since——"

"Ah, I know—I know. But do not throw it at me! Is it not that I would forget?" And she sought a chair suddenly, quite exhausted. "Claire, is everyone watching me? Sometimes I think they are. And why is it? What have I said or done?"

"Marie, you are ill. You must not go to this ball."

"No, I am not ill," she replied, rising with a strange show of strength. "And I shall not be—unless you make me so by your words. If I were ill you would not cross me with other wishes. Then let it go that I am ill. Ill or not ill, I will be humored. Then I shall wear the black silk. What will you wear?"

With her plans for the evening's entertainment Claire continually interjected some feeble protest. But Marie's was the leading spirit, and it required but a look from her to silence these half-hearted objections. Then she had only to continue with some talk of Mason to strengthen herself in each new stand, dissipating Claire's opposition as vapor is blown away by the wind. Once when they were in their own room under the low roof, with dresses spread out on the bed, Marie had left all and gone to the dormer-window looking off toward town.

"Since—since the play, Claire, how long is it?" she had asked, moving her hand across her brow.

"The play—it is nearly a fortnight ago. This is Wednesday, and it was on a Thursday, and not the last one. Ciel! I do not wonder. So much has happened. I myself must stop and count the days on my fingers, or I cannot tell."

"Strange," Marie murmured, her eyes fastened on a brick house a little to the right of Ste. Anne's five spires. "I have not seen him since then." Louder, she said to Claire: "Monsieur le gouverneur was at the—the funeral, ma cousine, did you not say? Was he alone? Were there not others of the new people there? Was not Mr. North there? Do you know I have not seen him since the play!"

She turned on Claire a face of indifferent surprise, but maintained it only a moment. When she resumed her study of the landscape, her fingers bore heavily on the sash, leaving the nails white and bloodless at their tips.

"Monsieur le gouverneur was there," answered Claire,—but she was thinking, "Now if I had spoken of the funeral! Ah, it is useless to understand her!" Claire's words, however, continued: "And there were others present, not French. But I do not recall Mr. North's head."

"Head?"

"Les cheveux d'or. It is so striking, I should have seen and remembered it. Ah, here is one tiny rip in your waist. I will fetch thread and mend it," Claire interjected, springing to her feet and pirouetting from the room. "'A stitch in time saves nine,'" she mur-

mured, the words of her English copy-book running through her mind.

"He will be there! he will be there to-night!" repeated Marie to herself, as she heard Claire's steps receding down the hall. "And I will do it. I will do it. I must! I cannot go on this way! I shall indeed be crazy—and they will all know why! Ah, Mère de Dieu, why was Etienne taken away from me? I should have loved him in time. And now I must hate—I must hate, despise, and drive out love!"

She turned away from the window with her hand clasped to her side, and threw herself on the bed with face buried in the pillow—but not to cry.

"*O, how full of briars!*" she repeated, with a dry sob. "If one might believe his religion! Saints forgive me—what am I saying! I will hate him! I will hate him! Mère de Dieu, help me. Ah, do I not hate him now? The heretic! Did he not kiss me twice on the lips?—and not one thought of me since! But I made him do it—*ah!* And I will do more to-night. He is weak—weaker than all, if I but knew the truth. To-night——"

Claire was returning along the hall, and Marie flew to the window, where she could hide her face till its features were once more under control.

It was already late for a call when Perry knocked at the Beaucœur door. He had grudged every moment spent with his landlady after having found out all he wished to know, yet for some reason he had felt unable to break away at once. Then he had made an entire change in his clothing, had shaved himself

—an item he had omitted in the morning because of the rough sea running at the time of taking his razor in hand. It was Madame Beaucœur who answered his appeal with the brass knocker.

"Ah, Monsieur North! Entrez. Eet haf been mooch tang seence we haf seen monsieur." And she begged him to be seated in the dimly-lighted room.

Presently her husband entered with courtly tread, and wished the young man bon soir. "Ah, I not t'ink you would be here zees evening. I haf myself just returned from monsieur le justice. Ze demoiselles zey would go to ze ball, and I tak' 'em in ze cariole. Ah, ze road zey are ver' mooch mud."

From that moment Perry was not easy till he could bid them a decent good evening. It was fully three-quarters of a mile back to his room, but he was rewarded on reaching it, by finding what he hoped—the invitation to the Justice's, which before he had not spared time to examine. A change of boots was again necessary, for mud had ruined the polish on the ones he wore. Adjusting his stock once more, with a final look at his yellow hair in the glass over his bureau, he set out again. It was nearly eleven o'clock when his name was announced in the soft radiance of tapers that burned in the well-appointed reception room.

A babel of tongues fell on his ears, with now and then a voice above the others that he recognized, and his mind at once mechanically registered the fact that such a person was present. There were the same faces which, by this time, he had learned to expect to find at these social gatherings; but nowhere did he

see Marie. The desire to push on from room to room in search of her was feverish with him, but friends continually blocked his path with greetings. Elva Webber was the first to detain him—a thing she never would have done had she known his mind. All her rare elegance and queenly bearing did not compensate for those moments which politeness compelled him to give her. She had not seen or heard him at her aunt's, and did not know he had returned from his journey. In his heart Perry blessed Colonel Campbell when he came and claimed the beauty for a dance.

Next he stumbled upon Major Hadley, who insisted on telling him all about a gold pen which a jeweller in the town had just perfected. He was fulsome in praise of the man's cleverness, and discoursed at great length on the saving of time that would result to busy scribes by this invention. Half his hours, he declared, were spent in sharpening quills. At last Perry escaped him also, and speedily forgot all that had been poured into his ears.

Prompted by some abnormal delight in self-torture, his mind kept up a continual cross-fire, while he searched for Marie and her cousin. "They have gone; it is so late! You have missed her again. Are you not convinced now that you are never to see her? Why do you try?" Then he caught sight of Claire, and a second spirit within began taunting the first. "You see they are not gone," it said. "I shall find her in another moment. Ah! when I do——" "When you do, be a gentleman!" twitted the first

voice. "Remember the play!" This gave him a fit of bad humor.

"Monsieur is searching for someone?"

Marie had touched his arm from the back, and spoken before he saw her. He gave a start. No wonder he had not found her sooner. He had never seen her in black before. It gave him an uncanny sensation.

"Yes, I was looking for you," he replied. "I have been looking for you for two weeks!"

"I have not been hiding."

Her face was pale, but the color was coming back to it under his words. He remembered she had called him "monsieur." It was the address he had liked from her lips from the first. He had associated it and the English equivalent with the significance that the French give to *thou* and *you*. There was a strange, womanly appeal in her manner as she addressed him. The tone of her second speech seemed to carry a tender reproach.

"Nevertheless, I could not find you. Fate—or something—has been against me. Even to-night I have been at your home."

"You have a cold," she said, with a solicitude that warmed his heart. "Been at our house! I thought you had forgotten the way."

"I wonder if you know how many times I have been there, and found you away from home?"

"Ah, yes. We have been to Monroe. I forget things."

"I have been to Monroe, too," he replied.

"You? I did not know that." She seemed to think

this very strange. "No one told me that. Why did you go to Monroe?"

"To see you," he answered.

So noisy was the general merriment they could say these few words easily and not be overheard. His confession started a cough that had begun to trouble him since dark.

"Ah, your cold! How did you get it?" Her face reflected a real concern.

With no attempt to disguise his feelings, Perry told what desperate efforts he had made to reach her. His story had a strange effect on Marie. Her manner at once showed signs of agitation. Reproach deepened in her eyes—as if he might be the cause of some cruel torture. Again, she looked at him furtively, as one about to bid farewell to some cherished object and must hide every tender emotion in doing so. Her hands were repeatedly clasped and unclasped. Perry questioned her once when her lips were moving, but Marie declared she had said nothing.

A deep scarlet burned in either cheek now, and her eyes bore frightened glances. People were collecting near them, though as yet the two were ignored. Perry longed for some quiet, secluded nook into which he might retreat with her.

"Can't we go somewhere?" he asked, and offering her his arm, they moved away.

"Ah, not out there!" she cried, as he led her toward the open veranda. "You will take more cold. You should have some medicine. Ah, if I were only at home!"

"Let me take you there," Perry entreated.

"No, no," she repeated, with unexplained alarm. "I cannot leave Claire. And she is not ready to go yet. But come this way. Jeanette Coutelier works in the kitchen here. I will get something of her."

A new note had come into mademoiselle's tone which caused Perry a moment's wonder. Her lips were pale and set in lines of determination, but as she preceded him he did not see this change. Besides, so much could be hidden in the charm of her promised administrations. Jeanette gave Marie a glass and some bottles in answer to questions spoken low in French, and directed her where to find hot water. Then, as duties called the serving girl elsewhere, the two were left alone.

Marie's face once more flushed with hidden feeling, though outwardly she was no more excited than Perry. A fire was burning in the room, and she bade him come and sit by it. Taking a place near his side, she began the concoction of some mixture. She talked rapidly, directing the conversation.

"Everyone says our play was a great success. But it is not that I want to talk of. I think you owe me an apology for—for——"

"I know what you mean. That is what I wanted to see you for. I have wanted to make some explanation. I have not had one moment's rest since that night. If it had not been for my—that is—if I had not—why, it was because I loved you, I mean——" he stammered.

"Ah, drink this!" she interjected. "It is just right now. Your voice sounds like a frog's. I should not know it."

She held the steaming glass to his lips, her fingers lightly brushing his cheek. They were cold as death. He drank all from her hand without a question; and at once she began preparing a second mixture.

"It will drive the cold out," she said, meeting his eyes a moment.

"Marie, you are all a-tremble! And your hands are like ice!"

"It is nothing. But I will take some of the drink, too," she replied. "Eh bien, we do interrupt the apology. I promise monsieur I shall be very exacting. It is a pound of flesh I will have, as it is enumerated in the bond. Have you never thought that I am a very Shylock in my nature? Look across my nose—beaked, is it not?"

"Hush, Marie! You shall not slander yourself in my presence. Shylock! You are no more like that monster than day is like night. I know you have a most tender heart, though you do not wear it on your sleeve. It is hard to find you out; but one is repaid a thousandfold when one does. I think you love to play a part, and you do it so well that I sometimes doubt. But if there was no wickedness in my own heart, I should never doubt you one moment."

"Wickedness! Ah, I thought monsieur was a very priest for goodness! Then monsieur is very wicked too,—in what way? Monsieur is not so clever in pleading his suit. Did he say he loved me? And does he wish me to love in return? Ah, I cannot love a wicked man. Monsieur sees that he is not clever."

"No, Marie, I dare not ask you to love me. But do not think too basely of me for the way I have acted.

I am not clever, I know. If I were, I would compel you to love me, even as I love you. Sometimes I think I must compel you to love me—out of sheer madness. This love does not excuse my action, but it is the best apology I can make."

"It is the common excuse," she replied, with a sigh that was not all pretense. "But it does not satisfy the bond. And I am a very Shylock. If you had said your action was all a part of the play—I think I could have forgiven you. It was so perfect. But to take advantage of a play—of me in a play—— Does not monsieur see? There goes that cough again! Ciel —here!" And she put the second glass to his lips, and he drained it with childlike trust.

"Your hands, Marie! Will they never get warm?" He began rubbing them, but she would not permit this more than an instant.

"Ah, you drank that when it was for me!" she reproached him. "Now I must mix another. Monsieur said he was very wicked. But he did not tell me in what way. Perhaps he is promised to another. But that may be mended. It is not too late. And when I am in a nunnery I will pray for his happiness day and night."

"God forbid! Marie, what is it you are saying?" He was on his feet in an instant. "I am going to make a Protestant of you. Am I promised to another! What is it you say? What can you think of me—that you say such things? Is it because of that—that at the play? I knew it would be so! You do not trust me —and I have but myself to blame. Heaven is my witness— I never loved but you. I didn't think it so

wrong then—that night! It all came to me afterward. If I have forfeited your respect I have paid dearly for my madness."

"Ah, I do not say you have forfeited my respect. One may slip once and be forgiven. Were it not so, I think there would be none to go to Heaven."

"But tell me, Marie! You do not think of going into a nunnery?"

"I do think it, sometimes. Claire says black is very becoming to me. What does monsieur think?" And she gave him one of those looks that created doubt in his mind.

"My God, Marie," he groaned, "is this trifling?" And then he coughed so hard further speech was impossible.

In the midst of this paroxysm she completed the third mixture, and presented it to his lips with a look that won a momentary return of his confidence in spite of the shock it had just received. He took a swallow—and then her triumph ended. Did he really see the sinister gleam in her eye, or had the fumes of hot whiskey so quickly unsettled his brain?

"Woman! what do you mean?" he cried hoarsely, and struck the half-emptied glass from her hands. He seemed to read a weak confession of something horrible in every line of her wonderfully beautiful face. In his moments of religious introspection he had sometimes questioned why he should not be among the damned. Suddenly, he seemed there, lured to the very brink of the pit. Marie, incarnation of all that oriental imagery, was the strange woman whom his

Bible warned him against. With a groan he fled as he would save his soul.

"Saints in Heaven! what have I done?" exclaimed Marie in French, her face blanching, while she dropped back into the chair Perry had just vacated. The next instant, with outstretched arms and a cry of agony, she flew toward the door through which he had disappeared. But she took only a step. Jeanette Coutelier, coming into the kitchen, screamed at the sight of Marie prostrate on the floor. Her cry brought Mason and Claire from the next room.

"Good God!" cried the Governor, taking the unconscious form in his arms. "She is ill. Call Doctor Houghton here at once!"

Then Marie opened her eyes. "What have I done?" she repeated, at sight of Mason's face bending over her. She brushed her hands across her eyes. "*Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited,*" she murmured faintly, in confusion. "What is the matter?" she questioned again, turning a dazed look on those standing about.

"You fainted, Marie," said the Governor, a note of tenderness marking his voice.

"Mon Dieu," cried Claire; "I shall not forgive myself. She was ill before we left home, and ought never to have come!"

"Ah, she was ill here, a moment ago. She asked me for medicine—the whiskey," explained Jeanette, wringing her hands. "A gentleman brought her here. Les cheveux d'or——"

"Monsieur North!" said Claire. "But we must take

her home at once. Monsieur mon oncle is he not come for us yet?"

"I think not, Miss Navarre," someone replied. "But you may have our cart, and I will drive for you."

Claire accepted this offer; and a few minutes later a little cavalcade made its way through the night and mud toward the Beaucœur home, attended by the Governor and Doctor Houghton on foot. On the robes which covered the bottom of the cart, Marie half reclined, her head pillowed against her cousin's shoulder. Claire continually questioned her, feeling of her hands, which were like ice, then of her brow, which was pulsating feverishly.

"If I do not hate him—he will hate me—he does hate me now!" Marie murmured, incoherently. "I might have married and loved him in time. Mon Dieu, why was he drowned? I should not have been driven to this!"

"We are driving you home, Marie, chère. Do you not know? Ah, you will be better when I have put you to bed." To herself Claire murmured: "Saints forgive me that I ever let her come! She is not in her right mind! Etienne hate her? She talks as if he were yet alive! I do believe me, she loved him all the time. Some demoiselles behave this way, I have read. Mère de Dieu, I hope I have more sense!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE battle of Perry's life was on him. The most of that night he spent in strife, roaming aimlessly, sometimes staggering, along the narrow, muddy, dark streets of Detroit. He could not calm himself enough to go to his rooms and lie down. His very limbs seemed possessed of a frenzy; there was a madness to be going—on, on, it mattered not whither so there was motion. The wild swinging of arms was a relief. Could he but climb some height and fling himself off—not to death, but to feel the swift passage through the air for a day, a week, a lifetime or till he caught up with something that had left him, that had gone on with great strides while he had lagged. This was the impulse that urged him forward.

The hushed, sombre houses that, like blind men, knew of his movements but saw them not, seemed to follow him with a blank face of inquiry; dumb, yet wondering. And the wall that held him from tottering to the ground when his insane progress was stayed by exhaustion—did it not feel pity? The very swine which he startled from muddy, roadside wallows,

refrained from anger, and grunted a sort of commiseration after the demented figure that stalked away in the still shadows of the night.

Stumbling along the river bank, he hit upon a canoe, and forthwith the water seemed to beckon with a hand outstretched that promised rest and peace. But deception met him here also. Peace evidently was not within his reach; it lay beyond the stars that, unmoved, twinkled in the blue-black depths overhead. Their reflection in the placid current had played him false. Everything was false, false, false! He let the word ring in his ears as he paddled with erratic stroke back to the land. His brain was afire with memories which burned to witness against Marie—the false, fair creature of perdition! Every moment of doubt in the past came crowding upon him, and he wondered how he had had any faith in her at all.

Exhausted, as the pale light of day was showing in the east, Perry slunk to his rooms, a pitiable sight, haggard in face, clothing spattered with mud, and bedraggled generally. His early pride—the tall, bell-crowned hat—was crushed, and as shaggy in appearance as a French pony after a long, hard winter. Ambition was gone. The meaning had been knocked out of things. All the body wanted was some place to crawl to, and there die. Death came in the form of sleep, and a resurrection into new life followed. However, it was anything but a life of bliss.

Perry went perfunctorily to work cleaning up his clothing. Later, he tried to apply himself to the drafting of paper cities, which was so much a part of the business life of that time. Other hours he

spent in the attic over his invention, but for days and weeks there was little joy in work of any kind. In his sub-consciousness, voices continually reviewed the long-pending question of Marie Beaucœur. The old, sweet image of her face had a gloating look now. All she had cared for was to exercise her power over him; and at the last this had descended to something almost diabolical.

Marie had seized upon his cold as an opportunity to make him drunk. She knew he had pledged himself to abstinence. And the breaking of this pledge was her pleasure, her triumph. What a spirit was that! Gods and men! And once he had loved her!

But the poison was not all in Marie. There was much in his own breast. He had fled from her with the thought of saving his soul. Not until now did he realize how recent studies had undermined his religious faith. It was well enough to read for information how certain minds found in Nature no place for a Providence, no evidence of a God such as he had always believed in and worshipped; but when suddenly his own experience gave the same outlook —then it was that the very heavens seemed about to fall.

For days life was not worth the living—and this life was really all, he had concluded. What a horrible farce it was! How could even a philosopher find anything in it to praise? A philosopher—and who was your true philosopher? Was he not the young man who gets such sweets as he can in each passing moment, with never a question of others' rights, of conscience, or of aught but his own good pleasure?

He knew more than one such jolly good fellow, with never a dull care in this world, and always bent on some new sport. There were a number in the Bradies, and he had sometimes been the butt of their jokes because he chose to lead a different life.

A gay party of these bon-vivants invited him to join them on an evening at this time. Perry was in the mood to make the experiment, and accepted their hospitality. There was a resort known as "The Shades" to which they repaired to make a night of gaming, feasting, and drinking. He tried their beer, but found it loathsome stuff. The apple-toddy was better. He knew nothing of cards, but he made a pretense of playing, for there was forgetfulness in this wild companionship. Their oaths, once so shocking, were as meaningless now as the goo-goo of prattling babes. They did not even know they were not wicked. This, too, was a part of the farce.

Perry's position often seemed like a god's. There was a consciousness of being above everything, outside of everything, knowing everything, understanding everything; and to this superior being all was a farce. The zest that remained in life was to prove this conclusion with each new setting which a kaleidoscopic existence furnished him.

Again, sometimes he seemed to be playing a part with the other actors, when he would accuse himself of not doing his lines well. It was impossible to enter into the spirit of the thing. He could not forget himself. He was never playing the same game as the others. He was always something alone, apart from his associates and their surroundings. The game was

the thing with them; but with him there was always something beyond, something to come after, that was never attained, but made him go weary to bed, gave him a restless night, and caused him to rise dispirited, often with an aching head, in the morning.

He dropped out of the whirl of society, took to reading books on Sunday morning, and only occasionally went to services in the church at night. He explained himself to no one; if questioned he made replies of a superficial nature, and pleaded fatigue from overwork. He had before been considered one of the substantial young men of the town; now he became popular with the wilder sort also, from whom he no longer held aloof, while still not becoming quite one of them. This non-radical position gained him friends from both sides, who elevated him to a Captaincy in the Bradies at the spring election. His investments in land were turning out profitable, and altogether he seemed on the high road to success. But the thing gave him small pleasure. He received it all as a part of the farce. According to his old belief he should have been overtaken with misfortune, when, on the contrary, the very goddess of fortune seemed to have taken up her abode with him.

Wait! the end was not yet—some voice within would tell him; and he was reminded that goddesses might prove as false as their flesh and blood antitypes. Indeed, a certain demoiselle of his acquaintance had once possessed a throne among the deities, and he had learned a lesson from her. He had heard many strange and conflicting stories regarding Marie. He knew she had had a long and serious illness, dating

from a time soon after their last meeting. It never occurred to him to associate the two together with any cause and effect relation. One story, indeed, had given the cause of her illness as the recent loss of a French lover. Perry's mind, lapsing into its former mode of thought, had found a just retribution in her affliction, till he remembered that justice had nothing to do with the scheme of nature. Then, too, the very story was denied. Marie had never loved this Frenchman. Her illness was the result of a cold taken in the early spring, when her body was generally run down, as every one knew; and, as for a lover, the public had already arranged a match between her and the youthful Governor, that was entirely satisfactory to most people.

Altogether, it was a strange life that Perry led for many months. A night of high thinking, of deep abstraction, of profound research into the mysteries of the Infinite, would be followed by one of carousal among the wildest elements of the town. He did not yield completely to the baser order, but startling stories came to his pastor, and led that good man to pay him a visit. The Reverend Montieth was tremendously shocked by what he learned. But Mrs. Rolland gave him hope with a key to the situation when she said:—"The lad hae ane michty ink spot on his soul, nae doot. But dinna think to wash it oot wi' yer cauld water releegious arguments. That will but set the color. Ye maun leave it to wear oot in the love which the young man bears a'. I hae gi'en him the warks o' the gude Doctor Chalmers to read. In my opeenion he needs naething mair but time an'

the cruel facts of life to turn him back to the fold where I doot not his heart hae been a' the time, on'y his head, bewitchet by the warks of the Evil One, hae gang astray."

Perry was too young to despair, and contentment in the new life was impossible. He read continually in the hope of finding some firm foundation to build upon anew. While it was a battle he must fight out alone, he could go to Father Richard and argue against the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and from the Priest's sturdy defense gather many an invigorating thought, many a reconstructive idea for a new philosophy.

When the little candle burned out in the Priest's study, there was yet light from the glowing hearth to paint red two faces in the gloom—one, young, but touched with the solemnity of life, and ready to become cynical with the quick change of moods; the other, aged in physical lines, but young in the spirit born of eternity, that imparted a soft radiance to the countenance through which it looked.

The younger man was listener the greater part of the time, receiving unconsciously the bread of life anew from the very source which once he had despised. The Priest may have thought to bring his auditor within the fold of the Church, but if so never by one indiscreet word did he show sign of an ulterior purpose. It was the sweet simplicity of his life that charmed Perry and gave something like rest to his troubled mind. The sincerity and unselfishness of the man, the rock-like convictions which shaped his movements, long since won the youth's admiration

and were bound to kindle in him sooner or later a new faith adapted to his own peculiar needs.

They always parted with a silent clasp of the hands, as best suited the glorified heights to which they had climbed after setting out in a spirit of controversial dogmatism. Father Richard had had the last word, and was content. Perry, with bowed head, had received an impression as broad as the universe, sweeping away time and all that was finite, and causing a momentary conviction that he was a part of something imperishable, supremely grand in conception, planned from all eternity to eternity. The thing was simply necessary. His own consciousness was proof of it. If he was, this was. If this was not, he was not that had seen it. And the thing he had seen was as much beyond what is commonly called Nature, as the material world is beyond nothing at all.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHILE Perry was passing through this great trial, many stirring events occurred to call forth his physical activities. A note from Governor Cass,—who had returned home for the summer,—directed him to be present at a meeting of the trustees of the Detroit College. This institution was destined to make its impress on the great Northwest and the Nation at large, as it in time grew into the University of Michigan. Father Richard and Reverend Montieth were among the trustees present. The meeting was called to act on an offer which a young man brought from Ohio, for land held by the College on the Maumee River.

There was a division among the trustees as to what was best to do. Some maintained that the property would eventually be the site of a flourishing city, and its value immensely increased. But those favoring an immediate sale were in a majority and prevailed, as had been foreseen; and Perry was given instructions forthwith, and despatched to make the survey.

Recent rains had made the roads very heavy; nevertheless, it was thought best to go by stage, as to

wait for a boat that would put in at Port Lawrence would cause delay. Mr. Gettler, the young lawyer who had negotiated the sale, was to accompany Perry. Gettler was a spirited fellow with pronounced red hair, penetrating eyes, and a wiry form dressed in the latest New York fashion. As companions on their way, the young men had a fussy old woman with innumerable bundles, possessed of a nervous certainty they would all be scalped by the Indians; and Father Richard, who had suddenly been called to Monroe to perform the last sacred duties to a dying parishioner.

"Won't you join me in a smoke on the outside?" Gettler asked Perry, the first time they stopped on the road. He had taken the lead in conversation, turning nearly everything into a joke, and a poor one at that. His hair was repeatedly the subject of light remark, and always coupled with Perry's, which he chose to think of the same color. Perry, who was glad to forget his hair when he could, only glared at him.

"I never smoke," said he, coldly declining the cigar offered.

"Never smoke? Well now, that's odd! I couldn't live without it."

"My son, I think you could live better without it," said the Priest, with a pleasant smile, after he had shaken his head, for Gettler had next extended the cigar to him.

"Well now, if this don't beat ever'thing! Two men who don't smoke! It means something! I'm bound to believe it means something. The lady may be right. I never met two before in one day who didn't

smoke." And shaking his head ominously, he joined Le Borgne on the box, and asked him for a light from his pipe.

"I'm glad you don't use tobacco, my son," said the Priest, turning to Perry. "It is a senseless and filthy habit. Besides, it is positively injurious. This young man who has just left us is made nervous by its use. Did you see his hand tremble? And he is not half my age." The venerable Father held out his own hand, which was as steady as time, and left his hearers to draw the inference.

"It's all 'et y'u say, Father," declared the old woman in a peevish voice. "It's another of them things 'et we've got to thank the horrid Injuns for. An' oh dear! I shall be so glad if they don't scalp me before ever I get to my daughter's in Chicago. I wrote Zulindy in my last letter 'et she needn't never to expect to see me alive again. An' now I jest know she won't. Ain't this the place where Winchester's men was massycreed? Laws-ah-me! I believe it is; an' thet's a pesky Injun behind yon tree!"

"Calm yourself, my good woman," commanded the Priest. "No harm will come to us. There isn't a war-like Indian this side of Black Hawk's band beyond Lake Michigan. We are not half way to the scene of the fight you speak of. Moreover, it is transformed now into cultivated fields, and scarcely a vestige of that horrible event remains. Ah, I believe we shall have more rain." He would draw the nervous woman's mind to something else.

Perry had often heard Father Richard preach against the use of tobacco, and always there was

recalled the night when Marie and he first called on Mère Gobielle. Marie had tricked him then into believing she was about to join their hostess in a friendly smoke. Because of what rankled in his breast, Perry must needs rally the holy father now on the ineffectualness of his efforts.

"It's bad enough for a man to smoke," he began. "But for a woman!"—Perry shook his head, unable to find words to express his repugnance. "Yet I was at one of your parishioner's not long since—Mère Gobielle's—Grand'mère; and another member of your flock—a young lady—was supplying her with the hateful weed!"

"Yes; there are those who use the hateful weed, as you aptly call it; otherwise there would be no need for me to preach against it," answered the Priest, not at all put out. "And one of these is Mère Gobielle, or Grand'mère, as you say. Grand'mère—and yet she hasn't a living descendant that is known, and once she had a large family. Two of her sons were killed below here." Without mentioning the name, his glance suggested to Perry the Raisin Massacre. "And two were killed at the Battle of the Thames. They fought on opposite sides, as they lived on opposite banks of the river at Detroit. Ah! quite a remarkable woman—full of legends and stories and matter of real historical value. She was personally acquainted with Pontiac. So you have visited her?"

The mention of Pontiac led their talk to the early history of the region, but the Priest discouraged the subject, as it harassed their timid companion. Perry

told how surprised he had been to find Father Richard an ardent supporter of education, when he had believed the Church of Rome favored keeping the masses in ignorance. And from this they drifted into theological discussion, as was their wont.

The re-entrance of Gettler to the coach put a stop to their argument. It was beginning to rain again. The road, bad in all places, seemed steadily getting worse. The coach pitched and tumbled its occupants about. Gettler swore and begged the pardon of Priest and the timid old woman alike. Then, with a jolt that threw all in a heap, the vehicle came to a standstill.

"At last! at last!" cried the woman in terror. "Oh, I hear the war-whoop! and the guns! My scalp will be taken!"

"Never fear, madam! Permit me to return it to you!" said Gettler, with mock gallantry; and he lifted the old woman's wig, which, in the mix-up, had fallen to the coach floor, and placed it on her head as if it were a queenly crown.

"Ah, some mover is fast in the mud," said Father Richard, looking from the coach door, and trying to ignore the poor woman's humiliation. "These are no Indians, my good woman," he added, when the wig was once more in place. "Those yells were but a man's cries to his team, and the guns were the snapping of his long, black whip. Sons, we must get out and help him." He sprang from the coach, spoke in French to Le Borgne, who at once removed his horses to help the stranger, fast in the mud.

With levers cut from the forest, the men pried the

wheels up and gave the horses a chance to pull the heavy load of household goods from the mire. The mover's wife and children—a sorry group in the rain —stood at one side and watched with deepest interest. They were profuse in their thanks when all were free to go on once more. The coach passed, and Perry wondered how long before the others would find themselves in the same plight again, and who would help them then.

"What can the man expect?" said Gettler. "This is Michigan from one end to the other. Has he never read? He should go down into Ohio. I could tell him of some fine lands there."

"No, this is not all Michigan," declared Father Richard. "You have been reading Morse's Geography, or some early Governmental reports that libel our Territory. There are bad places. But there are also as fine lands to be had as any in the world. What has been printed has done great injustice to this region, and clever people are now waking up to the fact. False reports have permitted Indiana and Illinois to get the start of Michigan, but sturdy men are coming in with their families, and we shall not long be kept behind."

The conversation drifted into politics, and night settled down upon them. The timid old woman was nearly forgotten, for since fate had divulged her secret, she seemed to have lost all fear of the Indians. Her last words had been to Gettler—"Thet's truly my own, sir! I saved the combings, sir, when first I was like to loose my hair, sir; as Zulindy would tell you, sir, were she here!"

On the Frenchtown side of the River Raisin, Father Richard left the coach. The others continued across the toll bridge, and completed their journey without mishap the next forenoon.

The land which Perry had come to survey lay between the two languishing settlements on the lower Maumee. Remembering the discussion among the trustees, he was inclined to think they had done well to accept the offer of the Ohio company, as a more forbidding spot could hardly be imagined. It was seemingly the last place in the world to become the site of a flourishing city. Yet in this both he and the trustees were mistaken.

Scarcely a day passed without some mishap or adventure that delayed Perry's work. Once it was an angry altercation with a half-breed, who accused him of molesting his traps. In revenge for these fancied wrongs he mutilated Perry's blazings, pulled up the stakes he had driven, and otherwise meddled with the lines he was running. It became necessary to put a stop to such interference, and to do this, Perry was obliged to run down his half-breed and give him a plain talk. In making search for the fellow, he was surprised to find one, Gaspard Beaucœur, brother to Pierre Beaucœur of Detroit. Perry's acquaintance with the Detroit family stood him in good stead, for the Maumee branch received him at once as a friend, and helped to win the half-breed to respect his markings.

As Perry's work lay in the neighborhood, he stayed often with Gaspard Beaucœur and his numerous family. There was a daughter, Annette, who reminded

him of Marie; and though any thought of the Detroit demoiselle was accompanied with pain, he could not forego all the yearnings of his sorely smitten heart. His excuse for staying, however, was Madame Beaucœur's cooking.

Sleeping rooms were small and stuffy, but Perry would have air in his. Pushing his bed near a window one night, he uncovered a door leading to another chamber. The door itself had been removed, but the opening was blocked by a bed in the second room, similar to his own. He could not tell how long he had slept when he was wakened by voices. A faint glow from a lamp revealed the blind door, and through the crevice between wall and headboard came words plainly audible.

"Now look at this map," said the speaker, and Perry recognized the voice of Mr. Gettler. He had not seen his companion from Detroit for nearly two weeks, as Gettler had been called to Cincinnati soon after their arrival at Port Lawrence.

"If this is the boundary line," Gettler was explaining, "then our canal will have its northern terminus in Michigan. And that we do not want. If we get aid from Ohio, the canal must all be within the State."

"That certainly is the boundary line," said the other speaker, "and I don't see how we are going to help ourselves."

"You're too easy," returned Gettler. "The boundary can be fixed as we want it. Michigan is only a Territory. Ohio can claim any line with good showing; then add to that our influence in Congress, and the thing is done."

"Where's your good showing?" demanded the second speaker. "The terms seem plain enough." And apparently he read: "*A line drawn east from the southerly bend or extreme of Lake Michigan until it intersects Lake Erie.*—I don't see how we're going to get around that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," answered Gettler. "It was thought by those who worded that description that the southern end of Lake Michigan was farther north than it really is. I have looked up the records in the matter. The strict letter would shut us out of Lake Erie. And it was meant that as many States as possible should have lake ports. Just glance at this map. See that jog up there to give Pennsylvania a port. See how Indiana touches here. Look at Illinois, barely more than a point on the Lake here. This very contingency was provided for when Ohio formed her constitution, and all it lacks is Congressional ratification."

"Well, the sooner this matter is attended to the better," said Gettler's companion. "There'll be some kicking from the Territory, I imagine."

"Shucks," returned Gettler. "Only a lot of Frenchmen up there, who care for nothing but an easy, good time!"

"It will look to them like a clean steal," persisted the other. "And if they should put up a fight——"

"Fight! There's no fight in them. What did they do—have you never heard of Hull's surrender?"

Perry could hardly resist a low whistle. He wondered how Governor Cass would receive the story which he would carry back. Cass was not a Hull.

With a thrill the listener recalled a story recently told at a meeting of the Brady Guards: how the Governor had broken his sword rather than give it up ignominiously to the British at the time of that disgraceful surrender.

Presently Gettler's companion bade him good night and left the house. Perry could not go to sleep at once, even when all was quiet. He understood Gettler's urgency in the matter of the College lands now, and why the bargain had been practically closed before the survey. The canal which was to be dug from the Ohio River to Lake Erie would terminate in this region; a city would soon be plotted on the very land the trustees had parted with for a song. Not only this—but his Territory was to be robbed of a strip on its southern boundary, if political influence and juggling with terms could bring it about!

CHAPTER XX.

TWO days later, Perry sailed from Port Lawrence on the "Elizabeth Ward," a newly built sloop of sixty-five tons. A long tack to the east carried him within sight of Put-in-bay, where was buried his father, with other brave men who fought under the indomitable Perry. Another long tack to the northwest brought them to the mouth of the river. Thence it was slow beating to windward up the strong current by the long, narrow islands. Near the old barracks on Grosse Isle a band of Indians were encamped; and they of the sloop spoke many of them in their canoes fishing off the shore. Then came Fighting Island of Pontiac fame. The French farmhouses, whitewashed and glistening in the sun; the many quaint windmills with their great dragon-fly wings—all nestling against the dark-green, heavily-wooded background, formed a picture full of simple pastoral beauty, pleasant to look upon as they moved slowly up the river.

Arrived in the Territorial Capital, Perry hastened to report to the Governor. But Cass had sailed up the Lakes three days before, with his friend School-

craft, and would visit Ste. Marie's and Michilimackinac before returning. Acting Governor Mason was also away; gone with some gay young companions for a week on the shores of Lake St. Clair. Even Lyon had returned to Washington, and there seemed no one to whom Perry cared to confide the plot he had overheard on the Maumee.

Meanwhile, the directors of a newly-chartered railroad to be built between the Capital and Pontiac, were clamoring to have him make their survey, so he got his outfit together and set off again into the wilderness.

He had a last night with Father Richard, in which they reviewed their acquaintance, talked of their coming separation, and made promises of what they should do when the snows of winter reunited them. The Priest gave his young friend some books in French to take away into the wilds, that the language which was becoming quite at home on his tongue, should not be forgotten. Then Perry bowed his head and received the holy father's benediction, and came away.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Perry gave a large part of his time to writing a letter to his mother and sister. This was a delicate task, for he was determined not to trouble the dear ones at home with the details of his trial. A letter, long as he would make it, was too short to explain all. And so only the bright things of his life, the new hopes and budding ambitions, found an historian in his pen. At one point, when he stopped to sharpen a quill, it occurred to him that his readers would wonder why, of late,

there was never a word of his church; and so he laid the letter aside, and went out to hear the evening sermon, with the idea of transcribing the headings, as once had been his custom.

The Reverend John Montieth was at his best that night. Long after, when away in the woody solitudes, Perry recalled his words. The text was—"Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Perry felt something analogous to death in his present state, and wondered if there really was a spirit that could give new life.

As he was coming out of the church, his eye fell on the figure of a woman dressed in black and heavily veiled. Irregular as his attendance had been, he remembered once before to have seen her there. Both times she had arrived late, a trifle agitated, and had dropped into a pew near the side entrance. To-night, as she was hurrying away after the sermon, her handkerchief slipped to the floor. Perry experienced a flash of recognition in the grace of the trim, dark form, as she bent to recover the delicate piece of lace and linen. But no—it could not be! he thought, frightened at the thrill which passed through him. Irresistibly attracted, he followed at a distance, and on the threshold, picked up the handkerchief which, in confusion, had been dropped a second time. The veiled figure, however, had disappeared in the darkness outside.

Perry carried the bit of finery to his rooms and examined it carefully, but neither name nor mark was to be found anywhere, not even a delicate perfume by which it might be identified. Thinking that

he would hand it to the sexton before leaving town, he folded the handkerchief and placed it between the covers of a book, while he finished his letter to his mother. The next day, when he would return the handkerchief to the church, it was nowhere to be found.

His goods were packed, his men employed, and all was ready to leave for the wilderness, when the gay young fellows with whom he had spent so many evenings of late, clamored for one more meeting. Only on condition that it be a sober one did Perry accede to their wishes. And so far had he made himself leader among them that he succeeded in carrying it through with only a minimum amount of drinking.

He was glad when once away in the woods; glad of the chance to make himself weary with physical exercise; glad when night came with its rest and a quiet moment to think out his thoughts alone, wrapped in his Mackinaw blanket. One evening when his camp was located on the shores of a pretty lake, he took out the books Father Richard had given him, for he felt a hungering after the old French sounds. With his athletic form stretched before the blazing fire, he opened the pages, when lo! the handkerchief which had so mysteriously disappeared, fell upon his breast. All the sensations of the moment when first he had seen it dropped were recalled. Whether it was Marie then, or not, it was Marie whom he saw in his vision now. Why was his heart so moved, after all her treatment of him?

Because it had been impossible to put mademoiselle wholly out of mind, Perry had entered into a weak

compromise with himself, out of which two Maries had been evolved. One was the Marie of his dreams: lovely of mind and form, a perfect paragon among women, a vision of whom he treated himself to at times as one would humor a sick child. The other, he taught himself, was the real Marie; and the vision was dark—one best not looked upon, and even he shunned it.

But the Marie of his dreams made him give the living Marie many a new hearing. Some advocate declared he had been too hasty in judging her intentions on that fatal night. Was there not a chance that he had deceived himself? And if it was Marie who had dropped the handkerchief in the Presbyterian Church, what was she doing there? Would it not be just like Marie to veil herself as was that woman, and go to this Protestant church, if her heart was opening to what he had once hoped to waken within?

This sort of thing made the bit of lace and linen very precious to the isolated young man. But granting the questions an affirmative answer, then had he sinned past all forgiveness! Because such thoughts were torture, he would revert to his original opinion and declare he was the victim of self-delusion, and the whole affair would be crowded out of mind by sheer force of his master will.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE cross on the tallest spire of Ste. Anne's was the first object to catch beams of light, when, on a summer's morning, the sun rose over the Canadian shore, beyond the wooded isle at the entrance of the river. Thence, slowly down the four minarets at the corners, the zone of yellow made its way, gilded the dome in the centre of the roof, touched each separate piece of architecture with its Midas-like finger, and finally, creeping under the eaves, peered with golden gleam in at the windows. The sun of earth might be ever so early, the faithful votaries of the Sun of Righteousness would be found to have preceded it. The golden gleam of light discovered Father Richard already entered into the little, cell-like confessional, and a trembling figure in black kneeling penitently before him.

The Confiteor had been repeated and questions asked and answered in regard to the time of the penitent's last confession. There was tender assurance in the low, modulated French which the Priest used, and the throbbing heart of this daughter of the Church was already experiencing the blessed relief

of the sacrament. Still her words when they came were only whispers, and these broken from time to time by a sob.

Outside, matins were over for the dwellers of the air, and for them the labors of the day had fairly begun. The doves had left the belfry-tower, and gone to the market-square for their breakfast. The robins, which were building a nest just under the portico, had had several worms apiece, but had left off feasting on discovering a particularly fine piece of wool, exactly suited to complete the interior of their home. Mrs. Robin was deftly putting this in place, while Mr. Robin, from the gable of Ste. Anne's, carolled her praises in a way to make envious all the other robins. Bees were busy in the morning-glories that grew at the corner of the sanctuary; save one stupid fellow, who persisted in mistaking the colored glass in the windows for neglected honey-bearing flowers, and battered his head in ineffectual attempts to get at the sweets within.

"The particular sin, my daughter, of which thou wouldest unburden thy soul," prompted the Priest, with his low, comforting voice.

"Ah, Father, I know not if there be a particular one. There are so many. I know not which is greatest. But some I would hide even from thee—and that is a sin, also, is it not?"

"It is a feeling that thou shouldst overcome, my daughter. There is nothing to fear, save the anger of God. Have I not taught thee from thy very infancy that thou shouldst not fear me, nor feel shame in anything pertaining to this sacred rite? The peace of

God will come to thee in the performance of the penance I shall impose."

"I have been to the Protestant Church, Father," confessed the trembling penitent. "I have been very, very wicked. I have sometimes doubted the true Church. I have wished sometimes that I had been born a Protestant. They trust their religion, and are as happy as we of the true Church."

"Ah, my child, this is indeed a sin. They may be happy now. But they deceive themselves. Each one is his own judge among them. And in the end they will have no religion at all. I know one such. And he has come to me for guidance, as they must all come to the Church of Rome at last. Do not go there again, my daughter. I will give thee a penance for this—two Paternosters and five Ave Marias at matins and vespers till St. Bartholomew's Day. I fear thou hast been reading some books of heretical doctrine."

"No, Father, it is not that that has led me thither. Thou dost call me a child as always. Sometimes I think thou dost not realize that I have become a woman. Etienne Baddeau had asked me three times to be his wife. I have a woman's heart now, Father. I should have accepted his love had he lived."

"Ah, I had wondered if it were not so," returned the Priest, with sympathetic brow, while his eyes rested absently on the spot in his stole which a coal of fire from the censer had burned on Easter morning last. "I think Etienne understood thee better than thou didst thyself. He was not discouraged by thy frequent refusals. I can tell this to thee now, if it

will be any comfort to know. He and I had many long talks of the matter. But it has pleased the good God to take him before he became thy husband. Such things grieve the heart, my daughter, but they are meant for our blessing, and with prayer we may see it in time. God will turn thy love for Etienne to His own use."

"But, Father, I never loved Etienne. I should have married him without that. I hoped that love for him would come to me after I was his wife. This is another sin," she confessed, with a sob; "for I meant to deceive him. And I have deceived others. I have let them think that I loved Etienne. But, Father, it is not all sin—oh! is it? If the world chooses to think this way, I do not have to show it all my heart—tell me, Father, it is not necessary!"

"No, my child; the heart may have its secrets. But I do not understand. Thou wouldst have married Etienne—and thou didst not love him? Was it to make him happy? I do not understand——"

"I did not love Etienne, Father. But he is not the only man." Her voice was scarcely audible. "I did not mean to do a wrong. I thought it would make him happy. And the heart—a woman's heart—is very weak. I have been afraid for myself. It was to save myself from something—I know not what! And *he* would have me a Protestant—and I have wished I were—and it was to save me from that—from him—— And now Etienne is dead!"

Great sobs shook the kneeling girl.

"Do I understand thee, my daughter? There is

another man whom thou dost love; and he would have thee be a Protestant?"

"Yes, Father!"

"And has he asked thee to be his wife?"

"No, Father. He has not asked me to—that. But he has shown me his love. He has told me of it. I have been very, very wicked. I have tempted him when I did think I should marry Etienne. But he is a very honorable gentleman. He has shown me things in which I have been wrong. And he has wanted me to do right. He always does right himself—that is, right according to the Protestant right. He is very good, Father."

"But if he has not asked thee to be his wife——" began the Priest, thoughtfully. "I think thou wouldst do well to put this love out of thy heart," he concluded.

"Ah, that I have tried to do, Father. And it is there I think I have most grievously sinned. I did think if he were not so good I should not love him. I was happy before he came; but now whether he goes or comes, I cannot be happy. But once I thought that if I did not love him I should be happy again. I tried to make him dishonorable that I might hate him. I tried to make him drunk, when he is a temperate man. They say I was mad with grief then for the death of Etienne. I do think I was mad with something—mad to save myself from him—mad for I know not what! Only I know now it was very, very wicked. It was in my heart—the good and the bad, mixed there. I could not tell—I could not help it. I felt I must. I thought it would kill me. And now—

The heart thinks such strange things! It prompts me to do strange things. Oh! I do fear for myself even now!"

"It grieves me sorely, my daughter, to hear these words," returned the Priest, with a deep breath. "I had hoped to see thee a happy wife and mother. Thou hast indeed sinned grievously in thy method of fighting this strange love that has come to thee. I think it is well that thou hast told me of the matter thus early, for thou shouldst have guidance in thy way. I think thy good mother could help thee——"

"Ah, Father, it has been so hard to tell it even once! It surely is not necessary to confess it further. With thy prayers and my own, I shall be safe. He is very angry with me now, and hates me! He knows how very, very wicked I am. He will never, never come to me again. He has gone far, far away!"

Her sobbing was death agony to the kind-hearted Priest.

"There, my child! Thou shalt have my prayers; many of them. It is the good God's way; and if He has removed this strange love from thy path, we should be thankful for His care and watchfulness. Thou wilt thank Him with thy prayers for His care and watchfulness;—remember, my child, for His care and watchfulness. I will show thee a prayer with it so worded. Thou hast been saying a prayer for this man?"

"Yes, Father."

"Do not continue, my child. It is not well for thee to do it. I will pray for him all that is necessary. Perchance he will be led of the spirit into the Holy

Church. But it is better for thee to forget his name, and that thou hast ever known him. Thou hast been sorely tempted, and hast done much wrong. But with constant prayer thy sins will be forgiven, and thou mayst yet be led into paths of peace."

"Peace—that is what I would have, Father. I was given at my birth such a heart! It loves to play different before people from what I truly am. I do not mean to lie. I do not mean to deceive my friends. Sometimes I do not know what I am myself, till the acting has gone so far—it is too late then. But I do know that I do not wish to be wicked—that I wish every one happy. And I wish it more and more that I am so unhappy myself. The good God sees everything, Father. He must see and know there is some good in my heart."

"Ah, my child, He does."

"And there is but one God? The Protestant God, and the Catholic God—it is but one, Father?"

"True, my daughter. But the true Church has the right way of worshipping Him. The other is full of error, and must often be very displeasing to His holy eyes——"

"And yet, Father, the words which I did hear there, were very like the words thou hast often spoken thyself. With the veil drawn thickly over my face, it did seem as if I were listening to some new Father, and not to a Protestant minister. And if the disposition of the heart is the thing of true importance, as thou hast said many times; and if their God and our God be but one—I do not see why the little difference should be counted so great a sin."

"Ah, child, that is where thou art beginning to set up thy private judgment. It is the Devil's entering wedge! If thou givest it an opportunity it will divide thy heart. It will rob thee of thy peace of mind far more than thou hast yet experienced. Shun it, my daughter, as thou wouldst the pit itself. All the fumes of Purgatory will scarcely purge a soul overtaken by death in the way that most surely leads one! I will assign thee Scripture to read, and other prayers for penance and instruction. Thy heart must be purged of this matter."

The bee, blundering at the window, had somewhere found a crevice and crawled within the sanctuary. After a few moments' buzzing about he discovered that the sombre, vacant apartment with the strange odor of incense, contained nothing for him; but when he would withdraw, the way had passed beyond his recollection. And now he was battering his stupid head at the inside harder than he had done without. Father Richard called her attention to the insect, and drew a lesson from its plight that was wonderfully edifying. Then he went to the window, and, opening it, gave the bee its liberty.

Some of the doves had returned from the market square, and were cooing loudly about the belfry-tower. The wonderful carolling of the robin at the gable peak had attracted a quarrelsome fellow, and an angry disputation was going on between the two, with mad flights through the neighboring air. A low hum came up from the town, as it slowly awakened to another day's work.

Marie, with pale face hidden behind her veil, sat in

chastened mien, in one of the pews, while Father Richard chose the passages which she was to read for instruction and penance on the days to come. She was feeling the blessed relief of a great load lifted from her heart. Not all was clear yet. But there was assurance that the sins committed would be forgiven; besides, some doctrines which her own heart approved but which had still seemed heretical according to earlier impressions, had been sanctioned by the Priest.

Altogether, Marie's experience had not been such as to deter her from further independent thought, though for the present her spirit seemed eminently satisfied. Her greatest grief was not because she had transgressed some canon of the Church; somehow, loyalty to her Church had seemingly led her into committing a greater sin against the man she loved. Her eyes had not been opened to this till the wrong was done. And then, because zeal for her Church had led her into this error,—mistaken though that zeal was,—the Church, and not her fallible heart, was receiving the blame. The thing which was sin at first was becoming less and less so; while the wrong she had done her womanhood in the method chosen to stamp out love, was becoming more and more hideous with each recalling of that fateful evening.

CHAPTER XXII.

THERE was promise now of stirring times in the Territory. General Cass had returned to Washington, leaving fiery young Mason to act as Governor. The plot which Perry had discovered to rob Michigan of a strip of land on her southern boundary had aroused the people to a fighting pitch. Ohio was determined to run the line marking her boundary where she wished it, even if her surveyors had to be protected by the entire military force of the State. Upon the receipt of this piece of news, Perry was summoned to the Capitol.

"How many men can you muster in your company at a moment's notice?" asked Mason, when the Captain of the Bradies presented himself.

"Sixty, at least," replied Perry.

"And the other company?"

"An equal number, I have no doubt."

"Who is your lieutenant? Would you trust him to lead your company, if you were called to a higher position?"

"Yes, Governor," replied Perry, wondering what

was in store for him. "You know something of Antoine Beaucœur. He is my lieutenant."

"Good!" exclaimed the Governor. "These Bradies —they can be relied upon—you are positive——" Mason was feeling his way.

"They will obey your orders, Governor, and fight to the bitter end, if that is what you wish to know—and fate has no better end in store for us," replied North, warmly.

"Ah, the men of Michigan are made of royal stuff!" exclaimed young Mason. "Captain, I am going to ask you to give up your command to serve on my staff. I want you there—the Territory needs you there. You accept?—then hereafter it will be Major North."

"Thank you, Governor," said Perry. He wondered why his immediate thought was of Marie. Long since he had given her up, except as now and then he weakly dreamed of what might have been. Did the Governor's presence suggest mademoiselle? It was a common thing to connect their names; and there was never an interview with Mason but the girl came to Perry's mind, and often with a jealousy he could not understand.

Four days later the Bradies were encamped on the banks of the Maumee in company with several hundred troops. Their position commanded Toledo—the towns of Vistula and Port Lawrence having recently been united under this name. A gallant sight was presented when their dashing young Governor, surrounded by his staff dressed in buckskin and splendidly mounted, reviewed the troops which he had

assembled to guard the interests of his Territory. Up the river a few miles was Governor Lucas, backed by the Ohio militia to the number of several hundred, which rumor increased to ten thousand, and the Governor's own proclamation made "a million of free men!"

In a council which the Wolverines held soon after their arrival it was decided that definite knowledge of the enemy's plans must be obtained. Information was required which could be gained only by sending someone into the enemy's lines.

"By gad, I'll go myself!" exclaimed impulsive young Mason, starting to his feet. Kings had played the part of spy before now—why not a governor? This readiness to face any danger was fast making the young man the idol of his people.

"No, no," said experienced General Brown. "You are too well known. There are a score of men with Lucas and his followers, who have met you in Detroit. You would be recognized and made prisoner, and it would play the devil with our plans—if it did not prove serious to your person. Surely another can be found who will volunteer to undertake this mission."

Mason's face darkened with disappointment, for the dangers of such an errand fired his very soul, and he found it hard to forego the excitement held in promise by the work. One of his best traits, however, was a readiness to be advised by older heads; and now, as he so often did, he yielded to his counselors. In the silence which followed the officer's last words, the Governor's eyes passed from face to face around

the council board, till they met the return gaze of his junior staff-officer. There was a quick exchange of intelligence between the two, and then Perry stepped forward.

"I will undertake the mission," said he, quietly, "if you wish me to do so."

"Major North—I know of none better qualified, General," said the Governor. And so it was decided.

Perry held a last consultation with his Chief and the General out under the stars. Then, with an escort of half a dozen men, he was ferried to the opposite bank of the river. Mounting horses there, they took the road leading to the southeast, and galloped away for several miles. When they halted it was before a farm-house, the owner of which was known to favor the Michigan cause. The startled inmates were aroused from their slumbers, and a horse and light wagon pressed into service, together with a load of vegetables and some poultry. A little farther on Perry dismissed his escort, and mounting the light wagon, continued his way alone toward the enemy's camp, disguised as an enterprising truck-farmer.

He had made a long detour to gain their flank, and just as the sun was rising, drove into the Ohio camp with his produce. He had no trouble in gaining admission within the lines; for the last few miles farmers had joined him from time to time, bent on an errand which seemed the same as his. A long line thus formed was allowed to proceed at once into camp, where each wagon was quickly surrounded by militiamen eager to make as appetizing a breakfast as possible. The same tactics were played on all the help-

less farmers. While a single private engaged the owner's attention in driving a sharp bargain, a dozen others helped themselves to his goods and disappeared.

It served Perry's purpose to enter a resolute protest against such treatment, and he carried the matter boldly to headquarters, where he became the spokesman for a large group of indignant farmers. "Identify your goods, and they shall be restored to you," was the answer which they received. Unfortunately for those who really cared, one dressed fowl very much resembles another, and potatoes have not such marked personalities that they may be distinguished with certainty; less than this the officer would not act upon. Besides, he showed a decided preference in taking testimony—a militiaman's uniform was a badge of truth and veracity, while the garb of a rustic marked a liar every time.

However, Perry gained an accurate knowledge of the force marshalled against the Wolverine troops, and decided that with his comrades lay the advantage only in that they would have the choice of position.

A council would be held in the evening, when action was to be taken regarding future movements, and Perry determined to have an ear there if possible. Country people had accepted the war-like demonstration as an event demanding a holiday, and were out in numbers exceeding the military. Very little discipline had been maintained during the day, but at night pickets were posted, and all civilians excluded from the lines. Before the change, Perry had hidden himself in a clump of bushes, where he could hear

every word. A man in uniform sat near, and through an open window discharged tremendous volleys of tobacco juice into the very bushes that concealed him. In infinite danger of being hit by the enemy's fire, Perry bravely held his position till the council adjourned.

During the proceedings he repeatedly heard the voice which had plotted with Gettler in Gaspard Beaucœur's home that night many months before. They called the voice "Major;" and the officer was convinced that the Michigan troops would not fight, but were merely putting up a bluff;—all of which recalled that other conversation. Everyone wished to avoid bloodshed if possible; and after a free discussion, it was decided to make a flank movement to the left of the Wolverine lines, send out another detachment by boat from Cleveland to threaten communications with Detroit, and so compel the stripling Governor to retreat with his forces from the position he had taken.

Perry was now ready to return to his Chief, having gained the information he had come for. But his first movement drew the attentions of a dog, which set up a furious barking.

"What-ch-got, Hick? what-ch-got?" cried a soldier's voice, almost at Perry's elbow.

"Nothin' but a rabbit, I'll swear," said a second soldier. "Wish 'twas a coon, now! Here, you, Old Hickory!" continued the second voice, seizing the dog by the muzzle and spinning him about. "Let up on that 'ere music!"

Then the officer at the window thrust his head out,

not two feet from Perry's, and called gruffly—"What's all this noise about?"

For a moment there was silence.

"Nothin' but a fool dog an' a jack-rabbit, Colonel," replied one of the soldiers, who fancied he understood the situation.

"Sure 'tain't a Wolverine?" questioned the Colonel, with a bit of humor in his tones.

"Put-cher-dog in the guard-house—he's disturbin' meetn'," said another voice in the dark.

A laugh greeted these sallies, after which quiet was restored. With Perry's second attempt he cleared the bushes, but before he had gone a dozen feet he was roughly seized by a soldier. Curbing his inclination to knock the fellow down, the captive made some surly reply to the question that was put to him.

"I've run y'u out o' camp twice to-night," said his captor, with an oath. "I've a good mind t' run y'u through now with this bayonet!"

"Now y'u won't do that, Mr. Soldier," whined Perry, cringing from the other, adopting the tactics which promised best to serve his needs. "Y'u kin put me out ag'in, an' I'll come back ag'in, too, s'long's y'u keep my hoss an' waggin. Y'u're a lot o' thieves! That's what y'u are. An' I'll say it if I die fur it. Y'u begun this mornin' by stealin' my turnips and chickens, and now y'u want 'o keep my hoss an' waggin!"

His captor drew him toward a comrade who held a lantern. Others gathered about.

"He's the feller what carried complaint to the Gov'nor this mornin'," said one.

"Ride 'im out o' camp, boys," cried another, at the same time thrusting a long-barreled rifle between Perry's legs. In a moment the prisoner was in the air—the next instant the man who had seized the muzzle of the rifle was sprawling on the ground. Apparently the fellow at the rear had lifted his end too high, for Perry had fallen forward, dealing the man before him such a blow that he would be slow to play a joke again.

"Now stop y'ur foolin', boys," whined their victim. "If y'u'll give me my hoss an' waggin I'll go 'way an' won't bother y'u no more."

"Give 'im his hoss an' waggin, Dick," cried a soldier, facetiously, at the same time dealing the countryman a thrust that sent him staggering against the man addressed.

There was a general guffaw.

"I hain't got his hoss an' waggin," returned Dick, and he sent the countryman back, apparently with usury, for the fellow who received him tumbled to the earth as if struck by a cannon-ball.

They were having a lot of fun, but two of their number had retired from the game.

"What's all this disturbance?" demanded an officer, stepping into the group.

"I want my hoss an' waggin," repeated Perry. "Y'u're a lot o' highwaymen—that's what y'u are——"

"Is your horse a sorrel, with a white face and one white foot?" asked the officer, with an encouraging air.

"Yes, sir," replied Perry, for any horse would answer his purpose—and he was willing to forget

about the wagon, if it would hasten his departure any.

"Come with me," commanded the friendly officer, and the countryman obeyed. "Is this your horse and wagon?" the officer demanded, after he had conducted Perry half through the camp to a stable by the roadside.

"Yes, sir," answered Perry, and indeed it was the very turnout that had brought him there in the early morning.

"Here, Corporal," called the officer, "conduct this fellow beyond our pickets."

Five minutes later Perry was jogging along the road northward, fairly started on his return. He left the horse to choose his own way and gait, confident the beast would carry him directly to his stable. Perry had had no sleep for thirty-six hours, and sorely felt the need of rest; stretching himself in the bottom of the wagon, he was soon fast asleep.

As long as the jolting continued he slept soundly, but the moment that ceased he awoke to find the sorrel had done his part well. Exchanging now for his own fresh horse,—one of the thoroughbreds which the late Governor Porter had brought into the Territory from Pennsylvania,—Perry was not long in completing the remaining distance, and day broke as he was being ferried across the Maumee. Camp was soon astir, and when admitted to Governor Mason and General Brown, a dozen men awaited him, military and civil officers of the Territory, besides politicians —an eager audience that hung upon his words.

"We must organize a naval force to meet this expedition from Cleveland," declared Mason, when Perry

was done speaking. "Thank Heaven, Michigan has loyal lake captains who will be equal to this emergency! I reckon I'd better prepare the despatches at once. General, how will you meet the movement on our right?"

"I think these Buckeyes will discover our right reaches farther than they have any idea," declared the General. "Wherever they cross the line, I promise you, they'll find our troops there facing them."

And he was as good as his word.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE tramp of armed forces was no new sound to the region about. Along this route Tonty and La Salle had marched their iron-coated men-at-arms, a century and a half before. A hundred years later, the British General Hamilton led his troops over this ground against Vincennes;—under him served the grandsires of many who now marched with Mason. Again, a few years, and St. Clair and his ill-starred army were cut to pieces here. Hard on the heels of this event followed Mad Anthony with his avenging forces. Then came the brave Kentuckians under Winchester, blindly to their death. After them the victorious Harrison chased the invader from the soil. Now a new generation had gathered on the spot, with impulses that burned to emulate the brave deeds of this historic region.

Governor Lucas having undertaken the performance of a definite action, the onus of initiating war devolved on him. On a night in the following week the Wolverine camp was thrown into fever heat by news which reached them from Phillip's Corners,

twenty-five miles to their right. Perry, returning from a late, moonlight row on the river, met the startling intelligence at the dock, where a score of men in little knots quivered with excitement. By a strange induction his own nerves began vibrating before he reached the landing, and he ceased paddling to catch the words which floated over the water. In French and English came expressions—"fired first shot"—"grand combat"—"fight"—"prisoners"—"guerre a mort"—"General Brown"—"Buckeyes"—"surveyors"—"massacre de sang"—"killed and wounded"—"carried off their dead"—all repeated an endless number of times.

As Perry mounted the wharf at one end, horsemen came dashing out of the gray night and drew rein at the other. They were Governor Mason and Major Hadley, and Perry hastened to the group which formed about them. There was no need to ask questions, for a woodsman just brought in by scouts, began pouring into the Governor's ears an exciting tale.

"How do you know this?" Mason demanded impetuously of the fellow.

"I was one of the Ohio party, sir," replied the woodsman respectfully. "Only I had been out hunting, and so was not with the main body. I tell you, sir, just as I saw it. I was about to join the Ohio men when I heard firing. My friends had taken refuge in a log house which your troops quickly surrounded. They were selling their lives dearly, sir. But it was no use, for there was only a handful of our party, while your men were sixty or a hundred.

A few made their escape, but most of them were killed or made prisoners by General Brown. That was yesterday afternoon—that is Sunday, day before yesterday,—this being Tuesday morning,"—glancing at the full moon, which had now climbed past the meridian.

The Governor put a few questions with the dexterity of a lawyer, and was about to ride away when he caught sight of Perry's face in the mellow light.

"Hello, North!" he exclaimed. "What do you think of this story?"

"By gad! it's my 'pinion that General Brown's acted hastily," interpolated Hadley, before Perry had decided what reply to make. "Has't ever occurred to you, gentlemen, that Brown would like to bring on a fight for the fame he might make out of it?" he asked, with a strongly toddy-tainted breath.

"No, no," returned the Governor. "I cannot think that. I have had many conferences with him, and I am sure Michigan interests are quite safe in his hands. When we learn all, we shall find he has but done his duty. I had hoped a conflict might be avoided. But if Governor Lucas has come into our Territory with an armed force, we could do no less than has been done."

"I agree with you, Governor," said Perry, with simple force.

"Well," commented Hadley, sententiously, "we shall see what we shall see." He was only a drawing-room soldier, and had little relish for real campaigning. While Mason and Perry were discussing the news further, he swung out his arms, and in a thick,

stagey voice mouthed some words of Shakespeare's, taking his usual liberties with the text:—

"Curse it! to speak, and with no addition,
We fight to hold a little patch of ground
That hath in't no profit but the name;
To pay five ducats—fugh! I would not farm it—"

Some laughed at his manner, but Mason did not heed him.

"Anyway, I reckon it won't be amiss to get some sleep before to-morrow's work," said the Governor, and wheeling about he galloped off toward headquarters, followed by the half-drunken Major, swaying ludicrously in his saddle.

Next day it was found that first accounts of the engagement had been wildly exaggerated. No lives had been lost, and the invaders even denied that they had fired a shot, while General Brown declared his men had discharged their guns but once, and then into the air. Nevertheless, Ohio people were moved to a furore. A number of her militia officers had been captured and carried away to a Wolverine jail, and others had fled for their lives. It was enough that the proud State of Ohio had been put to defiance.

The two armies were now brought face to face in the field. The countryside was in the wildest excitement. But one word was lacking—the command to march on the Wolverine lines. Mothers and wives hid their faces, with fingers thrust far into their ears lest they hear that word and know the fearful carnage had begun.

Hark! Deep into those finger-tips there penetrates the noise of furious riding. Is the battle on? Hope

begs for one last chance. Ears that were meant to be deaf are thrown open a single instant to catch the faintest murmur. There is no sound of guns! What does it mean? Eyes that a moment before would shut out the truth are now strained to catch the minutest detail. Two foaming steeds, with riders frantically waving handkerchiefs in lieu of white flags, dash between the opposing forces. A short conference follows, in which leaders from both sides ride out and take part between the lines.

Someone remembering the anxious watchers in a certain house on the hillside, carries the news to them. President Jackson has intervened, and there is to be no war! Commissioners have arrived, and wish to continue negotiations under this roof.

Presently the rooms are filled with uniformed men; men in buckskin, and men in the garb of civil life. Perry, riding by the side of his Chief, had recognized the place. There was Gaspard Beaucœur, radiant, honored by his distinguished company, making bows to the right and left. Perry hastened to him, with extended hand.

"I hope we shall not long inconvenience you," he said, looking beyond the stately old man, where he caught glimpses of his anxious spouse and Annette, the dark-eyed daughter, who reminded him of Marie.

"Ah, eet ees no ingcongvenience," returned Beaucœur, showing his perfect teeth. "Eet ees one pleasair—one ver' gre't pleasair."

Perry pressed on for a word with the ladies.

"Ah, monsieur! Ze war ees eet ovair?" inquired madame, with a tremor in her voice.

"I hope so," replied Perry, fervently. "But no harm can come to you. In spite of the stories you hear, we are not making war on women. We are only defending our own."

"Mon Dieu! eet ees not meself. Ah, you know not ze motter-heart. Jacques, mon fils, il est wit' ze Lucas Guards!"

Perry's chief called him now to another room, where he was wanted to act as secretary. There, men were seated about a long table, with one vacant chair, to which he was motioned. Other men were left standing about the room, and with every movement there was the clank of spurs and the rattle of sheathed sabers.

"You understand my position, gentlemen," said Governor Lucas, addressing the Commission: "As an executive officer, I am but an instrument in the hands of the Legislature of this State——"

"Of your State," corrected Governor Mason. "I must beg to remind your Excellency that you are now on soil belonging to Michigan Territory——"

"Have done with quibbling, gentlemen," interjected the Chief Commissioner. "Governor Mason, allow Governor Lucas to state his position."

"I was saying, your Honor," resumed the white-haired Governor of Ohio, "that as an executive officer, I am bound to carry out the laws which my legislature has enacted. I am directed by that honorable body to extend jurisdiction over this territory. I shall do this by force if necessary. My troops are prepared to act——"

"But, your Excellency, I am bearer of word from

President Jackson. And he forbids you to use force in this matter. This is a question for Congress to decide."

"Congress be hanged!" retorted the aged Governor, forgetting himself in a moment of irritation. "We have waited, sir, a score of years for Congress to decide this matter. And now patience has ceased to be a virtue. Sir, the proud State of Ohio can no longer brook the insolence of this stripling and his fortune-hunting followers. They have appealed to arms, sir, and arms must decide it!"

"Your words recall to mind a bit of recent history," commented the Chief Commissioner, with quiet force, "and I beg to suggest to your Excellency that discretion is the better part of valor. In a certain sister State there arose, not long since, a controversy between its citizens and the General Government. The State proposed to have its own way, or leave the Union. President Jackson sent its leaders this word:—'By the Eternal! an' you do, I'll hang every mothers' son of you as high as Haman!'"

Governor Lucas, though a brave man, paled as he felt the significance of this speech, and realized that the hero of New Orleans could call his acts in question. Those words to the nullifiers in South Carolina were extremely disconcerting.

A buzz of comment passed around the room. As Perry glanced from his work he met the look of one he had seen before. In an instant he recalled the face and the red hair above it as Gettler's. The fellow wore the uniform of a staff officer now, and was deep in conversation with General Bell of the Ohio forces.

Then, at Perry's elbow, came tones which startled him, for they were the very ones he had overheard in that house, plotting to rob Michigan of this strip of land; and again a few nights ago he had heard them in the enemy's camp. Somebody called the man "Major Gettler," and Perry at once saw resemblances which convinced him the two were father and son.

"These are the propositions which we would submit to you, Governor Lucas, and to you, Governor Mason, and which we believe both parties can accept with honor," said the Chief Commissioner. "First: The boundary line shall be run and remarked pursuant to the act of the Legislature of Ohio, without interruption. Second: Civil elections having taken place throughout the disputed territory, the people therein shall be left to their own government, without molestation from either side, until the close of the next session of Congress."

As the remarking of the line was the immediate cause of hostilities, Governor Lucas looked upon an acceptance of these terms as a victory for his State. He had no idea of embroiling himself in a conflict with the General Government. After a short consultation with his staff, he accepted the propositions of the Commission.

"And you, Governor Mason?" questioned the Chief Commissioner. "Will you accede to this agreement?"

"Never!" returned the youthful Governor. "Michigan is in peaceful possession of this territory now, and I will never agree to anything that will compromise her rights, or surrender jurisdiction here." As he spoke, he drew his sword half out of its scabbard, and

sent it home with a great clatter. It was a bit of stage play, but he carried it off so admirably as to thrill the blood of his followers.

That was the end of the conference. Governor Lucas made good the promise to disband his troops, and with the disappearance of hostile forces in front, Governor Mason withdrew his militia. The homeward march of the Wolverine men became a triumphal procession. At every village and hamlet they were received as victors returning from a glorious campaign. The Ohio forces had come face to face with the gallant men of Michigan; had beheld their bold line of battle; then retreated, disbanded, and slunk to their homes like curs lacking courage. So the story was told from house to house, while the men feasted and drank, helping themselves to what was not passed out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Governor Mason withdrew his troops, he left Perry at the seat of trouble to report anything which it would be well for the Detroit Government to know. In spite of unsettled conditions Toledo—as it is now called—was growing rapidly, and was scarcely to be recognized as the tangled region through which the surveyor had struggled a year before. The controversy over the boundary remained the all-absorbing topic, and daily there were disputes that not infrequently came to blows. Originally, the inhabitants had favored the Michigan cause, but of late, opinion had swerved radically in the opposite direction, as it now appeared to the town's advantage to come under the Ohio government.

Perry found his position anything but pleasant. The *Gazette*, the local newspaper, denounced him in vigorous and picturesque language, and applied epithets to Wolverines in general that made the sheet an object for future retribution in the eyes of the up-country people. It was not pleasant, when walking abroad, to feel that at any moment one's person might stop the flight of addled eggs or rotted vegetables;

but such were the conditions under which Perry moved for days.

At the hotel which was Perry's headquarters, young Gettler was staying also, and on several occasions he tried to draw Perry into a dispute. He publicly applied the name of spy to him; but as the Gettlers had once held commissions from Michigan, and now served the Buckeye Government, Perry could use the word "traitor" with as good effect on him. In the main, however, he was content to bide his time, knowing the Monroe Sheriff had a warrant for the Major, young Gettler's father, and only waited an opportunity to arrest him. Major Gettler was away now at the State Capital, but no sooner did he return than swift-footed horses bore the word north, while well-mounted men, making up the Sheriff's posse, acted in return.

Perry was standing in a doorway, looking into the candle-lighted public room of the hotel. Back of him was the gray night. Before him a dozen men smoked, spat tobacco-juice about the floor, and talked the latest gossip. Young Gettler was there. So, too, was his father, the latter having just come into the room, accompanied by a short, stout gentleman with whom he had had an appointment above stairs. The stranger was an officer of the Canal Company, recently arrived from Cincinnati. The two had gone at once to the bar at one end of the room, and were now discussing some question over their glasses.

"*Sh!* Don't betray me! Ver' soon you see some fun," said a voice, close to Perry's ear, that surprised him, coming out of the night at his back. He recog-

nized it as Antoine Beaucœur's, and after the first start, which no one noticed, held his position as if nothing had occurred. "We have the house surrounded. Ver' soon the Sherff will enter at the big door. The large gentleman drinking, he is the Major, is it not?"

Perry withdrew his head into the shadow and nodded assent.

"Ah, there is mon Cousin Jacques!" exclaimed Antoine, beneath his breath, catching sight of a face he knew on the opposite side of the room.

"Come poys," the short, stout gentleman was saying, "I zets um oop for eferypody. Eferypody drinks now at my exbense. An' eferypody moos drink to de teestruction von de Meechigan beebles. Fill um oop, Mischter Par-dender."

In the movement toward the bar no one noticed the door open and two officers enter the room.

"Major Gettler, I have a writ for your arrest," said the Sheriff, touching that gentleman on the shoulder.

A dozen arms with well-filled bumpers at their ends, were poised in air midway to open mouths.

"What's that?" cried the Major, springing back.

The Sheriff believed his words had been perfectly understood. "The house is surrounded, gentlemen, and I would advise you to make no resistance," he added, his voice quivering a little with excitement.

"Dunder 'nd blitzen!" roared the surprised canal officer. "Vhat ece eet? Dose tamn Meechigan beebles—haf dey gome? Py Cot! ve fight tem!"

"Not another step, sir, or I'll crush you to the floor," thundered the Major, facing the officer of the

law, and swinging a chair over his head. A strapping fellow next him drew a dirk. The Major's son started for the door in which Perry had been standing, but at that moment the crowd outside surged into the room, apparently led by Perry himself, as he was forced ahead.

"This is your work," cried young Gettler, addressing North, with an oath. Then he made a run at Perry, a dirk flashing in his uplifted hand. The two struggled. "There, damn you; you've got it now," he hissed, letting go his hold. At that moment the candles were extinguished, and the utmost confusion prevailed in the darkened room. Above the noise the sound of hoof beats could be heard without, as horsemen galloped up and down the street.

The Sheriff's voice pierced the din, giving commands to his followers.

"Stand back—someone is hurt here!" cried another voice, with French accent. "Mon Dieu, don't trample on thees fellow. Bring lights! The candles! the candles!"

"Here, I have a locofoco," called a bass voice, and there followed the noisy scratching of the newly-invented match. Such force was required to ignite it that the slender stem was broken as the brimstone finally took fire, and the head falling upon some cotton cloths, a blaze was started that increased the commotion. But at length this was extinguished and the candles relighted.

"Voilà, who is hurt? Bon Dieu, c'est Monsieur North!" exclaimed Antoine Beaucœur, bending above Perry's unconscious form. "Ah, that snake-like, red-

headed devil stabbed him! Major! Major! Speak—is it not so? Dieu! is he dead? See—here, in the breast! Ah, the blood!"

"Ciel! c'est mon Cousin Antoine!" gasped the one assisting him. "You here, Antoine Beaucœur! Ah, you come wit' ze troops from oop countree. Dieu! an' I know zis fel-low! C'est monsieur l'arpenteur—Monsieur Nort'!" And the Buckeye Frenchman forgot his intense partisan feeling in administering to an old friend.

"Ah, Cousin Jacques, it is so; and a ver' dear friend of mine is monsieur," declared Antoine. "What shall we do? Le diable aux cheveux roux—did they let him escape? Voilà! what is this new commotion?"

"Au diable! they say your men have set fire to the hotel," answered Jacques in French. "Come, we cannot stay here. I will help you carry monsieur. We will take him to our house, shall we not? I have my cart in the next street, and there is plenty of straw in the box. Come. Perhaps he is not dead."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN consciousness returned to Perry he found himself lying under a low, white-washed ceiling, bent into an angle, the inclined portion of which was pierced by a window that looked out upon a moss-covered roof. Life came to him like waking from a dream; he could not think clearly; he could not place himself. Had he been ill? He was strangely weak. Where was he? The pictures on the walls he had seen somewhere—the crucifix and the saints. Without moving, he could see the pattern of the coverlet that stretched over his heavy limbs, and recognized it as of French design.

Then someone came softly through a door, and bent above him. "Dieu merci! Eet ees good. Monsieur ees bettair, n'est-ce pas?" And Perry found himself looking into the kind, motherly face of Madame Gaspard Beaucœur. "Eet ees what I have fear mooch—what I fear for mon fils—for Jacques. C'est le guerre! But monsieur peetty soon he will be recover. C'est tres-bon." And she glided away before Perry could ask a question.

In the hall, whither she disappeared, he heard whis-

pers and the rustle of skirts, and shadows seemed to flit along the walls. Madame reappeared soon with a bowl of something hot and delicious, and with every swallow of the nourishing concoction he seemed to gain strength. He wanted to ask questions, but she gave him no chance, for whenever he opened his mouth she filled it with her spoon. It was a joy to lie there and feel warmth and life creeping through his veins. Again he saw the shadows on the wall and wanted to ask madame about them, but she had gone from the room before his thick tongue had formed a word.

The whispers were louder in the hall this time, but not so that Perry made them out, for they were French, and French yet required his closest attention.

"Ah, he ate it all!" sibilated madame in raptures. "Soon he will be out of danger, and then I shall turn him over to les demoiselles. I know you are just dying for a chance to show your skill as nurses, mes chères. But I shall be partial to none—not even Annette shall care for him more than her cousins."

"I thank you, ma tante, but I shall give my chance to Marie," declared Mademoiselle Navarre. "Monsieur is an old lover of hers. Ah, do not deny it, Marie;—les cheveux d'or——"

"Do not listen to her, ma tante!" interrupted Marie, blushing painfully. "I should be inhuman did I not feel deepest interest in monsieur——"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed madame, opening wide her little black eyes. "I did not know——"

"Oh, ma mère! You have had no thought for anything outside of monsieur's chamber," declared

Annette, impatiently. "Have I not said it a hundred times? There! we have made so much noise we have disturbed him. Run and see, ma mère! Ah, the word is hardly necessary; she will care for him as if it were Jacques himself!"

When madame returned she had a pretty tale to tell. "Ah, he recognized your voices, mes chères! He asked questions, and I had to tell him. And now I have promised him that after he sleeps again, Marie shall bring the broth and feed him. And at once he closed his eyes like the great, sweet baby that he is. Ah, I do hope he will recover soon; it was such an ugly cut, and monsieur is so weak from the loss of blood!"

"Oh, ma tante, you should not have told him I was here!" cried Marie, in confusion. "He will not care to see me. It will be better for Annette or Claire. Ah, truly, ma tante; once—once I did offend monsieur sorely, and I think he has never forgiven me!"

"But then you shall atone for the offense now. And he will forgive you, I promise,—or why did he look at me with his great, blue eyes in that way? and why did he close them with not one word of protest? Tell me that, ma chère!"

"Monsieur is weak. It is the loss of blood," returned Marie, with a little shudder. But hope and her heart gathered a different story from madame her aunt's words.

When Perry awoke, his first thought was that he had dreamed Marie was in the house. It was a year since he had seen her on that fateful night at the Justice's. Since that time he had done everything in his

power to avoid her. When strong and well, he had little difficulty in putting her out of mind. But when tired, or out of sorts and longing for the comforts which only a woman can give, his thoughts always returned to Marie. Marie—but not the one who had played him false; an ideal Marie whose face and form, however, were the same as had early been impressed on his heart. While he could differentiate between the two in his waking moments, he did not expect it in his dreams. The real Marie, he reasoned, would not come into this troubled district in these perilous times. It was but a dream he had had.

Lying on his back, not knowing whether he was going to make a mend of it, or if indeed his hour had come, he could not escape his early teaching and the thoughts of a hereafter. Never had his doubts seemed so like withered husks. Gladly would he have willed to return to his one-time faith; but it required more than willing, it required conviction; and sadly he realized that this must come from without himself, and perhaps the power to effect it existed nowhere. In his utter helplessness it was whispered that he should not make his religion a thing of fallible reason, but have faith in the hope and longing of his heart, and pray—"O Thou infinite Something, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!"

The prayer had scarcely left his lips when Madame Beaucœur entered with more nourishment. "One may promise, monsieur," she said with disjointed sentences; "and I did my best. And mademoiselle says she will see you by and by. Ah, ze nursing," she broke into English—"I t'ink ze demoiselles would

lofe eet. But no, no! Zey—what you call eet?—so awdd. I canno' tell. Monsieur moos keep hees old ugly nurse—eet ees one peety!"

But Perry murmured something very gallant, and madame showed almost girlish pleasure in his speech. Another moment, her words recurred to him, and he puzzled over them till he grew weary. She had never spoken of Annette that way; and she did say *demoiselles*. It had not been a dream; his mind would picture Marie. And why might she not be visiting here? —Gaspard was her father's brother. He made a feeble protest against any thought of her. It was wrong and foolish. He was doing many things that were wrong and foolish—his Puritan conscience told him. Sorely perplexed, on the verge of tears in his weakness, he turned his face to the wall.

When madame next visited him, Perry was so much stronger that she signalled for those in the hall, and all three demoiselles came trooping into the room. Marie was the last, back of Gaspard, Jacques, and Antoine, pale and contrite. With his first strength the wounded man was called upon to bear more than any could dream. Marie's eyes met his only once, and their glance revealed nothing more than mutual embarrassment. Perry made a feeble joke, and all were delighted with his progress toward recovery. When each had said something, madame drove them from the room as she would a brood of chickens.

After that first visit, Marie no longer hesitated to approach Perry's bedside when madame sent her on an errand. Indeed, she put herself in the way of being sent there—not boldly, but simply, modestly, with the

grace of a little child and the tact of a woman twice her years. She had forgotten all Father Richard's warnings, and was conscious of only one thing—a desire to win back this man's friendship and esteem, both of which she had lost by practices that placed her in the category of the diabolical. She could not confess her wrong without an explanation which was impossible. With anything short of this Perry would misunderstand—and she was very proud. She would not have him think she was asking for his love—no, not for a thousand worlds. If he were ever to ask her in marriage she would refuse him. But his friendship —he would not deny her that. In many little acts of kindness she would plead to be forgiven, and, great as was her sin, he was too good a man to withhold what she asked.

Accordingly, the next day, Marie demurely volunteered to read something to monsieur if he wished it. They had fetched Perry's belongings from the hotel, which, contrary to Jacque's fears, had not burned on the night of the raid; and among his effects was a copy of Irving's *Sketch Book*. From this Marie read aloud, sitting under the little hood that roofed the dormer-window, and the light falling athwart her features formed as sweet a picture as mortal man ever looked upon.

Perry's experience had made him wary, however. He had suffered terribly because of his previous folly, and was resolved to take no chances now. He might cherish the ideal Marie all he would, it should not lead him into words or acts of weakness toward the living Marie, who could play a part with consummate skill,

as he had learned to his bitter cost. What new rôle she was enacting he did not try to guess. He quickly decided to accept her attentions as he would Annette's and Claire's, and he was glad that he was seldom left alone with her.

Generally, all the demoiselles were in his room at once—Annette to carry away his breakfast dishes; Claire to renew the flowers which she gathered daily from the neighboring forest for the little stand; and Marie, come with the book closed upon a finger that marked the place where she had left off reading. There was sprightly conversation for a few moments, after which Claire sat with some needle-work while her cousin read aloud, with frequent interruptions as they discussed the sketch under consideration, touched by poor Rip Van Winkle's plight, or moved to laughter by the luckless Ichabod Crane.

Because Perry did not recover as fast as some thought he should, they sent to Detroit for Doctor Houghton, and he was in the house several days. The wound had been an ugly one, four inches long, in the left side, penetrating dangerously near the heart. However, good nursing was all he needed now, the Doctor said; and, with a gallant bow to the ladies: "A man's a fool if he dies in such hands—and foolish if he gets well speedily." All of which proved Perry both wise and clever.

Letters came from Governor Mason, Congressman Lyon, and other friends, to cheer and break the monotony. Jacques and Antoine brought reports of local happenings, and the times were most stirring. Very humorously did Antoine tell of the arrest of

Major Gettler, a day or two following the first attempt, when the Monroe officers had been balked, and Perry had received his wound. The Major, fairly caught, had been forced astride a horse, and his feet bound under the animal; thus humiliated, they led him north to the county jail. Young Gettler, after his dastardly attack upon Perry, had fled south, placing himself under the protection of Governor Lucas, who refused to honor requisition papers served upon him through Mason.

Daily, Perry heard Antoine and Jacques review the controversy below stairs, at times waxing exceedingly warm in their discussion. Then old Gaspard, with stately mien, would interfere, and the subject would be banished for a time. Gaspard was content with the older régime, but his son—a member of the Lucas Guards—was a zealous advocate of Ohio's cause. When, a few days later, a lawless band of Wolverines swooped down upon the town, and without warning, demolished the *Gazette* office, thinking to retaliate for the blood Gettler had so foully spilled, the father could hardly keep his impulsive, hot-tempered son in bounds. It required all his tact, with frequent reminders of what French courtesy meant, to prevent the lad from committing an out and out breach of hospitality.

Such scenes made Perry long to get back to Detroit, and so free his kind host and hostess of the dissension in their family. Besides, seeing Marie daily and receiving gentle administrations from her hands, was proving a heavy load for certain resolutions to carry. But he was not to escape mademoiselle thus. It was openly talked that Michigan people meant to burn

the place, and the cousins, Marie and Claire, felt the times were too strenuous to prolong their visit; so an excuse was made to return while they might have the company of Antoine. As soon as Perry could be on his feet, therefore, the Detroit party sailed away from the Maumee and the much-coveted town on its banks.

Perry never appeared to better advantage than when thanking someone for a kindness, and his parting from the Beaucœurs made a very touching picture. He had no words to express his gratitude, but he murmured something which, coupled with his fine bearing, told more than aught else how deeply sensible he was of all that had been done for him under their roof. "I have a mother, Mrs. Beaucœur,"—his use of the English term instead of "madame" showed how deeply moved he was—"I have a mother," he repeated "let her thank you; and if you will look in your heart for a mother's thanks—I am sure I need not—cannot say more." He finished with trembling voice and eyes suffused with tears. Then he seemed to lose the last of his Puritan self-repression, for, yielding to his feelings and something which he saw in madame's countenance, he bent and kissed her on the cheek.

Very different was his parting from Marie. Once landed in Detroit, he seemed to forget her very presence. His studied neglect was further accentuated by the few formal words of thanks which, on second thought as it were, he sent through her brother Antoine.

"Ah! he does not forgive me," thought mademoi-

selle, with an aching sensation in her throat. Her face was pale all that day, but at night two red spots burned in her cheeks, and when Governor Mason called she was particularly kind to him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE last census had revealed a population of eighty thousand souls, considerably more than enough to entitle Michigan to admission into the Union, according to the Ordinance of 1787. A convention had been called some time since to form a State constitution, and to this assembly Perry was elected a delegate. With little practical experience, he was yet one of the best read men of the Territory, and his words were always listened to with respect and interest. He never addressed the Chair without being mindful of the gilded eagle perched above—the same which, back in Virginia, had looked down on the old House of Burgesses and listened to the eloquence of Henry, the logic of Jefferson, and the wisdom of Washington; and he strove to be worthy of the traditions surrounding the noble bird.

Because of Mason's action in the controversy with Ohio, President Jackson removed him from his office, but within a month the people of Michigan elected the deposed "stripling" to be first governor of the Commonwealth.

When this new applicant for statehood came knock-

ing at the doors of Congress, however, she was refused admission for purely partisan reasons, till she should adopt the boundary line claimed by Ohio. For months Michigan held an anomalous position. At home she was a State, abroad a Territory. Dual Governments were in existence within her borders,—at least, President Jackson's appointee was there, though he was politely ignored by the influential classes, while the ruder populace were hardly restrained from mobbing him.

Governor Mason had meanwhile established himself in private quarters, and brought up from Virginia the house servants made necessary in the changed circumstances. One of these slaves, a powerful black fellow, had taken the fancy of a Kentucky planter named Daly, who was spending the summer in Detroit. Daly had brought with him some fine thoroughbred horses, one of which Mason coveted as the only thing lacking to make a proper appearance at the head of the militia. Every time these two men met—and that was about every evening at the bar of the Steamboat Hotel—Mason importuned the planter to place this animal on sale, making flattering offers for the same in good coin of the realm. Daly refused to sell this horse, but he offered to trade even for the Governor's slave. Mason was averse to negro trading, and declared he meant to free his blacks. Indeed, he had the papers all made out save his signature, when Blackburn, as this slave was called, took matters in his own hands and escaped into Canada. In a fit of rage now, Mason tore up the nearly executed papers, and there the matter rested so far as he was concerned.

Not so with Daly. He had watched the negro closely, and learned that in his short stay the fellow had risen to be the foremost preacher in the black colony at Detroit. He correctly judged that the negro brethren would not be content to forego his stirring words, and, chewing on his favorite weed, he bided his time. He had not long to wait. Promising themselves to maintain the most profound secrecy the blacks prevailed upon the runaway slave to venture back across the river on a certain Saturday, and, at dead of night, before the brethren assembled in the little log meeting-house behind thickly curtained windows and heavily barred doors, the negro preacher delivered one of his moving sermons. But there was a Jezebel in their midst, a "yeller gal" with a white lover, and through her, Blackburn's visit became known to the Kentuckian, who waited this opportunity.

That evening, as the gentlemen were playing at cards in the Kentuckian's rooms, Mason renewed his offer for the coveted horse.

"No—but I'll tell you what I'll do," answered Daly. "I'll play you a game, and I'll stake Bluegrass against your runaway nigger Blackburn. What do you say, Governor?"

This was a temptation to the young man. The odds were ridiculously out of proportion, but altogether in his favor. He had practically nothing to lose, and a chance of winning the prize on which his heart had long been set. Stakes had been small, but the toddies numerous. With slight hesitation Mason accepted the Kentuckian's proposition; and the

game was played, with all the other gentlemen looking on and expressing their comments as fortune favored first one and then the other. The Governor lost; and Daly asked and obtained a deed of ownership that night.

A little after midnight, Blackburn's new master and Sheriff Wilson with a posse of men hid themselves in a clump of willows on the river bank near the spot where the negro preacher's canoe was beached. There had been a moon earlier in the night, but it was quite dark now. It occurred to Wilson as they waited, that Blackburn's hearers would accompany him to the river to see that he was safely embarked on his return to Canada. Wilson deemed it wisest to have as little disturbance accompany the re-capture as possible, and so resorted to strategy.

A deputy and several men were sent to make a demonstration about the darkened meeting-house. They were instructed to permit the preacher to escape through their cordon, apparently unobserved, while they were to continue the search about the premises and so hold the congregation there. The Sheriff, Daly, and two or three remained near the canoe to make the real capture when Blackburn should appear, out of breath from his flight, and accompanied by one or two followers.

Everything worked perfectly in the denouement. While there was a great hue and cry at the meeting-house, on the river bank there was only a moment's noiseless struggle. Then Blackburn, securely bound, was tumbled into a French cart, and hurried away to jail.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE exciting events which followed the capture of Blackburn have passed into the history of Detroit as the Negro insurrection. Peaceful dwellers of the town and pioneer wayfarers en route to new homes in the wilderness, awoke on that Sunday morning to find the streets in possession of a frenzied black mob. Marie Beaucœur was so frightened on her way to early mass that she sought refuge with Elva Webber under Mrs. Rolland's friendly roof. An old negress, carrying a rudely-constructed banner, had charged upon her with a score of angry followers, crying: "She's de Gub'noh's sweetheart! Tak' vengeance on de Gub'noh's sweetheart! He done shet up our Preacher. Let's we-alls shet up hez white gal!"

Armed with clubs and stones, all day the black mob stood before the jail, threatening to overpower the Sheriff, break in and liberate their favorite preacher. The wholesome fear of firearms alone deterred them from making a concerted attack. It was believed by them that Blackburn's capture had been in the interest of the Governor, and from time

to time a band of dusky rioters paraded before Mason's new home, with menacing attitude, shouting jeers and threats at the house.

Faithful Mammie Chloe, from behind curtained windows, reported to the Governor's frightened sisters what was taking place in the street. "Hit am Mammie Crosswhite what am leading dose fool niggahs!" she declared, excitedly. "I t'ink she'd be ashamed o' herself. But I reckon she doan know what shame is! What for dey come heah? Dat low down Blackburn ain't got no call to say dis hes home, t'ank de Lawd! Massah Tom done mak' good bargain when he sell dat niggah to de gemmen from Kaintuck. Heah dose fool words what dey say! I reckon dey doan know Massah Tom done sell dat trash!"

Chloe had overheard Mason tell his mother that he had parted with all right and title to his late slave, and that the ownership was now vested in Daly. A messenger had come early to the house, explained the nature of the disturbance in a few hurried sentences, and requested the Governor to meet with General Cass and others in a council looking toward the protection of life and property. From the few hasty words which she had overheard, Chloe had drawn such conclusions as suited her fancy.

"I reckon I put dat b'iler o' water over an' heat it up," said Chloe, presently, as the shouts in the streets became more threatening. "An' den if dey gits too sassy and comes nigh de doah, I'se jus' gwine t' give 'em a dipperful in de face. Dat's what I's gwine to do. Now, Honeys, doan you go to gettin' skeered. I reckon I kin be 'nough for every las' niggah in de

Michigan Territory. Dose Norfern black trash doan know what a real Vaginnie niggah kin do. But I'se gwine to show 'em, Honeys." And she swept away, a mountain of black flesh, to the kitchen.

But the mob in front of the house was presently called elsewhere. A son of Africa, wearing nothing but a pair of trousers, belted at the waist, came running up the street, calling loudly to re-enforce their friends before the jail. The Sheriff was about to remove Blackburn to the boat; and the messenger pointed to the wharf where the "Sheldon Thompson" lay with steam up, the light-colored wood-smoke pouring from her funnels.

"It would be folly to try to remove your man in the face of such a mob," declared Wilson, as he and Daly peered from an upper window of the jail. "It would take a whole company of soldiers to hold them in check; and I haven't a dozen men with me. You'll have to give up your plan of taking him on the boat to-day. To-morrow the coast may be clear. We'll spread a report that you've given up the idea of taking Blackburn down the river. To-morrow those infuriated black devils will all be at work, and there'll be some chance of getting your man off without bloodshed."

"By gad, I wish I was in Kentucky!" exclaimed Daly, fuming because his plans were frustrated. "A heap of courage you fellows at the North have got!" he declared with sarcasm. "Three good Kentucky gentlemen would disperse that howling pack of curs in one minute. Lord! how I would like to jump on the back of Bluegrass, and ride into them devils by

the side of Colonel Fitz Hugh Cleigh and Fairfield Breckenridge. There'd be a right smart scattering of niggers, or before you could say 'Who killed Tecumseh?' there'd be black carcasses to put under the sod. You've got to kill a nigger about every week, or they'd run the plantation just as they're running your town now."

"There's no need of anybody's getting killed, if you only make use of a little strategem," returned the Sheriff. "What's one day if it will save bloodshed? I believe in going slow just now. Your Southern slaves aren't like our Northern free Negroes. Your methods won't do here. These fellows aren't so easily overawed as are your blacks, who are continually under the lash."

"Why, I tell you this is galling to a Southern gentleman!" cried the Kentuckian, as threats reached him through the open window. "Domineered by niggers! Where's your militia? Where the devil's your young Governor? He's got none of your Northern blood in his veins. He'll do something right smart, I reckon, if I can get word to him."

"Just you keep cool, Mr. Daly. Governor Mason is at the Capitol conferring with General Cass, who has just arrived from Washington on a visit to his home. The militia, as you know, has gone to fight Black Hawk. But there are two companies of regulars at Fort Gratiot, which the General will order here if it is deemed necessary to preserve the peace. It strikes me we're already doing a good deal to put you in possession of property doubtfully yours?"

"What do you mean?" blustered Daly, red with anger and vexation.

"I mean to do my full duty in my own way," returned the Sheriff, ignoring the Kentuckian's real question. And this was all the satisfaction that could be got out of him.

At four o'clock the "Sheldon Thompson" steamed away. The negroes, having thwarted the officers, and finding that their preacher was safe for a time, began to disperse. At dark there were barely a half dozen left on the streets, and the authorities went to their beds that night feeling the worst was passed. But at twelve o'clock, at two o'clock, and again at four o'clock the inhabitants were awakened by alarms of fire. The total destruction of the town was still within the memory of many of its citizens, and such a cry speedily aroused them to energetic action. Though the water barrels were found to be tipped over, or otherwise emptied of their contents, the newly instituted underground reservoirs saved the city from a conflagration. Everything pointed to a studied preparation of an incendiary nature, and suspicion naturally fell on the Negroes.

At daylight, the black mob re-assembled with increased numbers. The streets were paraded with a boldness that waxed as each succeeding lawless act went unrebuked. The midsummer sun favored them with a fierce, tropic heat, akin to their native clime. Excepting the time of the thunderstorm in the afternoon, scarcely a breath of air was stirring all day. The cowed inhabitant had at any time but to go to his door, if the din was not in his very street, to hear it

progressing with unabated frenzy in some other quarter of the town. Convinced, at last, that a show of force would be necessary to restore quiet, General Cass, at the request of Mayor Chapin, despatched word for a company of United States troops from Fort Gratiot.

Urged on by Daly, Sheriff Wilson made an attempt at the noon hour to remove Blackburn from the jail to a boat which was about to leave for some port in Ohio. The moment seemed advantageous, for the rioters, leaving a handful to watch the jail, had separated into two bands, each having a stolen pig, which it was proposed to barbecue. But the Sheriff's judgment was at fault in estimating the distance they had taken themselves to. At a signal from the watch, like two storm clouds they came together, and a perfect cyclone swept down upon the officer and his half-dozen deputies before they had proceeded a third of the distance to the river.

Armed with clubs and stones, and in a few instances with weapons of a deadlier sort, the howling concourse set upon the little posse. The cart in which Blackburn was being conveyed was surrounded, and further progress stopped; shots were fired, and the Sheriff fell, blood streaming from a severe wound in the chest. Blackburn was seized by his friends, unbound, and with cries of demoniac joy, escorted to the river, where were canoes which conveyed him and his adherents safely to the Canadian shore.

Exaggerated stories of the fight passed from house to house, and for a time terror reigned in the city. Business was completely at a standstill. Women dared

not venture out of doors. Merchants put up their shutters, shoved their bolts into place, and stood, gun in hand, in their darkened shops, guarding their goods. No one knew what the Negroes would do under the intoxication of success, and at least two days must elapse before troops would arrive from Fort Gratiot.

Among the followers of the negress Crosswhite when she led the unsuccessful charge on Marie Beaucœur, was Baptiste Bovie. He was a son of Beaucœur's slave Tetro, but the Ordinance of 1787 made him a free negro, while his father remained in bondage. Mammie Crosswhite's action had given him an idea. In his mind, Governor Mason was absolute ruler, and it was for him that Blackburn had been recaptured. The proper thing now was to make a counter capture to strike the Governor as close home as possible, then negotiate for an exchange of prisoners. On Monday morning Baptiste learned that Marie had crossed the river in a canoe, proceeding toward Mère Gobielle's; thus giving him a second grand chance to take the great man's sweetheart.

At the very hour when the fight was going on in the streets of Detroit, Marie, all unconscious of danger, came tripping down the path from Mère Gobielle's house, several miles away, to the spot where she had left her canoe. Grand'mère had inquired why she never brought Monsieur North to see her any more, and Marie was pondering on the reply she had made, and wondering whether the saints would ever forgive her for telling a half-truth which seemed a monstrous lie, when there was a crash in the bushes before her, and a rush at her back, and she found

herself surrounded by three burly negroes. Marie screamed so grand'mère heard, but what could a decrepit woman do in the shadow of her hundred years? The negroes grinned, and closed upon mademoiselle.

"Bust your pretty throat," growled Baptiste Bovie, "but it won't do you no good. You've got to come with us." And he took her roughly by the hand.

"Baptiste! Let me go!" cried Marie, nearly beside herself with fright. Though Baptiste and she had been playmates when very young, he was none the less terrible in his full-grown madness. "I shall report you," she threatened. "Monsieur le gouverneur will hang——" But she got no farther. A great yellow-black palm closed over her mouth; she was lifted bodily from the ground, and borne swiftly to the water's edge; in her own canoe she was carried away up the river to a lone island, and there securely hidden in the depths of the forest.

Tetro had taken no part in the uprising, but remained loyal to his master, and loudly denounced the actions of his fellow negroes. That night there was an excited interview between father and son, for at a late hour Baptiste returned to town prepared to treat with the whites, through the old man, for an exchange of prisoners. But learning of Blackburn's escape, and that other arrests had been made, he now proposed to hold Marie till all blacks should be set free, with a promise that no prosecutions would follow. Tetro poured out his indignation in good, round French terms, thanking le bon Dieu that his son bore

a different name, and declaring henceforth he should refuse to own him kin at all.

From the moment that Baptiste confessed the capture of Marie, Tetro had risen and paced the floor, his fingers opening and closing in fists like iron, for despite the disadvantages of years, there was every impulse to attack this degenerate son. Marie was a great favorite with the old slave; he had waited on her from her birth; had led her first tottering steps to seek the meadow-lark's nest, had carried her on his shoulders to the forest to make the acquaintance of the shy flowers that grew there; he had built cages for her, and filled them with little furry animals, and together they had studied a thousand and one of the natural beauties which the old man knew so well. His wrath mounted with each moment of the interview, till he declared he would not act as go-between for the lawless element, and stepping between Baptiste and the door, he threatened to turn him over to the authorities to make one more among the prisoners which they held.

Baffled, and feeling that his safety was imperilled, the younger negro became enraged. Hissing out a nameless threat against Marie, he sprang upon his gray-haired father and bore him to the floor. The next instant he escaped through the door, leaving the old man but half conscious, with hands covering his face, groaning aloud.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT three o'clock there had been a heavy thunder-storm, yet the over-heated atmosphere was scarcely changed. Sweeping down the Clinton River, the tempest drove ashore a canoe bearing an Indian and a white man, with a set of surveyor's instruments. The two sought shelter under some hazel bushes till the clouds spent themselves, when they launched their birch bark and pushed on as if time was an important factor in their calculations.

Work had taken Perry away from Detroit early in the spring, with every promise of detaining him till late in the autumn. The interior was rapidly filling up with settlers, who were crying for improved highways, and as the best lines for these roads were to be determined upon, numerous surveys were necessary through the primeval forest. Besides, Michigan, too, had a canal project on hand, for people then had more faith in this mode of transportation than in the newly invented steam-locomotive. This canal was to connect Lake Michigan with the river near Detroit, and so cut off the long, circuitous route through the Straits of Mackinaw. It was these duties that

kept Perry from marching away with the Bradies when they went to the Black Hawk war, but as none of the Michigan men saw active service, his time was better employed in peacefully advancing civilization.

A strange accident, however, happened to his surveyor's level in the middle of summer, and for a time put a stop to his work. The tripod had been left standing a short distance from camp. In the middle of night one of his men, awakened from a sound sleep by some prowling beast, fancied a single red eye staring at him from the forest blackness. Seizing his gun, he fired at what he believed a panther, but which proved to be the object-glass of the level reflecting the dying light of the camp-fire. The shot was perfectly aimed, and caused the destruction of the lens. Taking an Indian guide, Perry had set out with all haste for Detroit, where he hoped to repair the damages.

Reaching the lake, they turned southward past Huron point, heading toward Milk River. Night did not hinder their progress, for a bright moon promised to hang in the heavens till past midnight. Along the western horizon, however, a bank of billowy cloud glowed from time to time with a fitful light, accompanying which were surly mutterings that threatened to nullify the moon's promise. The Indian, kneeling in the stern, silent, and naked above the waist, plied the short paddle with tireless energy. By and by he made a slight change in the course, and the canoe was pointed toward the broad Detroit, into which the lake water flowed.

They had barely entered the river when moon and

cloud, long hastening toward each other in the western sky, met, and earth and water were swallowed in inky blackness.

"It make um rain putty soon," said the Indian, but with no cessation of the paddle.

"We'll have to put ashore again, won't we, Many Talk?" inquired the white man, trying to peer ahead, as lightning flashes gave him advantage.

"Cha-pens," replied the Indian in his own French, which, after a number of strokes, he interpreted as, "T'ink so." His companion was too familiar with the conceit which made this silent creature speak his few words in the three or four dialects at his command, to show amusement at this time.

"Me know un beau wigwam. French she mak' him. Go way moch jour. We git um putty soon." From this Perry gathered that his guide knew of a deserted hut near, in which they could take shelter till the storm passed. He asked no questions, but when the canoe was pushed through some bushes to a low bank, took a few belongings and stepped ashore. Many Talk pulled the birch-bark in after him, and deftly turned it over, as a protection to what was left behind. Then he silently moved into the forest.

They had not gone far before the Indian grunted. "French t'ink come back," he said. And the one following saw the light of a fire burning a short distance ahead. The ground was spongy, so there was nothing to herald their coming, and both were inside the hut before their presence was suspected.

The Indian's "Bon" was hardly uttered when he was fiercely pushed aside, and one of the inmates

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fled percipitously into the forest. Then a cry from some hidden corner set the white man's blood tingling as it had not in many months.

"Dieu merci! c'est Monsieur North!"

Instantly, the remaining negroes set upon the intruders, and a fierce and deadly struggle ensued. The contest was even, so far as numbers were concerned, yet within a minute the Indian's life was forfeited for a cause he never knew. His antagonist, thinking only of self-preservation, fled the instant lifeless hands ceased to hold him, after his knife was buried in the Red Man's heart. Perry and Baptiste continued to struggle with all the fury of great muscular men, one fighting for life, the other for something dearer than life. The wound received at Toledo made itself felt like a cold hand clutching at Perry's heart, and he wondered how long he could keep up the fight. But the moment his strength began to fail, the negro broke away, and followed his companions into the night and the storm, which was now raging through the forest.

Perry and Marie were alone in a hut full of horror. The dead Indian had fallen with one arm in the fire, and the smell of burning flesh filled the hot, damp atmosphere. So excited was Perry he did not become conscious of this till after he had liberated Marie from the cords which bound her. A glance or two that conveyed more than their few exclamations, was all that passed between them. Perry continually turned toward the door, not knowing how soon he would be set on again, perhaps by overwhelming numbers.

Without, flash followed flash of the most brilliant lightning, revealing tree trunks and underbrush swaying in a tempest of wind. It is doubtful whether Marie or Perry could hear the few words they spoke, so great was the fury of the storm. The sound was one prolonged, deafening roar. Rain was falling in torrents, and now and then, a gust blew a cloud of spray in at the door; otherwise, squalid as the hovel was, it afforded protection from the elements.

Guarding all, Perry's eyes continually wandered from the stark, half-naked form of the Indian to Marie, then to the door. Warily he examined Many Talk, starting at every sound from the forest. Convinced that his faithful guide was dead, grim lines came into the white man's face. The scene, surpassing in hideousness all previous waking moments, gave the impress of a horrible dream. The tremor in Perry's knees, however, and all else that lent consciousness, assured him of the appalling reality of his surroundings.

The negroes had been cooking something for their supper, which, during the struggle, was spilled into the fire, and added now to the stench. Blue smoke from smouldering embers curled through the humid atmosphere, stung the eyes and smarted in the throat. Then, to add unknown terror to the situation, the flames flickered and went out, leaving only dull coals that gave bloody tinges to the mirk which prevailed between the lightning flashes.

Marie would gladly have shut her eyes to the whole gruesome spectacle, but some morbid quality seemed to make it impossible. If, for a monent, this weak-

ness was overcome, there followed an irresistible impulse to look upon the nightmare once more. The storm was passing, and the lightning becoming less and less frequent; but her unnatural gaze never faltered; she seemed to wait with rigid muscles till the next flash should reveal again the stiffening form and drawn features of the dead Indian. The thing seemed an embodied climax of all the frightful experience of the past twelve hours. Perry broke the spell when he threw his coat over the ghastly object, and came and touched Marie with an arm full of assurance.

Whatever they had been once, whatever they would be again, they were now, of all the natural universe, the sole comfort for each other. There was no attempt at conversation for some time. The sound of words might draw unknown enemies upon them. They could not flee, for they were as likely to choose a path that led to danger as one leading to safety. A few hushed sentences of exclamatory nature, a manner that inspired hope and confidence from Perry, and an attitude of complete trust on the part of Marie, filled those long waiting hours.

The position of protector and dominant agent came to Perry as naturally as the years of his life. His strong, virile muscles began to feel a fierce animal joy in shielding this woman from others of his kind and the brute world. They were both very close to primeval conditions. Events had thrust them back thousands of years, but if nothing more untoward happened, a few short hours would carry them forward again to the conventionalities of civilized life. Emo-

tions springing from their horrible situation could bear no relation to the past nor carry promise of the future.

With swift thought there passed before Perry the two Maries which his mind had invented—neither of whom, however, was the real Marie, the Marie that clung to his arm and looked to him in the dark for protection. Something of this he recognized as from moment to moment the living, breathing Marie by his side revealed qualities he had assigned to neither of the others; qualities that were eminently commendable, and strongly invited a reincarnation of that perfect Marie of his mind in the warm flesh and blood over which he watched.

The hovel serving as prison, death-trap, refuge, all in one, faced the northeast; thus, with the high altitude of the summer sun, its inmates caught the first signs of approaching day. As soon as it was light enough to see in the forest, Perry went cautiously to the door and reconnoitered. Marie, trembling and starting at every sound, followed him closely, shuddering as they were forced to step across Many Talk's dead body. Perry took her by the hand to give her confidence—when the sight of her figure smote his heart. There were haggard lines upon the countenance once simply beautiful. Disorder was about her hair and dress. But the sweet curves of her mouth, the suffering in her face, her helplessness and trust in him—all her womanliness, in fact—stirred his old longing, and gave rise to an impulse to catch her in his arms, kiss away everything that was painful, and

fly with her to some impossible region of peace and contentment.

Beyond themselves, the forest seemed deserted of all save the birds, which were beginning to carol their morning songs. Nature, everywhere refreshed, was pouring into the crystal atmosphere the sweet, wild odors of luxuriant vegetation amidst the sweep of broad, pure waters. Could one forget what had been, this might seem that region of peace and contentment. But Marie had not taken a dozen steps before her strength gave out completely.

"You must permit me," said Perry, and taking her in his arms, he hurried to the spot where Many Talk had left their canoe. By clinging to his shoulders, she made it easier for him to carry her. "When have you had anything to eat?" he asked, as they drew near the place.

"There has been but one night?" she questioned, with weary reflection; "then it was yesterday morning. I did not eat with grand'mère, for I thought to be home in a few minutes. But they carried me off —the negroes!"

"I have something in the canoe. Can you stand a minute? It is so wet everywhere!" Perry was angry because no dry place had been reserved for the burden he was reluctant to let go.

"Ah, I will be strong," she declared bravely, and freeing herself from his arms, leaned against a tree while he rummaged among the effects of the canoe.

"Drink a swallow from this," he commanded, returning to her with a small flask. "And here is some *praline* and a bit of meat which I had the Indians

cure for me. You must eat a little while I am launching the canoe. It will be two hours before we can reach home."

"And you—do you not need to eat?" she asked, looking into his face as she took the food from his hands.

Perry was not likely to forget how she thought of him, distressed as she was herself.

"I will eat while I work," he replied, and set her a generous example by partaking of the simple fare, which was all that could be provided in their haste to get away from danger.

Only a few moments were required to get the birch-bark ready. Then, with Marie a little forward of the centre, and himself in the stern, he paddled out into the blue, rolling stream, broad and majestic in its sweep between the dark-green, heavily-wooded banks. To the right of them widened the beautiful lake, with the sheen of pearl on its surface, and along the eastern horizon where shortly the sun was to appear. There was not a cloud in the azure heavens where the night before had raged such a storm; the water alone seemed to retain restlessness born of the tempest, but only to a degree that imparted vigor to the arm which stroked its surface.

The swallow of spirits and the nourishment had refreshed Marie. In a few words she told Perry of the negro uprising, while his strong muscles and the current swept them toward the still sleeping town, from which fear had not yet wholly departed. As the horizon widened about them, with nothing more threatening in sight than the ripples on the water,

confidence returned, and with it the future, demanding thought and recognition. Soon they were to part again, and she could not have it as on that last time when they came up from her Uncle Gaspard Beaucœur's. She remembered the long-ago night at the Justice's, and that this man must still judge her by her action there—a righteous judgment, she conceded; nevertheless, her heart yearned to have it set aside. Had she not atoned for her sin by the suffering of months since? Would he not understand and forgive if she was to confess her wrong? He seemed to desire only such relations with her as gentlemanly conduct demanded; this was evident from his calmness and perfect bearing during the whole of the horrible night they had just come through. But she longed for his friendship and esteem as she had had them before committing that terrible blunder. Hoping, longing, dreading—precious moments were allowed to slip by. All too soon, as it seemed, they were at the great tree where her own canoe was usually beached—and would be now had not the negroes carried it away when they had stolen her.

"Mr. North——" she faltered, extending her hand as they stood on the bank——

"I will go with you to the house," Perry interrupted, fancying he was anticipating some request prompted by fear.

"It is not that," she declared. "My life, you have saved it! I wish to say something. I want you to forgive me for what I have been! I cannot say it now—what I wish! But you will come again! You will give me a chance—when I am stronger? Promise

me, monsieur. Ah, I cannot let you go till you do promise me that!"

Perry was not greatly surprised at her emotion. The night had been enough to shatter the strongest nerves. He did not understand, however. To forgive her for what she had been meant simply for the possible care and trouble of the last eight hours.

"I have done nothing more, Miss Beaucœur, than a thousand other men would rejoice to do—and do as well. To see you safe once more is all I wish in the shape of thanks. Believe me when I tell you that the less said the better I shall like it. My stay in town will be short. But I will see you again before I go back into the woods. I hope you will not be ill. It has been a terrible night for you—for a woman! You have been very brave."

She was clinging to his hand with the clasp of one drowning. "Ah, I hope you will know all sometime —how I thank you!" And then they parted, he carrying away a vision of her face stirred by the deepest emotion, with tears on her cheeks reflecting the sun which rose at that moment over the wooded shore beyond the river they had just left.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Perry entered the town, he found armed citizens patrolling its streets. He went at once to the Mayor's office and reported the points in his night's experience, early knowledge of which was essential to the public welfare; then to his boarding place, where his appearance created a welcome surprise. Aside from the kitchen servant, Mrs. Rolland and her niece were alone at the time, as the one other male boarder had gone with the militia against Black Hawk. The terrifying events of the last two days had given the women little chance for rest; and the protection afforded by a strong man's presence in the house became the source of infinite relief.

Breakfast, which had been served the moment before Perry's arrival, was prolonged for an hour and a half, for little could be eaten when so much was to be said. None cared if the food did grow cold, and Bridget was not rebuked for remaining in the dining-room listening to the excited conversation, while her rolls burned before the kitchen hearth. Perry had done nothing heroic, and could tell the story in a

straightforward manner, simply and without self-consciousness, as he would relate any fortunate occurrence. He had not driven the negroes away and rescued Marie by any display of personal strength and courage. Her abductors, made cowards by their own evil deeds, had fled in terror before what they believed a rescuing party, out in force. Perry never again told the story half as well as on that first recital. Ever after he felt called upon to explain the facts and refute the popular notion that he was a hero, and this sadly marred the narrative.

"Poor girl! I must see her as soon as it is safe to go abroad," said Elva, with genuine feeling. "But rest is what she needs to-day more than anything else. Will you take me there to-morrow, Mr. North?"

Perry said he would, with pleasure, and then listened to an account of what had taken place in the town as far as known to the two women. His brow darkened when he heard of the repeated attempts the negroes had made to secure their captive, and the reason for Marie's abduction, involving the statement that she was the Governor's sweetheart, caused him to wince. Perry wore his heavy boots and wilderness trappings generally, making a handsome and striking figure, a veritable Viking in form and appearance. An abundance of yellow hair, worn long as was the fashion, covered a head the face of which was bronzed by exposure to sun and wind. A glance out of his eye, set in a fearless countenance, could strike terror if the moment demanded it, but ordinarily one saw only what was frank, sweet and trustful in his expression.

An hour later he was dressed as a man about town. His few days in the Capital promised to be very busy ones, and it behooved him to lose no time in setting about his work. The absence of the Brady Guards made it easier for him, as the wild young fellows with whom he had associated in these later months were not there to demand an evening of conviviality. After the regulars summoned from Fort Gratiot arrived, he took Elva to see Marie, and with one act kept two promises. Any interview with mademoiselle was bound to be only painful, and he determined not to go to the Beaucœur home again. Marie was slowly recovering from the shock to which she had been rudely subjected, and he need burden himself no further with anxiety regarding her. He could reflect after this manner, but it failed utterly to put out of mind the sweet, pale face, the quiet, demure air of the one who received them that afternoon.

"Marie isn't at all the girl she used to be," Elva declared, as they came away. "I sometimes think she has had more to sober her in the last few months than any of us have knowledge of. Her recent experience would cause her to look dispirited to-day. But I have seen a sad expression in her face for a long time."

There was a question Perry determined to ask now, first making sure of hiding his feelings in the matter. "Once you told me she was a lovely girl," he began, in a tone made natural by sheer force of will. "Do you think she would trifle with a man's heart? She was very ill in the spring—after Etienne Baddeau's death. You heard the story that went the rounds then——"

He ceased speaking with a rising inflection, and waited her answer with quickened pulse.

"Yes, I heard the story. No, I do not think Marie would trifle with a man's affections," replied Elva, categorically. "We were once quite intimate, but since my visits to New York we have drifted apart. Marie was never one to impart confidences, so I cannot say how she regarded Etienne Baddeau. I have been interested in the way her name has been linked with the Governor's. Marie is very loyal to her Church. Her nature is not a light one, and when she loves it will not be lightly. If there should be a clash between her love and her religion, I fancy it would produce in her just such behavior as her friends have witnessed of late."

"You think she loves the Governor?" he questioned slowly as one studying a problem. "He is a Protestant; she is a Catholic. Will she become a Protestant, or will she give him up?" But he was thinking—"I too am a Protestant, and if she loves——" He allowed his reasoning to go no farther. Had he not given her up? What a fool he was!

"Or will the Governor become a Catholic?" his companion interjected——

Perry checked the cynical laugh in his throat. If *he* were to become a Catholic! Fate could hardly be more ironical.

"You must not omit any of the elements," Elva added to her interjected remark. "I frankly admit the answer is beyond me. I can imagine Marie in one mood would sacrifice everything to her religion. Her teaching has been such that she might even resort to

practices that would shock an outsider. The end justifies the means—you know, Mr. North."

"I have heard of that Romish motto," mused Perry, using the thought as a key to the locked situation, but failing to make an opening.

"Under another impulse, she might sacrifice her sectarianism for a good man," Elva continued. "This is what I like to think would happen. Marie is bound to be sincere at last in whatever she undertakes. There may be moments of trifling—or what may seem trifling—but in reality is play that leads to self-revelation, real growth, and development of character. Whenever possible she has sugar-coated the bitter pills of life."

"'Under another impulse she might sacrifice her sectarianism,'" Perry repeated to himself. The thought lured him as the Lorelei, but he knew the story of the sweet-voiced siren, and was warned. Granting Marie's action the most favorable judgment possible, it would take long to eradicate the impression he had received.

On two different days Perry spent an hour with Father Richard, coming away each time buoyant with the strength and uplift of his godly companionship. The old Priest overflowed in gratitude for the part he had played in rescuing Marie, who was very dear to him. He had known her since birth, having performed the ceremony at the marriage of her parents. She was his favorite among all the daughters of his parish, and he talked long, relating incident after incident in her life, all of which revealed a character of peculiar sweetness and strength. This,

coupled with what Elva had said, kept Perry's mind on the edge of doubt and indecision.

Then came the dinner Elva had determined upon while the regulars were in town, and before Perry should return to his work in the interior.

"I am going to ask Mr. North to take you out, Marie," Elva explained in a moment alone with the French beauty. "The Governor, you know, properly belongs to me. You will not be jealous?" The words were said playfully, but they gave opportunity for a reply by which mademoiselle might be judged.

"No indeed!" returned Marie, with a laugh of amusement. "Really, you look as if you expected me to be jealous. Ah, Elva, the foolish stories—please do not believe them. It is false that they are." And she looked quite annoyed.

"You are such a discreet body," Elva replied, her tones an apology. "I am sure your nearest friends cannot tell what is in your heart." And she embraced her as in the old school-girl days.

When Elva told Perry what she required of him, a frown came into his frank, sunburned face. Was it not hard enough to keep away from Marie of himself without having fate thrust her at him at every turn? It would be impolite to offer objection to his hostess's arrangements, however, and so he made the best of a trying situation.

The affair was a very delightful one to most of those present. Colonel Campbell was there, with other red-coated officers from Fort Malden, glad to meet old friends in blue again from the fort above. The recent adventure was of necessity much talked of,

and the way their names were associated was not always pleasing to Perry and Marie. However, Miss Webber directed conversation so well that little embarrassments were quickly forgotten, and in the end Perry congratulated himself on coming through the ordeal so well.

Wine was served, and Perry did not turn down his glass, as Marie noted at once, with a little pang of remorse. She half feared he would go the same lengths as the other men, and it was a great relief when his second glass remained untouched. For her part, the wine was not tasted through the whole meal, though a glass filled with the sparkling beverage stood beside her plate.

Remembering Elva's words, Perry noticed many evidences that Marie was not her old gay self. The witty sallies which before had made her the centre of nearly every group, were no longer let fly from her lips. One could not accuse her of moping, or forming a shadow on an otherwise bright picture. She simply chose to play a less prominent part, and as in society the prominent part is generally played by a butterfly, observant minds were sure to give her greater credit. Perry felt the force of this reasoning when he thought it over alone in his rooms.

The position in which he and Marie found themselves was a strange one. They were meeting each other again, and as by tacit agreement ignoring a passage in their lives which by all the laws of psychics should have proved fatal to further intercourse. Was it right to go on in this way? Either Marie was guilty or she was not guilty of a very heinous offense. If

she was innocent she should long since have demanded an explanation of him. Not having done so was proof of her guilt, despite all Father Richard and Elva Webber might say of her, and he in justice to himself, should let her severely alone. To-morrow he would be off to the woods again, and that would put an end to this useless torture.

Perry had not Many Talk to guide him back into the wilderness now, and must needs hire someone else to convey him. The man whom he secured proved to be an Adventist follower of William Miller, who believed the end of the world at hand. As the seventh day was his Sabbath, he would not continue the journey on Saturday. Happening among a pious community, the strength of long-established custom asserted itself, and Perry remained over Sunday also. Although he had ceased to recognize the day as divinely appointed for rest, his practice was in keeping with his early training, and he gave up the hours to reading a pamphlet he had brought with him entitled, *Evidences of Christianity*, by William Ellery Channing.

On the whole, he did not feel that the two days were lost, impatient as he was to get back and complete his work in the Grand River Valley. Some hours were given up to fruitless argument, it was true, but in the main the time was well employed. Saturday had seen a grand wolf hunt. In this Perry had taken part, "borrowing" the Adventist's gun on a hint from its owner that if he knew nothing of the matter his conscience would not be troubled. A night or two previous some neighboring farmer had had his best

sheep slain by wolves, which, biting their victims in the throat, drank their blood and left the carcasses for the foxes. For miles around the men gathered to exterminate this ruthless enemy of their flocks. The great swamp, recesses of which formed dens for wild creatures of every sort, was surrounded; then signalling one another with tin dinner-horns, the hunters gradually drew in the circuit, shooting the fierce gray beasts as they appeared, driven to bay at every quarter.

It was exciting sport, and many were the stories told at night when the men gathered before the doors of their rude log houses. Perry was an excellent shot, and had to his credit no less than five skins, which he arranged to have properly dressed and cared for in his absence. While listening to these adventures, the housewife, who reminded Perry of his mother, kept industriously at her work; now she removed the candles from their moulds, an extra supply of which had been run that day to light them over Sunday. The most perfect ones were laid aside to be carried to the meeting-house on the morrow, for Elder Hickox was to preach there, on his circuit, both morning and evening, and full length candles would be required to out-last his second sermon.

What news Perry had of the Black Hawk war was imparted to these isolated people, with kindred topics of the day. A number of the young men of the settlement had gone out with the militia, and mothers and sweethearts were anxious for their absent ones. The men reverted to political matters, and all agreed that Michigan was suffering a great injustice in its

belated admission into the Union. Then, as the waning moon rose through the tree trunks, they separated for such rest as comes after a hard day's work.

The air in the loft whither Perry was shown was stifling with the odor of soft soap, which had boiled all day beneath the open window. Rather than suffer the ills of that hot chamber, he took a blanket and went into the forest to sleep as he had on so many nights before. This was not done by descending the ladder which had brought him to the low room under the roof, but by springing stealthily from the window to the ground when all was still below,—lest he cause his patient, mother-faced hostess to regret she could not give him such comforts as regularly fall to the lot of a "city man."

CHAPTER XXX.

ECHOES of a dreadful cholera epidemic reached Perry in the far-off wilderness, but the matter was passed over at first as an exaggerated report.

Six weeks after his last visit to Detroit, he was once more making his way by forest and stream back to the Capital. His work in the Grand River Valley had been completed much earlier than he had anticipated. Although the month was September, the sun shone with the ardor of mid-summer, and the canoe voyagers gladly kept to the shady side of the streams whenever possible. Up the Looking-glass they proceeded, then, after a short portage, struck the Shiawassee; still paddling against the current, they pushed on up this stream and its branches, making portages from time to time, traversing a dozen little lakes, pocket mirrors that some glacial giant had dropped in retreating across the continent, and, with the last watershed placed behind, launched their canoes on a branch of the Clinton, whose waters would carry them through Lake St. Clair to the Straits.

High spirits reigned in the surveyor's little com-

pany. Hard work was over for a time; ahead lay the greeting of old friends, and participation in social gaieties innumerable, as they thought. The joy of strong muscles well exercised, the freedom of primeval conditions, the exhilaration of an all-encompassing virile nature—combined to transform the labor that remained into a fascinating play. Beyond every bend of the silver thread down which they glided lay the charm of discovery. Now it was a bear they chanced upon, and found sport in his droll surprise at their sudden appearance. With meat in plenty, they were content to frighten the lumbering creature with strange shouts and improvised cries of unearthly sorts. Again, in the midst of the wilderness, they happened upon some wayfaring pioneer, stopped by the very river that was a friend to them; and they enjoyed the novelty of his unexpected society, while lingering to give him such aid as he stood in need of.

On another day they met an Indian and his squaw in their canoe, and the two bearing signs of having recently traded in town, were stopped and questioned. When the white voyagers told what they had heard of the cholera the Pottawattamie grunted a corroboration. Mimicking the tolling-bell of Ste. Anne's with a realism that was startling, he added: "Dong-ng—dong-ng—dong-ng—dong-ng, all day; no stop!"

Passing through the village of Pontiac, they stopped just below to pick up the skins—trophies of Perry's wolf hunt on his way out. As Perry and his companions approached along the miserable road that led up from Detroit, they were halted by an armed

sentinel, who refused to allow them to enter the village.

"What's the matter?" demanded Perry. "We're not robbers or cut-throats."

The sentinel laughed cunningly. "I guess y'u know what's the matter all right 'nough. Y'u hain't come along that 'ere road all the way from Detroit, 'thout findin' what's the matter before this. Y'u kin go 'round the town, an' keep on yer way. But y'u can't stop; an' y'u can't go through it, nuther!"

"We're not from Detroit——" began Perry.

"I hain't b'en any nigher Detroit than I be now, in six months," interjected his companion, and as this was stronger than Perry could put it himself, he allowed the statement to go unqualified.

"We're from the Grand River Valley, on our way to Detroit," Perry explained.

"Well, then jest turn 'bout and pick up yer tracks," said the sentinel. "I should say the same to a man if I seen him comin' out'n a well, an' he should tell me 'at he was from the moon an' on his way to Chiny. Y'u can't pull no fur over this 'ere coon's eyes," declared the fellow, with a fine appreciation of his own shrewdness.

"See here," cried Perry, becoming impatient; "all I want is to go to yonder house on the hill, and get some wolf skins that belong to me. Then I'll come away, and you'll not be bothered with us any longer."

"It sounds reasonable; but appearances are all ag'in y'u. A feller said somethin' like that 'ere yest'day. But he stayed, and now we got a case o' cholera in a lean-to down here a piece. No sir; y'u can't come

into this 'ere town for no skins. Howsomever, Mr. Skilling, what lives in that 'ere house, as y'u know if yer tellin' me the truth, 'll be down here after a spell, an' I'll speak to him about them 'ere skins of your'n. Y'u kin jest make yourselves com'table on yender log, if y'u care to wait, so long's the wind's not blowin' anything ketching this 'ere way."

"How long will we have to wait?" inquired Perry.

"Well, 'bout as long's it takes a man to eat a snack, and make tracks from the house to this 'ere place. Then I'll go and eat somethin', an' if there's any skins there for y'u, I'll bring 'em back. I guess y'u kin wait that 'ere long, if y'u want 'em bad."

Perry concluded so, too, and he and his companion retreated to the log, where they made themselves com'table as directed. When at last the skins were brought from the house, the two in waiting were made to retreat still farther along the road, while the bundle was brought and deposited near the log. After the bearer had returned a safe distance, Perry was allowed to advance and get his property. Then the two groups bade each other a rather ironical good afternoon.

The next day, near the mouth of the Clinton River, Perry was hailed from the low bank by a voice, which he recognized as belonging to his friend and tailor, Mr. Steinmann.

"Yo-ho! Mischter Nort'; Mischter Nort'! Vhere avay for you boundt? Nod to dot Teetroit—no, for sure?"

"Steinmann!" cried Perry, scarcely believing his senses. "What are you doing here?"

"Py kosh, I'm geeping away from dot zickness! You not heard of dot zickness, alreaty? Dot gollery! Eferypody in dot town ece dead, alreaty. You gome ashore mit my family, unt ve dake gare mit ourselves. Eef anypody from dot town gome, ve schoot um so gwvick as dot!" He pointed his gun at an imaginary intruder, dropped it, and struck his palms together with a loud report.

"Aren't you afraid I'll give you the cholera, Mr. Steinmann? They wouldn't let me come into their towns back here."

"Ah, yah! dot ece so. Nein, nein! I nod 'fraid mit you. You nod been by dot town, Teetroit, zince dot gollery gome. Ah, yah! Dot de vay dey do by me by dot town of Yipsilanti. I go dot vay first to find a blace for my family. Py kosh! vun man mit a gun say, 'Schtop! schtop!' But dot stage-coach man mit vun eye—vot his name?—Paron le Porgne—he schtop not a leettle bit. An' de man he schoot py kosh vun dose coach horses dead, already! Out on dot Chicago road dey build fences agross de vay, unt purn down deir pridges, dot nopody from Teetroit can gome by deir homes. Ach! mein Gott, eet ece derrible, derrible!" concluded the German, with emphatic shakings of the head.

All of Perry's men, with the exception of the Adventist, cast in their lot with Steinmann. The Millerite had left a wife and child behind when setting out, and was filled with anxiety for their welfare. Though none had special claims on Perry, he was scarcely less anxious to reach the doomed town; and so the two pushed on with all speed,—down the lake close

to the right shore, following the course pursued by the ill-fated Many Talk but a few short weeks before, past the island where Marie had been held a prisoner by the three blacks, and where Perry's Indian guide had met his fate, and so on to their journey's end.

The sun, low and lowering over the town, was full in their eyes when they caught the first glimpse of the plague-infected spot. It seemed to them as if the Capitol were being devoured by flames, such a lurid picture was presented—or was it the Angel of Death hovering over the place with a flaming sword? The atmosphere was sultry and oppressive, as it had been for many days.

Though showers of rain had been frequent, they had failed to bring relief from the unnatural conditions that prevailed; instead, the increased humidity had made the heat well-nigh unbearable. Scarcely a breath of air seemed stirring, and no sail was to be seen, going or coming on the Straits. The naked spars and masts of a few deserted schooners moored at the docks, cut purple lines across the copper-colored sky. Not a sound came over the lifeless waters to greet the two voyagers, as they approached their destination. Even the tolling bell which the Pottawattamie had mimicked with such startling reality, had been ordered discontinued by the authorities, for its awful, solemn notes, recurring hourly, day and night, were more than could be borne by the inhabitants, already stricken with a mortal fear.

It was impossible to escape the depressing effects of the scenes that greeted his eyes when once his feet bore him along the desolate streets, but Perry sum-

moned all his forces to fight against the grim terror, knowing that in this alone lay his salvation. Here and there were horseless carts, abandoned by their owners, many of whom now lay in hastily made graves. All signs of business had long since disappeared from the shops and markets; misery and wretchedness seemed stamped on every line that went to make up the devoted town. Now and then a wail of despair came through some open door or window, and smote on the ears of the new arrivals like the cry of a lost soul. At the street corners great kettles of pitch were burning, the fumes of which were believed to purify the atmosphere by driving out the miasm that caused the deadly contagion. Deep, red flames were given forth, with columns of inky smoke which rose and spread like a pall over the stricken community.

Young Doctor Houghton was the first person whom Perry met.

"My God! do you know what you have come to?" asked the sturdy little man as he wiped his pale, careworn brow.

"I hope I have come to help," answered Perry, with great feeling. "Who are sick, and who have died?" he questioned—yet dreaded to hear the answer.

An expression of hope came into the tired face of the over-worked physician as he gazed into the fresh, strong countenance before him. In a few graphic words he told the story of the last six weeks—how the soldiers returning from the Black Hawk war had brought the cholera with them. A dozen of the prominent dead were named in quick succession; and his

listener breathed a sigh of relief when none of his particular friends were enumerated, though he had known and associated with all who were mentioned. There were strong, manly fellows from the Bradies, merchants and mechanics of the town, matrons and belles whom he had met at gay social festivities—all had been forever removed, as he was told, but could hardly realize in that brief moment.

"Mrs. Rolland?" Perry questioned.

"She is doing baking, and feeding the nurses and others immediately employed about the sick. Caring for the orphaned, too—a splendid woman, North, and nobly doing her duty. We have turned the court and jury rooms at the Capitol into hospitals and are caring for the sick there. The old Presbyterian Church has been converted into a hospital also, under the care of the Sisters of Ste. Claire."

"Miss Webber?"

"Has that happened, too, since you went away? She is married and gone! Campbell was first called to Halifax, suddenly, I believe; and they are now on their way to England."

At a less trying time these words would have elicited their full meed of surprise. But now they passed with only a moment's narrowing of the eyelids.

"The Beaucœurs?" next questioned Perry.

"They left the city as soon as the scourge broke out, and are with relatives up the St. Clair—all but Marie. Marie is caring for the suffering at the Catholic Hospital; one of God's good angels! as sure as there is a sky above us."

"What can I do to help?"

"Come with me to the Capitol, and I'll set you to work," returned the physician, leading the way at once.

From that moment North was introduced to such scenes as he had never witnessed before, nor has he seen their like since. All night he watched over delirious, plague-stricken patients; saw them writhe in awful spasms; administered the small comforts which an imperfect science afforded; beheld the approach of fatal weakness and final collapse after most terrible suffering. At the early dawn French carts were marshalled to carry away the dead of the night before, sixteen in all; and an unbroken column was formed stretching away to the old cemetery, a fearful line of festering corpses. One-half of the inhabitants had fled during that first week of the cholera; and three hundred newly made graves marked the resting-places of an appalling per cent of those who remained.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ANOTHER stifling day followed, and it was noon before Perry was relieved and could take a few minutes' rest. He hurried to his rooms at Mrs. Rolland's that he might be as far from the horrible scene of suffering as possible. He had promised to return at dark and resume his duties.

Perry found Mrs. Rolland feeding a tableful of children made orphans by the terrible scourge.

"Aye, Meester North! They telt me ye war coome back. I dinna think it would be lang afore I see ye. The bairns will make room for ye; and I hae enough for a'. Ah! is it nae a waeful sight—a waeful veesatation of Providence? How long, O Lord, how long? But ye maun sit a bit for a bite, an' then awa' to yer room. I hae redd it oop against yer coming. Ye hae heard I hae lost my Elva?" she questioned suddenly, and for a time they talked of her and the change that had come into her life.

The sight of the children did Perry good. They were too young to realize their loss, and here under Mrs. Rolland were well cared for. Perry found their conversation most startling at times, as they chanced

to speak of details connected with their loss; for reference was always made in the plainest, baldest terms; and frequently they ran to the windows, interested in sights which their elders turned from with awe and shudders.

For three days the whole of Perry's time was divided between this house, where he snatched a few hours' rest, and the Capitol where, under the supervision of Doctor Houghton, he administered to the sick. The one passion of his life caused him often to think of Marie Beaucœur, and wonder how she was enduring the strain which these trying days put upon all. At last the desire for positive information became so strong that he turned his steps toward the old Presbyterian Church, instead of going to his rooms for the rest which he was supposed to seek while off duty.

He had not been in the edifice since those first days under the Reverend Montieth. The exterior remained the same, but changes had been made within to fit it for its new use. A few Sisters in the quaint garb of the order of Ste. Claire moved hither and thither, assisted by daughters of some of the leading French families. Otherwise, the scene was like the one from which he had just come.

To his surprise and alarm, none had seen or heard aught of Marie for thirty-six hours. All that he could learn was that she had left at an appointed time to go to her home for rest. The hour for her return had passed twice without her re-appearance; and so pressed were all with immediate duties, none could be spared to look her up. This was a task Perry undertook

without a moment's hesitation, urged on by many forebodings.

The way led him by the humble home of Father Richard, and acting on an impulse, he turned his steps toward the Priest's door. He had not seen this friend since returning to the city, though he had heard marvellous accounts of the faithful man of God working unceasingly for the relief of the cholera-stricken sufferers. No one answered Perry's summons with the knocker, and trying the door, he found it unfastened, and entered. The place was not strange to him, so he readily made his way to an inner room, where he discovered the Priest, smitten with the dread disease, and there, caring for him, was Marie!

"Ah, my son, thou hast come at last!" cried Father Richard, in French, as he beheld Perry standing over him. "I have longed to see thee once more. I have fought against this malady, but it has claimed me at last. It is hard to be helpless when so many need my services. Dost thou bring news, my son? How are the sick?"

"It is reported, Father, that the scourge is abating. The dead numbered but ten this morning; and Doctor Houghton told me there were fewer new cases than since the first week of the epidemic. I did not know thou wert ill, or I should have come sooner. I shall remain now till thou art recovered," said Perry, with hope that was contagious.

"Thou hast been doing thy duty elsewhere, my son?" questioned the Priest, with the confidence of an affirmative answer.

"At the Capitol, Father. But they do not need my services, now that the cases are fewer."

"Kneel and receive my blessing," the Priest commanded, and Perry knelt by the side of his couch, while the emaciated hands were feebly extended and placed upon his head.

When Perry rose, he turned to Marie. "You are worn out with watching," he said. "I will take your place here. Go and get some rest." As he spoke, he moved toward her, and they clasped each other's hand a moment. There was not the freedom from self-consciousness that marked Perry's meeting with others; nevertheless, their greeting promised that further intercourse would be free from constraint.

Save the pallor in Marie's face, she was looking as well as Perry had ever seen her. The red lips and dark hair and eyes were accentuated by the lack of color in her countenance, while a certain poise gave promise of character rarely found in company with so much beauty and loveliness. "I am glad you have come," was all Marie said; and then she followed Perry's bidding, and sought rest.

During the day Perry had calls from the Doctor and the acolyte who assisted the good Priest in his offices, but who, in the illness of his superior, was kept busy elsewhere. From these Perry again heard the story of Father Richard's work. In the midst of the awful epidemic he had continued his labors day and night, administering the sweet consolation of his religion to the members of his flock. Afflicted himself with every symptom of the dread disease for many weeks, and most of the time greatly debilitated,

he had not ceased to discharge the duties of his sacred office with his accustomed zeal, till completely overpowered.

Perry had become acquainted with the progress of the disease, so it was no surprise—but none the less a great shock—when the physician told him the Priest could not recover.

It was in the still watches of the night that Marie returned to the sick chamber to resume her duties. Perry, believing the end not far off, would not leave her alone, though he had not slept for twenty-four hours, nor tasted food for half that time. The good Priest knew he could not live. He had received the last solemn rites of his church, so far as his assistant could administer them, and despatched the acolyte to others who had not the power of self-consolation that he possessed. To the end he was mindful of his parishioners whom, for a third of a century, he had baptized, married, and absolved; these must miss him sorely in their last hours.

Silently the tears came to Marie's eyes as she knelt at the feet of her dying confessor. With her, as with Perry, in no case had the fell destroyer struck so close home as now. Two short years ago Perry had distrusted this man above all others. What a radical change had come over his feelings! As for Marie, through her whole life the stricken man had filled a place in some respects exceeding that of a natural parent.

"Where art thou, my children?" called the Priest in quavering voice. For though a single wax taper burned in the room, death had already so dimmed his

eyes that he could not see. "Come close that I may bless thee both once more," he bade. And taking a hand of each in his own, he joined them, and then placed his trembling palms upon their bowed heads. The act was something which neither ever forgot. The words that the Priest uttered were hardly audible, and none heard them save the One to whom they were addressed. Marie's sobs, though subdued by the intense nature from which they sprung, nevertheless made her deaf to every sound; and Perry could scarcely be conscious of aught else.

Presently the hands of the Priest slipped from their resting place, and the two kneeling figures thought the holy father was at rest. But after a time he revived. Perry administered some stimulant, and new hope came to all.

"My son," spoke the Priest, with his renewed strength, "I have loved thee in a peculiar manner. Thou hast an insight into things that I have found in few. But thou shouldst have the aid of Mother Church to keep thee true to the faith. I had hoped to lead thee to that safe anchorage ere I died. Ah! could I but receive the last rites of our Holy Church from thy hand! But I leave it all with the good God. He will not let my work be in vain. I trust in Him. I believe in thee—the goodness of thy heart. My daughter—thy sister—comfort her."

There was silence for a time, save the sobbing of those soon to be bereft. The Priest's hands once more found their way to the young man's head, where they crossed themselves. "Ah—that with these hands —I could install thee—with holy orders!" A moment

later a smile broke over his face, as if the heart's wish had been granted. Feeble, but exultant, his voice gave forth its last words: " 'Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant according to Thy Word, in peace.' "

So died Father Gabriel Richard, missionary and Priest of the Catholic Church, friend and counsellor of his Protestant neighbors—trusted, admired, and beloved of all.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEWS of the death of the faithful old Priest spread through the city with the sense and rapidity of pain along a lacerated nerve. Consternation and sorrow followed in its wake everywhere. Distracted before, now might his people despair. But more than they were to suffer; his taking off was a public calamity; his place could not be filled. Though his immortal spirit had ascended to the God who gave it, the influence of his wise counsels, his loving devotion and Christian example, remained to persuade his survivors into nobler living, the effect of which promises to endure through all ages.

The day of the funeral came. His remains, dressed in the robes of his sacred order, lay in state in the church which he had built, his head toward the altar, and the face exposed to the view of his sorrowing congregation. From early morning till dark of night a multitude came from all quarters, despite the terror of the dread disease; and the sanctuary was filled with the homage of a vast concourse, who reverently took their last look upon the face of their friend and

Father. By chance there was in the city another Priest on that day, come to procure prayer and hymn books which he had had printed in the Ottawa tongue —Father Baraga, a name scarcely second to Father Richard's in the annals of the Wolverine State; and he fittingly led in those last sad rites.

Beneath the very spot where the bier stood surrounded by the funeral candles, in time the sacred dust found its last resting place. There, to this day, the curious and the reverent may be directed, and there they may hear again from the lips of an acolyte in voice correctly hushed, as befits his honored subject, the story, in brief, of the life and labors of that holy man of God.

Among all those gathered to do him reverence, the two who had passed the last hours at his bedside were not to be found. A strange thing had happened. In that lone chamber, while the shock of death was still on Perry and Marie, the door had opened behind them, and a lad, exhausted and out of breath, tottered into the room. The haunted look of a mortal terror was on his face, but this quickly gave place to a momentary glad light, as his eyes fell on the bowed figure of mademoiselle.

"Ah, Marie, ma sœur, chérie!" escaped from his lips, as François fell unconscious by the side of his sister, whom he had sought long and wearily.

With an exclamation of surprise and pain, Marie sprang from the dead to care for the living.

"François, chéri! what does this mean?" she murmured, bending over her brother. "Ah, Mère de Dieu!

he has the malady!" she cried, her soul wrung with new anguish.

"Take me home, ma sœur," pleaded the boy, piteously, as he revived. "Take me to the dear old home! I have come far to see it—and thee. Ah, I am so sick! But take me home, ma chère sœur. Take me to the home!"

"I will carry him," said Perry, coming to Marie's side. "We are not needed here longer. We can stop on our way and tell Rena Poulier. Others will come quickly to take our place. Come, let us go."

Perry took the lad in his strong arms, soothing him with gentle assurances as they moved along. Marie followed, carrying such medicines as Perry directed her to bring from those the Doctor had left for Father Richard. They covered the silent form with a sheet before slipping out into the steel-blue light of early morning—a touching group which the skeleton of a waning moon looked down on from its low perch in the eastern sky. The air was filled with the resinous smell of burning pitch, lowering flames of which rose feebly from a dozen street corners, where stood kettles now long unreplenished. This was the quietest hour in all the twenty-four—claimed by Death as peculiarly his own. Then those who could sleep were deep in the slumber of exhaustion; while watchers were hushed by the solemn presence of that sombre, silent, awful visitor, who, heedless of the dumb agony of heart-broken friends, stalked relentlessly through their midst, claiming such as pleased his cold fancy.

The journey to the Beaucœur home drew upon Perry's already over-taxed strength to the verge of

endurance. But by sheer force of will he fought off exhaustion till he had reached their destination, and had administered to the lad such treatment as the first stages of the disease demanded. Then, after a deep draught of milk, he sought rest on the couch in that upper room where once he had been held a prisoner; content to leave their new patient for a time in charge of Marie, knowing that later his renewed strength would prove of vital need in the struggle which they were entering upon. Scarcely had he stretched his weary limbs along the hard pallet than consciousness was swallowed up in oblivion, and six hours of refreshing slumber were vouchsafed him before he was called upon to act again.

It was about mid-day when Perry re-entered the room where they had laid François. He found the boy's condition somewhat improved. He, too, had had some restful sleep after the poultices which Perry had bound upon him; and now he was telling Marie what had brought him back to the distracted city.

"Ah, it is an ugly place up there," he was saying in his native tongue. "I could not bear it longer. I must die somewhere. If I remained there the home-sickness would kill me. And then I think if I come back here maybe I shall not take the cholera. And thou wast here, Marie, chérie. Ah, it was so dreadful without thee! And I had not mon pony! Thou hast not told me how Adrien is. Do horses ever have the plague? And may I go to the barn soon to see Adrien?"

"Adrien is well," replied Marie, caressing him tenderly. "As soon as thou art strong enough thou mayst

go and see him. Benoit is caring for the ponies. I must not let thee talk so much. Thou wilt make thyself worse. Ah, mon cher frère, I do wish thou hadst remained with our father and mother. If thou wast not so ill I think I should scold thee much for running away from them. They will think thou art lost in the forest——"

"Ah, so I was, Marie," exclaimed François. "It is many days—I think so many as four," reflectively. "It is one day—yesterday that I came? Two days then I was lost in the forest! Ah, and there were wild beasts —I heard le loup garou!" Then at sight of Perry he rose partially from his couch. "Now it all comes back to me!" he cried, excitedly, and in English added: "Monsieur North—it is him zat have found me and brought me here; is it not so? Firs' I think it is one dream. But no—it is true, is it not?"

"Be quiet, mon frère. Do not excite thyself. Indeed it is true. Monsieur brought thee here in his arms last night. It was no dream. Now lie down and go to sleep again," his sister begged in alarm.

"I will watch by thee, François," said Perry, in French, coming to his side and forcing him gently back into the bed. "We will send Marie away for rest, and I will tell thee of Adrien. I have been to the stables not five minutes ago. Shall we do this? Shall we send the sister away?" And as François smiled assent, Perry made a play of driving Marie from the room.

"Ah, monsieur has learned to spe'k ze French better zan I can spe'k ze Anglish," said the lad, with

pretty despair. "And it is but one short time monsieur has mak' ze effort. But with me it is ver' long."

"It is your kindness that does not find errors in my French," replied Perry, returning to the chair from which he had just driven the boy's sister. "I tell thee truly, François, thou hast greatly improved in thy English. And now if thou wilt be obedient and remain quiet, thou wilt soon be well again. Let me tell thee of Adrien."

"Mon cher pony," murmured François, and continuing in French—"I will hear of him. And when you go to the stables again, put your arms around his neck and tell him that François loves him. If monsieur will do this, when I am well I will turn his lathe all one day for him—and ask no other pay."

"I will do it, mon petit ami," said Perry, moved by the lad's devotion.

"Adrien now," prompted François, lest the story be forgotten.

Then Perry told the incident, with something soothing and restful in the very tones of his low, musical voice. He entered into details that brought back to the homesick lad the innumerable objects about the place, which were so dear to his heart, and which he was too ill to visit then. The pear trees bore but little fruit that year, and the most of that little was badly spotted with some blight. However, Benoit had found one pear that was a marvel among its fellows; and he had stowed it away in his coat pocket, thinking to give it to his sweetheart, Rosette Bardesene, who worked in his master's kitchen. But while he was raking out the stables, Adrien smelled the fruit,

and discovered its location in Benoit's pocket. Before the busy groom knew what the mischievous pony was about, the pear had been removed from its hiding-place and bitten. The story was told in a way to make Adrien the hero, and Benoit's disappointment very amusing. François listened, with complete forgetfulness of disease and pain.

"Now, mon brave garçon, is it not time for some breakfast?" questioned Perry, when he had finished the recital. "Wilt thou eat with me? Rosette has made a gruel for us, and I will order it served here at once." And so he led the lad from his fears, and imparted to his weakened body the strength needed to combat disease.

For two days François continued to improve, and there was every reason to believe he would speedily recover. But on the third day a most deplorable circumstance intervened. Benoit Leposeur begged to see his little friend, and was permitted to come into the sick-room for a time. Benoit had had the cholera once, and believed himself immune from a second attack. In the course of his stay, he sat on the head of François's cot, and the lad twitted him of stupidity in letting Adrien get the pear from his pocket. Benoit marvelled that his little friend knew of the matter; he had not been aware of Perry's presence in the stables when he cursed Adrien, and declared the use he proposed to make of the pear. His eyes grew large, his face long, while he shook his head, murmuring darkly of witchcraft, le diable, and other uncanny things. It pleased the lad to puzzle one older than himself, and he prolonged the visit to the limits of his sister's indulgence.

François's senses, scarcely less acute than his pony's, discovered that another pear reposed in the groom's pocket, presumably for no less a purpose than the first. To play a second trick on the thick-witted fellow became the boy's delight; and removing the pear from its lodging place, François hid it under his pillow, intending to tease his victim after a moment. Benoit, however, was called from the room before the lad saw fit to complete his joke.

Alone, François drew the ripe, yellow beauty from under his pillow, and feasted his eyes on its marvellous size and perfect shape. Then he put the pear to his nose and inhaled its delicious fragrance. He had eaten many green pears at his uncle's, earlier in the season, but none so perfectly ripened as this. Since his improvement he had begged for just one of the beauties which he knew were going to waste on the ground outside; but his nurses had been rigid in maintaining a safe diet, and thus far had denied him everything save gruel and broth.

François argued the question with himself; he knew he was well enough to eat what he liked; and altogether the temptation proved greater than he could bear. The forbidden fruit was eaten to the very core; never so much as one seed being left to tell the fateful story. In an hour the alarming symptoms returned, and from that moment the little sufferer grew steadily worse. Hot applications were resorted to again, and the most powerful remedies the Doctor had were administered. But at midnight François was suffering from awful spasms, and all but Marie had despaired of his life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TO the very last his sister worked with untiring devotion. Between the spasms there were moments of relaxation when François called weakly, piteously for relief. Once he seemed quite at ease, and then he made a strange request.

"Marie, ma chère sœur—the story of the disobedient children, tell it me, wilt thou not?" he begged with short breath, feebly tossing his head.

With trembling voice, Marie repeated the legend, a favorite with her brother.

"Do not be alarmed, Marie, chérie. Do not cry, ma sœur," said François, when she had finished. "I am going there. I have seen le Nain Rouge, and I am to be imprisoned in the sky. But tell Louis and he will come for me. Louis is such a perfect shot with the arrow. I do not fear. I have thrown apples in the air, and he has pierced them every one."

"Mon mignon, mon chéri, do not break my heart," entreated his sister. "See, I will sprinkle thee with holy water, and le Nain Rouge will not dare come."

But the dying lad shook his head. "Père Richard is he not dead? I think the holy water will not be of

use now. No, no; le Nain Rouge but laughs! I am not afraid. Louis will find the spirit of the aspen-tree, and he will guide him to the cloud-land. Louis will never tire of shooting with the arrows till he has found me and released me. Ah, there will be much lightning and many golden rents in the sky, and Louis will see through, and at last find where I am kept a prisoner. Then he will shoot straight, and I will escape through the door, which he will open. Do not cry, ma chère sœur; I do not fear."

In the dim light of the single candle, the lad's drawn features and sunken eyes were startling amid the white linen of his little bed. Restraining the sob which burned in her throat, Marie escaped from her brother's side one moment, and flew to Perry. She had not far to go, for he stood just without the room, where he had heard all that passed between them. In dumb agony he had suffered no less for her than she was suffering herself.

"Mon Dieu! I cannot let him die unshriven," she moaned, wringing her hands. "Ah, monsieur, you must find the Priest that came from the north—Father Baraga, is it not he? Ah, mon mignon, the Saints help thee; François, chéri, mon mignon! Ah, Mère de Dieu! the Priest will monsieur find him? Will monsieur do it for his petit ami, mon cher frère—oh! will monsieur do it?"

"I will do anything you say, Marie," replied Perry, his strong voice giving way under emotion. "God knows I wish it was more I could do," he added, with complete forgetfulness of self. "But I will find Father Baraga—if he be in town!"

Away he hurried on his vain search through the night, driven as one distracted. Death was coming again to strike very near home. Life—what a mystery it was! A few short years of consciousness separating two eternities of nothing. Father Richard —life, reason, love; was not, is, and is not! And now his young friend was soon to complete the same transitions. Lacking words to comfort the grief-stricken sister, Perry groaned aloud as he chased through the hushed streets, coming now suddenly out of fathomless blackness into the weird light of flaming pitch, vanishing again to reappear presently with lurid countenance; knocking at a door here, making inquiries there; burdened with sorrow, helpless, and well nigh despairing.

After a two hours' search for the Priest, he learned that Father Baraga was positively out of the question, having the night before gone several miles down the river where duty called no less than in the city. Even the acolyte who served with Father Richard could not be had; for cholera had claimed him, too, at last. Father Baraga might return some time during the day: this was the only hope Perry could carry back to Marie. In the meantime the wan hours of dawn had come, bringing the lad to the last stages of collapse.

"Ah, mon Dieu! is there not pity?" moaned the agonized sister. "Monsieur—you—you are good! He said so! He would have made you a Priest—Père Richard would! His hands blessed thee—ah! I can believe they did make thee a Priest! There is no one else—*you must be!*" It was the cry of despair,

with a last ray of hope. "I will tell you the words—I know them by heart. And you must say them after me. I will fetch the holy water. Père Richard blessed it—and his hands blessed monsieur. I saw them on your head, and I heard him say the words. And he did beg to receive the last rites of our Holy Church from monsieur's hands—thy hands, Père North!—shall I not say it? And thou wilt not deny me! For François's sake thou wilt do this. Ah, I have Père Richard's vestments in the house! He did give them to me to mend the place burned by a coal from the censer. And thou wilt put them on, and with that and the blessing from his hands, and the goodness of thy heart, thou shalt indeed be a Priest, Père North."

Deny her was not in Perry's power;—nor did the action seem mockery to him then. He did not pause to question or analyze his motives. It was enough that the thing gave Marie comfort—that she wished him to do it; and he never once faltered, but went through the part, putting his very soul in every word and act; for somehow it gave him comfort also. How many, many times in their nightly discussions had he listened to Father Richard intone these solemn, rhythmic, moving words! Prompting was unnecessary, for a lasting impression had been made on Perry's mind.

This was not the only time he had lent himself to Marie's bidding. But how far had he come! Had it been told the Puritan stranger at their meeting on the river bank long ago, when first he yielded to her girlish whims, that the time would come when she would command and he in all seriousness enact the

rôle of a Romish Priest, he would have replied: "Then may she order the end of the world!" And the fiat duly sent forth, he would have expected directly to witness the crack of doom.

While Perry was pursuing that ineffectual quest for Father Baraga, François had passed into a stupor, and from this he never aroused. The rites enacted now under Marie's dictation were performed over the lad's unconscious body. Nor did the work of this vicar-priest end there. When the little funeral cortege foilowed the remains to the cemetery on the river bank, it was accompanied by a figure in vestments, marvellously like Father Richard. The wonder and amazement of Benoit Leposeur, Rosette Bardesene, and the two or three others with Marie, amounted to little less than fear. None doubted it was a supernatural appearance. Perry's intonations, strikingly like the dead Priest's own voice, coming from the depths of the sable cowl, but heightened the illusion. He had never listened to the ceremony from other lips than Father Richard's. Was it so very strange that he should repeat them now as he had heard them?

If Marie had had a single misgiving at first, it was dissipated as the burial rites moved off without further incentive than an appealing look from her. Long over-worked, this last crushing blow had made her mind keenly susceptible to impressions, and she was only less deceived than those about her. Though there were scores in the cemetery who yearned for the consolation of a Priest, none dared approach the black gowned figure, come from the grave as they believed, to perform a sacred duty for the family he had long

loved and held most intimately. But as the little group emerged from the sacred burial place, many near whom they passed, knelt, crossed themselves, and breathed a prayer to the Saints that their eyes had beheld this thing, and that they yet lived.

Marvellous were the tales told of that morning, when tranquillity was once more come to the town. To these Benoit Leposeur and his good wife, Rosette, added, in the years that followed, their account of a miracle which the holy Father Richard later worked before their very eyes. With many realistic details their listeners were told how the good Priest had bade Marie go up the lake to her uncle's, where her father and mother then were, for the rest which she so much needed; how he had commanded them to accompany her also, and promised that they should find a brig at Barthelet's wharf manned and ready to sail; and how, acting on his word, never doubting, they had found it all even as he said. It was a phantom affair —the brig and those who manned it; and after landing them at Isadore Navarre's place, disappeared, no doubt as Father Richard himself disappeared—in a cloud of smoke that rose from the chimney-pot, leading to the room into which they had seen him enter. For none had ever looked upon him or that mysterious bark again.

There was one who, the Leposeurs declared, might corroborate their words, if he would but open his mouth. He had been much at the Beaucœur place during François's illness, and they had found him again at the wharf when they had embarked, come to

bid them adieu and bon voyage. It was their belief that he, too, had seen Father Richard, and that the good Priest had put a seal on his lips. "Zees mon ees none other," Benoit is wont to declare, "zan ze Honorable Perry Nort'—ze ver' one zat now ees——"

But the reader must wait for that, the historian cannot spoil his narrative to make good Benoit's.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DETROIT was slow in recovering from the ravages of that fearful pestilence, and the year that followed brought many changes to Perry.

During the summer the serious illness of his mother called him back to New England. It was the first time he had been home since leaving it for the West. Prosperity had enabled him to surround the dear ones with many comforts, and this was the source of greatest joy; but it cut to his heart like a jagged knife when he remembered his infidelity—as his mother surely would have called it; the secret which he must keep to himself. Never would his ears lose the sound of her quavering treble voice as it used to mount daily from their kneeling triangle to the Throne of Grace. It came to him a hundred times during that last tedious journey, and after those words—"We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, that we may come to Thee direct, without the intervention of Romish priests," he experienced a terrible nightmare in which he saw himself in gown and cowl, sprinkling holy water, lifting high the crucifix, and repeating formal prayers for the dead!

The day following Perry's arrival his mother died. Again he felt those unanswerable questions revived, and because of the inability of the mind to accept the longings of the heart, the battle of faith was re-fought. Like some shipwrecked mariner, running up and down a desolate promontory, he had strained his eyes aross a dark and shoreless sea. Should he live a thousand years, he must search for something that promised an existence beyond the desert on which he found himself, cast from he knew not whence.

As at the time when he himself lay near death's door, so now peace came only when he yielded to the heart in utter defiance of the mind. Two bits of verse which he had clipped from recent periodicals, were of great comfort to him. One began—

> To him who in the love of Nature, holds
> Communion with her visible forms,——

and the other—

> Lead, kindly light; lead thou me on.

These had become his sole creed and expression of hope.

Perry's return to Detroit was in time to give him part in a conference between leaders of the two parties, held with a view to calling a state convention to accept what Congress now offered—the land north of Lake Michigan in lieu of the strip claimed by Ohio.

"Consistency is a jewel—but jewels may become a sign of vanity," declared Congressman Lyon, as the argument waxed warm. "A man is a fool to bite off

his nose to prove his consistency. Here we may have many times the amount of land, and get into the Union in season to share in the division of the surplus. Nearly half a million dollars will come to us——"

"And for that you wish us to sell ourselves!" exclaimed Woodbridge angrily.

"No such thing," retorted Lyon. "I want you to take a commonsense view of the matter. We can't have the Toledo strip any way. Congress will never give it to us. By refusing to take what we may have, we but remain out of the Union. If you Whigs would listen to reason——"

"We listened to reason and right," interrupted Perry warmly, "and went to Toledo time and again, with muskets on our shoulders, and you Democrats have the glory of it. And now you want us to follow you again so you may step into good, fat offices——"

"Perry, that speech is unworthy of you," said Lyon, with injured dignity. "Only the wound you suffered there can win my forgiveness. I have striven early and late at Washington for the best interests of Michigan; and now my friends have hard names for me. Some even call me a traitor. Cannot you see, gentlemen, that it is the part of a wise man to make the best of a situation?" And at once he forgot his personal injuries in arguing for the good of his Commonwealth. "I know this region that is offered us seems barren, but I believe the future will prove it to be worth many times the little patch of ground coveted by Ohio. I have been through this northern peninsula, and know it well. And, my friends, Cass

and Schoolcraft, will bear me out in what I say. Besides all that, notice the magnificent appearance it gives us at once on the map! No State in the Union has such distinction!"

The young Governor's watch snapped as he closed it.

"I reckon such meetings as these can be fruitful of nothing but duels on the Canada shore," he spoke up with great impatience. "For my part, I prefer to dance attendance on the ladies to bandying words here. Gentlemen, have you forgotten the ball at the American? Senator, do you attend? It is time we were there."

Lyon would have prolonged the conference, but the Whigs rose and filed out of the room.

"Aren't you going to the ball, North?" asked Hadley, as they tramped down the dark hallway. "The first in a year—everybody will be there. A promenade with some fair creature that I wot of—a smile from her cherry lips and a glance from her black eyes—'twill sweeten this disposition of thine right merrily."

"Of whom do you speak?" demanded Perry, inclined to be angry.

"Not of Miss Beaucœur, I do assure you," the Major replied with mockery. "I fancy the Governor will monopolize her this evening. 'Tis too bad we can't all be Governors and ride a-cock-horse! But you are going? The first since the cholera; surely you'll not miss it!"

Perry had flung his invitation aside carelessly when received, but now of a sudden he thought favorably of attending. He had not seen Marie in several weeks.

Out of sorts with others, he was in a mood to yield himself this gratification.

At the scene of the festivities, Hadley was the first to greet him. "Ah, you took my advice," he said. The remark was unfortunate, as Perry wished to think he was acting quite independent. "Come and have some apple-toddy. It never was finer. Yes, they are at it—dancing in there—Mason and Marie Beaucœur! I overheard Lyon ask for a number, and mademoiselle replied: 'Ah, nearly too late, Mr. Senator. I have only one left.' Of course I couldn't have any then. But I'll swear Mason has his name on her card for a dozen. And I'll wager two to one—candles or currency—that you don't get a promenade with her."

It was too bad that Perry could not know the Major had said much the same to a dozen others that evening. More than half in love with the French beauty himself, it was natural that Hadley should imagine all other men in a similar position,—in which, after all, he was scarcely at fault.

Struggling not to feel resentment, Perry yielded to the invitation, and drank more toddy than he was aware of. He was tempted to substitute for Hadley's wager another—that he would not ask mademoiselle to promenade, when he and the Major came face to face with Marie and Senator Lyon as they were leaving the ball room.

"Ah, Mr. North! I am very glad to see you," exclaimed Marie, with more sincerity than usually accompanies words of conventionality. "It is rare that one sees you now-a-days. You were down East at your home, I know, early in the summer. I was in

hopes you would call and tell me about your trip. Do you know—I think you neglect your friends."

Marie had improved with time, even where perfection seemed already attained. The girlish lines in her figure had become womanly, and her face had added to its natural beauty the stamp of character. Sympathy and understanding radiated from her large, lustrous eyes, and sweet, mobile mouth. Such suffering as had come had not rubbed the bloom off, nor taken aught from the remarkable richness of color that was hers by inheritance.

"I am sorry if I displease you," answered Perry, stooping to pick up the card which she had dropped, bearing the record of her dancing engagements. Before returning it, he saw that every number was filled. "If I danced, there would be no opportunity for me here," he commented, with some disappointment. "And I came hoping for one promenade."

"If you knew how I had set my heart on a dance with you, Miss Beaucœur," said Hadley, at the same time, "you would not deny me, and give two to another."

Before either finished, Marie began a reply to Perry: "There is one that is cancelled. Doctor Houghton, he has been called away—Ah, now you make me choose between you!" she exclaimed, comprehending the Major's words. "I cannot do that!" she added, with polite perplexity.

"Indeed, mademoiselle cannot," interjected Lyon. "You must give the dance to me."

"No, no! The gentlemen must draw lots," declared

Marie, as with a happy solution. "Senator, have you not two bits of paper?"

"The dance must come to me!" protested Hadley. "Mr. North has conscientious scruples against gambling!"

Marie's face became suddenly grave. "Oh! I beg ——" she began, and looked as if an irreparable blunder had been committed.

"Mr. Hadley will speak for himself! If Miss Beaucœur will proceed, I will abide by my fate," declared Perry, with greater seriousness than the situation really demanded.

When the Senator had supplied the bits of paper, Marie continued: "I will hold them. The one who gets the longer may fill Doctor Houghton's number as he likes." She turned her back, while arranging the cuts; and to Perry was given the choice when she faced about. The two ends seemed just alike. But when Perry would have drawn one, it would not slip from Marie's fingers. Meeting her eyes, he read something that directed him to draw the other. This he did—and won.

"Ah, fate is against you, Major Hadley," said Marie, sweetly; and then to Perry: "There are two numbers first, Mr. North. I shall leave you to find me." And she allowed Lyon to lead her away.

"She would not choose between us!" repeated Hadley, with bitter sarcasm. "But she did, all the same; I saw her direct you which to draw!" Perry protested, but the Major continued: "Don't give me any such stuff! I saw it. And what did she say about calling? I don't think I'd have to be urged. Egad!

I believe she is partial to you. I have never forgotten how she included you in the play we gave once. Heavens! what chances you have had and thrown away. Wounded at Toledo and nursed by her! Saved her from the niggers, and a thing worse than death! During the cholera—and the devil knows how much besides!"

Indeed, Perry felt something like rich wine flowing through his veins, and it was not all due to the toddy he had drunk. He knew Marie's suitors often complained that she slighted them. Not since that fatal night at the Justice's had she showed him other than the most sincere and kindly consideration. It is true he had not asked much of her; indeed, he had rarely sought her society; but whenever they met, their intercourse had been marked by something that seemed to set their friendship apart from others. There was now never any of the pretty trifling, as when he first knew her. Sometimes he rather missed this. He would like to be played with, if he could know there was sincerity back of it all.

Hadley's last words had restored Perry's self-complacency, lifting him as far above his normal spirits as before he had been depressed. Then came the moment when he sought out Marie and claimed his engagement.

Though it was late in the autumn, the night was as balmy as one in June. For a quarter of an hour they followed the line which marched up and down the broad board walk that extended on two sides of the hotel. Besides the soft light of many-colored lanterns, a waning moon had risen to add its mellow influence

to the night. Marie directed their conversation to his recent visit home, and spoke with tender sympathy of the death of his mother.

"Ah, I think of such things often," mademoiselle declared, with low, rich accent;—"very often since dear little François died. And it is not always to be sad. Those that have been good here, the good God will make happy elsewhere. Ah, and I love to think they may pass quickly from there to here—that they may be about us any time, though we see them not. Is it not a sweet thought? I have quite my own ideas. Father Richard used to tell me this was wrong. But now I seem to feel him about me at times; and I can even see his face; and instead of being displeased, he even encourages me to go on. Ah, and what Father Montieth said Sunday night! It explained what I have felt: that God has messages which he sends direct to each of his children. Is it not a sweet and holy thing?"

"It is indeed!" was Perry's reply, and he felt conviction then that was rare with him. Her "Father Montieth" recalled his "Mr. Richard," causing him to reflect on the influence of early teaching. Evidently neither Marie nor he had been content with the doctrines taught them, but must needs find something to fit their individual wants. "Surely she is freeing herself from the bondage of Rome!" he thought, with a return of the old Puritan satisfaction.

The time was up, yet she showed no desire to return to the ball-room. She was telling him of the last letter she had had from Elva, who, as the Duchess of Cairngyll, had recently entertained the Princess Vic-

toria at the Duke's Highland Castle. Marie could have no idea of the flight of time, he thought; while she, believing his honesty Quixotic, expected every moment to be told of engagements that she was neglecting. But Perry would have kept her all the evening if he could, and this might have happened had not Mason caught sight of them as they were passing the brilliantly lighted door.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Marie, when told the number that was forming. "Ah, I beg your pardon. The time slips by so quickly when two are talking of old friends." She withdrew her hand from Perry's arm, and slipping it within Mason's, was led away where the lights burned brightly and the air was a-quiver with gay music.

Perry shut his teeth hard. Raised to the highest pitch of delight, now suddenly his spirits were plunged to the other extreme. For the first time in his life he was seized with jealousy that would not be controlled, and all directed against the man who had robbed him of something inestimably precious as he felt, despite all reasoning. Then came Major Hadley, like Mephistopheles, and tempted him to the buffet and more toddy .

"Six dances he has had with her," said Mephisto; "I have kept the count. By gad, if we can't be Governor, if we can't dance with mademoiselle—I say, Perry, if we can't—by gad! we can drink to her health. An' here's a toddy for ever' dance. By gad—six, that's the count. We can drink her health, by gad——"

Perry scarcely heard what the fellow said, for his own emotions occupied his thoughts. Men came and went, and there was coarse laughter and heavy drinking on every side.

"Now le's go back," said Hadley, at length, wiping his lips. "I said I'd keepsh-count, an' by gad! I will. Shix's what I said——'Scuse me! no 'fense meant, by gad." And he righted himself after reeling against a neighbor.

"'Sey're at it 'gain? By gad!—seven, did I say? —makesh—eight—or seven——Whatsh-say? Goin' 'way? By gad 'tshame! Wants-help to keepsh-count. Gettin' mixsh 'lone. 'S-eight, did say?—'sen's 'tnine —by gad, 't's nine!"

Perry heard no more, for he flung himself out of the building. He had caught a glimpse of Marie and Mason whirling about the room together, and the sight was more than he could endure.

The fresh air cooled his heated brow. He would take a canoe and paddle on the river, and so regain his saner self. He tried to argue against the passion that controlled him to-night. The situation was not really different from any time in the last two years. Why should he feel as he did? Was it the toddy he had drunk? He knew he had taken more than was good for him—but not so much as Hadley. Heaven keep him from such a spectacle!

He loosed his canoe, and paddled far out into the stream. His thoughts came like stabs from a jagged blade, making wounds which he must suffer without an anæsthetic. Elva was married and gone abroad.

His mother was dead. Laura was married, and in her own home. He had none. If Mason were to marry Marie—— Perry dropped his paddle, and took his head in his hands, swaying from side to side of the frail bark.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE old yellow house—half trading-store, half dwelling—formed the background of the next scene in that little drama to which night birds alone were spectators. In the foreground two great pear trees stretched gnarled and naked limbs toward the pale moonlight, and cut lines that crossed and re-crossed the dark, steel-blue sky. Beneath the trees two agitated figures confronted each other. One, a woman in ball-room gown, clasped her hands in real distress; the other, a dark-haired man of cavalier mould, awaited an answer to some passionate words that had just escaped him—ill-advised, as he knew the moment they had flown.

"Ah, monsieur, the last time you promised never to speak to me of this again!"

"Promised? I reckon I did! But I knew I should not keep it. Ask a promise of the sun not to shine! Marie, I tell you this is my life—my love for you! They tell me I have won honor and fame—I have heard it whispered that I may rise to the highest positions; and I will, if it will win me your love! Day and night I have thought of you—and with every new

achievement counted it one more ally to win your heart. This battle is harder than a thousand with sword and gun! Why do you tell me my love is hopeless? You say you will never marry any one——"

"No, monsieur. But you make me very sad. I thought you would keep your promise. I thought you would not care for me in this way—long. I have done wrong to dance with you as I have to-night. Ah, the positions—the fame—they—it can make no difference. Once it might—but it is too late——"

"You speak sadly," the Cavalier mused. "Is it truly for me? Do you love another—but you say you will not marry any one! Is it then that old love—the one that was drowned—Baddeau?"

"No, monsieur," she murmured, like a frightened bird. Her regard for this man as a friend chained her to the spot when every other desire was to fly, and so escape from a painful position.

"I reckon—— Then he is already married," he said, deep in the problem. But doubt and jealousy, mingled with anger for one who thus kept happiness from two, swept him off his feet. "Marie, tell me! who is he?" And close in the shadow of the quaint old house, he seized and held her by the arm.

"Monsieur! Let me go! The question it is not honorable. Monsieur! I am surprised——"

"Forgive me, Marie. I forget myself. Gods! But who is the man?" he groaned, turning himself about. "What fortune to come to him—and he may care nothing for it! Heavens! that could not be. Married, he may be fettered worse than I——"

"Hush, monsieur! I have not said——"

"No—not right with words. But, Marie, I am not blind. Heaven forgive me! you have suffered too; and I have thought only of myself! A right fine beast I am! I would pry into your heart—the heart I would give worlds to call mine. God help me to be a man!" he cried, with sudden altered emotion. "I see— I see! It is North! The lucky fool—and he will not marry you because you are a Catholic! Gods, such fanaticism! I'd marry a nigger if I loved her as I love you!"

"Monsieur le gouverneur, you are beside yourself! Mère de Dieu, how I pray it might be different! Not this—not this that you wish—— But just friends. Ah, I think of you much as a friend—as a noble man. Let it be so always. Good night!" She spoke quickly, and then flew to the house. He stretched out a hand to detain her, but she eluded him, and disappeared within the door.

"'A noble man!'" he repeated with scorn, turning away fiercely. "What does it matter if she will not have me? But I shall win her—I shall win her yet!" And, beating the empty night air wildly, he hurled himself down the path toward the river that sparkled under the moon.

One emotion followed another with almost the rapidity of his flying feet. "'A noble man,'" he murmured again, now with a note of sadness. "'Tis easy to be noble when I remember her face. Gods! I reckon I could follow that face to the bottomless pit! But Marie Beaucœur goes not that way. North—the yellow-headed fool! She did not deny it! And to-night she gave him my dance to promenade out

under this moon. Heavens! what riches come to some men! The pious fool keeps away from her because of her religion—he is making her unhappy! I could punch his head—curse him!"

Staggering along the path, Mason came to the great elm overshadowing the water. The moon made a silvery path to his feet. Across the path lay Marie's canoe, moored at the roots of the tree. He was in no mood for sleep. The scene invited him. But before entering the canoe, he took another look at the house that sheltered Marie.

"'Tis but the third refusal," he murmured, grimly making himself the subject of some humor; and then, seriously: "Because most things have come to me easily, can I expect the prize of my life to drop into my arms? I reckon not! 'A noble man. Let it be so always.' Heaven helping me, I will! And I will win her yet!"

Then he paddled away backward, that he might keep in view the house that held his love. Did she sleep? or was she tossed about by the problems of her life? Mason doubted not the latter was the case, and remembering his rival, hissed—"The fool!" and prodded the water with sudden, overpowering rage.

A little way from him "the fool" drifted, tossed with waves which met no resistance from his canoe. Prone in the bottom he lay—now staring at the feebly twinkling stars that stretched above the gunwales—now shutting them out with hands that, clasped over his eyes, tightly clung to an aching head.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE waning moon had risen nearly to the zenith. Had her cold heart been capable of emotion she might have felt pity for the two lovers. One drifted because he had grown weary, struggling against odds. The other labored hard that he might relieve a stress of mind with the fatigue of muscle. Again and again their paths crossed, but always at a safe distance. Why did the moon hide herself at last, making a collision inevitable? and why did she reappear the next instant to reveal the identity of the two so unhappily met?

"Mason! Confound you!—why have you followed me here?" cried Perry in vexation, starting to a sitting posture.

"The Fool!" exclaimed Mason in surprise, as he looked over his shoulder.

"Yes—I was a fool to think the thing could be run away from," Perry returned, lashing himself into a rage. "But you're a greater one to follow me. Take that—confound you!—and know I'm in no mood to be trifled with!" Perry struck Marie's canoe a blow that shattered its side nearly to the water-line, and the Governor barely escaped upsetting.

"Deuce take you! What do you mean, North? Are you drunk?" And in a frame that matched the other's, Mason gave back as good as was sent.

Moved by sudden frenzy, both men allowed free range to their passions. They had lost their heads for the time, but not their skill as canoeists. The current separated them, but with dexterous strokes they faced about and bore down upon each other.

It was an odd naval battle that followed, there, under the yellow light of a dying moon. Now the two canoes rammed each other with all the force that trained muscles could impart. Now they slipped along side by side, and paddles became fierce battle-axes, and blows that were not parried, fell on head and shoulders. Again the current, like a peace-loving third person, intervened, and the combatants were separated—but only for a moment.

Did they seek each other's lives? Certain it is they came together with the fury of wild beasts, and probably with no more thought or intention. In the renewed struggles they lashed the water to a foam, and a line of yellow bubbles floated away with the silent current. Again, the two were completely hidden in a cloud of spray, thrown up by paddles which seemed to work in air and water at the same time. Had there chanced a spectator to the scene, he would have thought a mortal combat was taking place between two unknown giant saurians of the deep. What a story he would have told about town next day! And how the thing would have spread from mouth to mouth, with all the details of snakelike heads, enormous sinister eyes, and mammoth, scaly bodies! For

an excited imagination, under the half-veiled moon, could easily have seen all these.

No words were spoken to give hint of human agency in the fight. Each combatant looked upon the other as continuing the strife, and each was more than eager to meet his assailant half way. Had either been questioned, he would have declared the other began the attack, and that he himself was acting on the defensive. Strong men, they panted with the fierceness of the struggle, trembling with such rage as baffled their very endeavor. Perry madly recalled the times he had been pitted against Mason in one way or another—the play particularly was in his mind; this should not end as that, he vowed, and redoubled his efforts.

It was a strange duel—so Mason thought, even in the excitement of fierce conflict—but such only as his antagonist would fight. More than once they had discussed the ethics of duelling after a meeting of their friends on British soil, where affairs of honor were generally settled. Perry could find some excuse for a thing done in passion, but a cold-blooded affair with pistols was without his principles.

The last time the canoes rammed each other, the prow of Perry's cut through the side of the other near the bow, and, for a space, was firmly held there. Kneeling in their respective barks, neither belligerent was within striking distance of his antagonist: then it was that the fight degenerated into a spraying contest. In a twinkling both parties were wet to the skin with a shower that, in a less heated moment, would have felt like a plunge into Arctic waters. No doubt

it acted in a measure to quench the fires which had kindled their rage. Besides, the desperate effort with paddles presently liberated their locked canoes.

They began circling about a common center, eyeing each other, apparently for a favorable opening. Now that they could think of a thing apart from their immediate wrath, the likelihood that either would take the initiative in renewing the battle was small. Both had been severely punished. Mason's canoe was slowly filling with water.

In estimating his strength, Perry had calculated without the wound received from Gettler. A year had passed, and given him no trouble from that source. But as soon as the excitement of the fight began to abate, he found his heart fluttering strangely. A moment later, his paddle dropped from his hands, and, in a swoon, he fell across the side of his canoe, which at once overturned. Half submerged, the birch-bark floated away, its extremities alone showing above the surface in the pale moonlight. Perry had disappeared beneath the water.

"'A noble man,'" repeated Mason, as one beside himself, and again as a child with a phrase newly learned. Then the thing broke into his consciousness and worked a miracle. The next instant he, too, was in the water. With sturdy strokes, he forced his way toward a form that, limp and seemingly lifeless, had twice risen and sank beneath the waves. The course of the recent combat had been toward the right bank of the river, and fortunately, but a narrow expanse of water intervened now. Skilled as he was in the swimmer's art, it was no easy task for Mason, battered

and bruised, to accomplish even that slight distance with his unconscious burden.

Once on shore, the Governor's dripping form hovered over the other in search of life. As he tore open coat and waistcoat, a step sounded along the river bank. The stooping figure started, at first in alarm, but quickly put his guilty fears from him. The steps had ceased. Anxiously he listened, and presently was rewarded by the sound of movements through deep grass. "Help!" Mason called, in a voice that sounded to his own ears like another's. Was it only the wind that he had heard?

"Help!" he called again, louder.

"Bon Dieu! eet ees monsieur le gouverneur! What ees ze trouble?" And a black figure, parting the reeds, peered at the strange sight before him.

"Tetro—thank God! You must help me. This is Mr. North. I reckon you know him. He fainted in his canoe and fell into the river like he was dead. I have just taken him out of the river. See—I'm wet too. I—we—how far is it to your cabin?"

"No mo'n a step, monsieur le gouverneur. We mak' heet easy."

"But Mammie Chloe—is she with you?"

"Non, non. Don' monsieur recommember—ze demoiselles zey wish Chloe to stay at ze maison zees neeght. But I fetch her eef monsieur say ze——"

"No, no, Tetro! Mr. North and I would rather no one knew of this. Do you understand?"

"Ah, yez, yez, perfaitly," returned the negro, shrugging his shoulders. "I spec's ze toddy was powerfu'

at ze grand ball. Gemmen do mighty strange t'ings! But zees garçon kin keep a secret. Ya! ya!"

Then he took hold with Mason, and they carried Perry through the reeds to higher ground, thence along a path, till presently a rude cabin rose, like a dark gray patch against the lesser gray of the moonlight.

Within, Tetro soon had a candle lighted, revealing a room as neat and tidy as the skilful hands of Chloe could make it. On a bed to one side North stirred with returning consciousness. All the blankets in the house had been thrown over him, and Tetro was replenishing the fire to give further warmth. Mason moved up and down the room with chattering teeth; for, since the wetting, the November night seemed like mid-winter.

When at last the fire burned briskly, Tetro was despatched to the Armory, where both men had changes of clothing. Armed with Perry's keys, the faithful slave did his errand without meeting any who might ask troublesome questions. Later, he proved of invaluable service in dressing hands and heads that were bruised and scratched.

"This night's work was like to play the devil with us both at one time," declared Mason, after numerous explanations, when Perry was once more in possession of his faculties. The two men, dressed in their military uniforms, were extracting comfort from a blazing wood fire. Tetro, in an outer room, was preparing an early breakfast. "If the town had awakened this morning," continued Mason, "to find you at the bottom of the river, and me in this plight"—

nursing his wounds—"with difficulty to explain things; and our canoes as they must inevitably be found——" He shrugged his shoulders, and left his companion to imagine the situation.

"I don't understand why it wasn't so," replied Perry, gloomily, yielding to the old impression that a poetic justice ruled in the natural world,—"unless a kind fate intervened to save you from possible horrible charges. For my part, I've acted the fool all along, and deserve nothing better than a bed at the bottom of the river. I've tried to play the lion before the world, but everyone has seen the long ears through the disguise, and when I've opened my mouth they've heard me bray. I say it's time to quit! Why in the name of Justice, didn't you leave me to drown?"

"Let it go that it was the possible horrible charges," returned the other, with emotions that failed to do him justice. He was pacing up and down from corner to corner, to get the greatest length in the narrow quarters. "I reckon you're needlessly hard on yourself, North," he continued, magnanimous when his rival attacked himself. "I reckon I know how you feel." But he was wondering more at his own promptings—"A noble man," kept running through his head, filling him with impulses both romantic and chivalrous. "I reckon neither of us will deny that he's in love with Marie Beaucœur, and that it was jealousy that made us fight when we met, unexpectedly, out on the river——"

"It was the toddy," asserted Perry, starting up excitedly;—"and by—anything! it sha'n't make a fool of me again. I'll drink nothing but water,—so help

me—God!" The words came at the close like a reverent and humble prayer, though he had started out feeling little faith in anything above himself, and never had he so completely lost faith in himself before.

"Toddy—nothing!" retorted Mason. "A hundred men drank more toddy last night than you;—why didn't they all come out here and sink my canoe, batter me over the head, and get battered? It was Marie Beaucœur;—be a man, North, and own the coin!"

"Well—and what if it was?" demanded Perry, testily.

"She's too good for either of us," answered Mason. "But we can act like white men in the future, I reckon, and not go into a stag-fight over her. Let the best man win her, according to civilized customs, I say, and make her happy the rest of her days."

"That means you, Governor," returned Perry, falling back into the gloom that possessed him. "She couldn't be happy with me. She wouldn't have me——"

"Have you ever asked her?" Mason questioned suddenly, mindful of nothing so much as the repeated rejections he had received.

"N-no," faltered Perry.

"I have three times!" There was cynicism in the accent and curl of his lip, but at the end the tones softened into an unconscious demand for sympathy.

Perry was on the point of resenting the question, when this confession and the accompanying feeling completely turned his choler. Marie had refused him

—the Governor—three times! All the fame and honor and position had not been sufficient to win her. Perry's countenance cleared. But in spite of this he declared, like a petulant boy,—"I don't know that I want her for a wife——" Yet he was mindful of the happiest possibilities.

"That's it! That's where you play the ass! That's where you're acting like a fool!" cried Mason, disgust for his rival's stupidity augmented by rebellion against his own hard lot. "You don't know what you want. But I know! You do want her—but you're not man enough to put old prejudices behind, and walk up and ask her to be your wife. I've small patience with you. If there weren't others to suffer I could wish you out there at the bottom of the river." And finally breaking into maledictions, the young Governor declared he could put him there with a good heart—cursing himself for having been weak enough to rescue a fool!

Why did he talk thus? Why was the Governor egging his rival on to declare himself, when it might mean the destruction of his own hopes? Mason wondered at himself. He was like one come to the edge of a precipice, and his sensations invited him to destruction. "A noble man"—he heard in his ears, and acted on impulse.

Perry defended his position weakly. There were many things to think of when a man chose a wife; he said this, and much besides that was trite. But in the talk he worked away from the subject, and returned to the spectacle the two had made out on the river. "It was the toddy," he declared again.

And again he pledged himself to have no more of it. He told Mason of his early life and training. He was not meant for social gaieties. He had made a fool of himself every time he tried to be one of the beau monde. He was tired of it, and meant to return to his earlier life.

Perry's dejection had a line of humor in it, but Mason's laugh was not hearty. The bit of cynicism in its ring saved the Governor from giving offense; it so plainly said—"I too have suffered!" However, he was not without his satisfaction. He had leaped from the precipice and made a safe landing; he had more than done his duty as "a noble man."

"Messieurs, ze breakfas' eet ees prepare'," called Tetro, thrusting his bald, brown pate into the room.

The subject was one they could not take before the slave, so it was dropped there.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE conversation in Tetro's hut was often in Perry's mind, but long schooled to the idea that Marie and he were not for each other, it had become well nigh impossible for him to act. The memory of his mother and her prejudices, and the recollection of that fateful night at the Justice's, were like ball and chain about his ankles.

Marie's correspondence with Elva brought her often to the house, ostensibly for a talk with Mrs. Rolland, regarding interesting matters across the water; so, though they seldom met in society, through this good woman each knew pretty well the life the other was leading. Marie heard of the stand Perry had taken in the temperance movement which swept over the land at that period, and he in turn cherished the report that at a succeeding ball she danced but once with the Governor. But matters went no further.

In politics, however, great strides had been achieved. An irregular assembly, called by the Whigs in derision "The Frost-bitten Convention," had voted to accept the boundaries prescribed by Congress, and the authorities at Washington had at once declared

Michigan a State in the Union. But no sooner was the quarrel with Ohio settled than the sky became lurid with possibilities of foreign war. The Patriots of Canada had become active on American soil, and Governor Mason found it necessary to send Perry with a squad of Bradies to Fort Gratiot to bring away the military stores kept there. In the personal interview between the two men, their eyes met, and each thought of the night they battled on the river, and each wondered what of his rival and Marie Beaucœur since that was not known to him. It was a desperate mission the Governor proposed, one fraught with innumerable dangers, as the movement must be made by boat through narrow channels covered with thick ice. A thousand experienced lake men declared the thing impossible. Could the Governor have an ulterior motive in sending him into the jaws of death? Perry had questioned, but put the thought from his mind as unworthy the friendship between them. Another moment, and he welcomed the undertaking with a feeling that any fate was better than to continue longer in the present paralysis of doubt and indecision.

Four days had passed now, and not a word from the little band.

Mrs. Rolland and Bridget were paring apples—slicing, coring, and stringing the pieces, when a quick, light step sounded along the hall leading to the kitchen where they were at work. The knocker had failed to announce the caller, and the two paused in their labors, wondering at the approaching tread, till Marie

Beaucœur, fur-clad, flushed, and rosy-cheeked, stood before them.

"Letters from Elva!" she cried, waving two folded bits of paper above her head. "I was at the post-office —and when I found one for me—I inquired for you, Mrs. Rolland!" She was excited, and quite out of breath.

Mrs. Rolland sprang from her chair to seize the missive outstretched to her, and pans and parings fell clattering to the floor.

"I haven't read mine yet," declared Marie. "They're both from London. I've seen that! The Queen—I hope Elva has been to see her crowned, and has written all about it——"

"I dinna think Elva would gae sae soon after——" began Mrs. Rolland, and then recalled the flight of time. "Ay, but the little Laird is as mooch as six months auld. If she hasna written me a' aboot the bairn I shall scold her fine. Another Laird Percy! I would gie my een to see the bit ween——"

"Faith, an' wit'out yer oyes how could ye see the wee thing at all, at all?" demanded Bridget.

Each had flown to a window and broken the seals that held her letter. Marie read aloud the first paragraph that presented itself, which chanced to be one in the very middle. " 'The young Queen is so charming—this I think I have written you before;—not a beauty, but so very bright and interesting. It is a rare sweet sight to behold such self-possession and dignity in all her official acts, and afterward witness the girlish abandonment with which she romps with the children——' "

Mrs. Rolland in like manner from her window read aloud, retaining her accent:—"'I hae written Marie hoo the Queen looks and acts on the throne, but I moost tell ye hoo she behaves wi' the baby—my Laird Percy; for you know we are quite of her household while staying in London——'"

"Sure, which am Oi to listen to?" cried Bridget, in distraction, turning her head first one way and then the other.

Marie's laugh trilled forth. "Of course! I'll wait. Your letter, Mrs. Rolland—we'll listen to yours first." Yet while mademoiselle kept her ears open to the other, her eyes continually sought her own.

"Lay aff yer wraps an' stay wi' us the day," begged Mrs. Rolland, when she could dwell on a thing apart from the two letters. "I wouldna hae ye think I was sae unmindfu' of my manners. Boot a letter frae the auld hame land drives a' else oot o' my head. That's a deary! I moost hear aboot the Queen's coronation again afore ye gae. Ay, to think oor ain Elva—the lass—was in it wi' a' the ither grand folk!"

"If you will let me help with the apples, Mrs. Rolland," returned Marie, making this the condition of her stay.

"Bless yer bonny sweet face! I would be glad o' yer help. Hoo many bushels is it, Bridget, that are like to decay if they arena ta'en care of at ance?"

"Faith, and is it o' thrying apples ye can talk in the same breath wit' the blessed Queen Victoria and all the gentle folk and nobility? Rotting apples and royalty! Git out wit' ye, Mrs. Rolland! The blissed Saints know there is enough to do, Miss Beaucœur,

if ye will but stay; but first let me git ye an apron. Ye'll be spoiling yer purthy gown."

"I'm mair than glad ye hae droppit in to see me, Marie," said Mrs. Rolland, as she gave mademoiselle needle and cord with which to string the pieces of apples. "There is sae mooch these days for a body to talk aboot. I mind me yer brother is awa' wi' Meester North. Hae ye no heard aught frae him?"

"Nothing!" breathed Marie, a cloud coming over her face, and for a time the white, ear-shaped pieces lay a motionless heap in her lap.

"I called to Doctor Houghton frae the door as he was passing this morning," continued Mrs. Rolland, "an' he said he dinna think they could coome through the ice that has formed in the Lake. I pray God no harm may coome to the lads! But it is a pitifu' time. I dinna need to ask ye if ye hae heard of the battle that was fought yestere'en on the island doon the river? The Doctor says the number killed and wounded is mooch exaggerated."

"Oh, I hope no one is killed!" protested Marie in agony. "Governor Mason was in the post-office, and he said he should send troops up to meet them soon, if no word came. We did not look for anything from Antoine; but it is time he—they returned. Major North is a brave man—but he will not lead his men into needless danger."

"Indade he is a brave man," interjected Bridget. "Do ye moind the toime he saved ye from the niggers on the island, Miss Beaucœur? I had just served the breakfast whin he burst into the house. An' I moind how the rolls burned that morning whilst I list' to

the story he had to tell. Her Leddyship was wit' us thin; and the Dooke, who was only Colonel Campbell thin, called that evening——"

"Ah! that is it I will never forget," said Marie, with quickened pulses, and the color, which the atmosphere of the room had considerably subdued, came back to her cheeks in full measure.

Having thus drifted to Perry, the conversation clung about him for some time. He was a favorite with his landlady, who delighted to tell the many trifling incidents of his life under her roof, all of which revealed an honest character, mingling simplicity, strength, and amiability.

"I think I was the first to greet him when he came to Detroit," boasted Marie, after a time, and in such genial atmosphere she told how Perry had rescued her brother François from the boys who bullied him long ago on the Savoyard.

"Sure, and he's a rale gintleman," declared Bridget warmly. "Niver once in all the toime I've known him has he said wan cross worrd to me—and Oi'm not denying he has had occasion. Do ye moind, Mrs. Rolland, the day I burned his shirt bosom by leaving the iron to stand a minute too long? It was the day me brother died. But phwhat does Misther North say? Faith, Oi'll niver forgit them worrds;—says he: 'Oi kin git another shirt, Bridget,' says he; meaning it as sympathy for me, as wan would say—'Ye kin niver git another brother the loike, Bridget!' Ah, 'tis a koind heart the Major has!"

So the hours sped by. From time to time Mrs. Rolland carried away great strings of apples to the attic

where they were left to dry, hanging about the mammoth chimney that gave warmth to the low apartment. In the afternoon she said to Marie:—"Would ye no like a peep at the bonny lot I hae there?"—and led her up the two flights of stairs to exhibit the housewifely store.

As they were coming away, the good woman recollected the jam she had over the fire—and Bridget gone out to a neighbor's. Excusing herself for the haste she must make, Mrs. Rolland flew down the passage, but stopped long enough to point out the door leading to Perry's workshop, which stood slightly ajar. "While ye're oop here," she called back, "ye maun step in and see where Meester North works. The place is nae sae sacred that he would think ye intruding. It's nae a bonny sight—but ye maun be interested for a bit look——" Scarcely finishing her sentence she sped on to the kitchen, leaving mademoiselle to turn aside or not, as she chose.

In spite of Mrs. Rolland's words, Marie felt some hesitation about entering the room. It was almost as if she would steal up to take a look at Perry himself while he slept. Then she recalled the fact that her brother had spent many happy hours there. Ah, she would see where François had worked. Murmuring this to her quickened heart, she tiptoed over the sawdust and shavings that littered the floor.

In the centre of the room she paused and looked about, half daunted. The great chimney which had warmed the other part of the attic was too far away to have any effect on the atmosphere here, and Marie's breath formed in a little cloud before her face. The

odors of the kitchen had found their way thither and grown stale. Altogether, the place was scarcely inviting, with its naked rafters and barren, unfinished walls. The one redeeming spot was near the window, through which the sun shone with a warmth that was both surprising and grateful to one stepping from the chill shadow.

This must be where François stood when he turned the lathe, she thought. The great wheel was in reach, and putting out her hand, she set it revolving slowly. And there monsieur would stand and work! She tried to comprehend what that work was. The tools lay about the bench just as Perry had left them when the summons came from the Capitol. Marie picked up now one, now another, as if they might answer her unspoken question. There was the great wooden-framed plane,—and her soft hand attempted to fill the place where the man's large one was accustomed to grasp it. She was careful to return each tool to the exact spot whence it was taken; no trace should be left for the master to discover her invasion.

Who turned the lathe for him now?—she wondered. François's strength had not been greater than her own. And forthwith a marvellous picture rose before her eyes:—in it she herself turned the lathe, and the master worked at her side. But it was not work—it was something that yielded a joy never experienced before. For a moment she seemed actually to see him: his strong, muscular frame—lithe and graceful in all its activity—worked away on some problem that absorbed his whole mind; his hair—les cheveux d'or

—had gathered in curls on the brow grown warm with exercise; the litter of work was about him and on him, but only to add charm to his manly appearance.

Not even the approaching tumult up the Gratiot road could draw her from that picture, nor the noise of people scurrying through the streets below, eager to meet the little band returning in triumph from its hazardous mission. But presently something else did: a book which Perry had been reading, and had left open on the other side of the bench—and yet not the book either, but the bit of lace and linen that marked his place. She took it up. Without doubt it was the very handkerchief, grown yellow, that Mère Gobielle had given her; almost the last bit of work she had done before becoming utterly helpless; and for two years its loss had been mourned in a peculiar manner.

"Mon joli mouchoir! how came it here—in *his* possession?" In her surprise she breathed the words aloud.

"I found it in the Presbyterian Church one evening long ago. Then it *is* yours?"

This answer was returned as soon as she had asked the question, in a voice quiet and full of friendly assurance; and so great was her surprise in finding the handkerchief that for an instant it prevented astonishment over this other—Perry's sudden appearance.

"Yes," she returned, forgetting herself in the joy of recovering a thing long lost and prized; and lifting

her eyes, for a single instant she looked frankly unabashed into Perry's face.

Then came a full realization of her stolen position in his room, and the greatest confusion followed. "Oh! I did not hear your step—I did not know you had returned! Mrs. Rolland sent me here—that is, she said I might take a peep—— I hope I have not disturbed anything. François worked here—— It was that——" Blushing, bewildered, mademoiselle sought to explain her presence in his room. Blindly the handkerchief was restored to its place in the book.

"We have only just returned," Perry explained, before she had finished. His effort was to relieve her confusion while seeming to ignore it. A gallant, manly appearance he made, dressed in his buckskin uniform. "I relinquished command as soon as the Governor met us," he went on, "and turned down a side street to escape to my rooms. I have been under considerable strain." He put it thus, lightly. "The men behaved splendidly. Your brother—all are well. We have brought off the stores. The handkerchief —if it is yours——"

He took it from the book and extended it to her. Their hands and eyes met at the same time. There were questions and confessions in touch and glance which words would not have been allowed to convey. Further struggle against the inevitable was worse than useless now, and barriers which both had long maintained gave way. Mademoiselle's shoulders lifted with intense emotion, seeing which Perry forgot everything save the passion that had consumed him for months.

"Marie!"

It was a cry—a plea—a command out of the infinite, and their two natures yielded to the path of least resistance. Perry held her in his arms as if a moment had been given him out of all eternity. But when they could speak, explain, it was found that the moment need not end there, but might drift on into unlimited time after its own fashioning. Yet with all the joy, recollection of that night at the Justice's crowded upon the lover, and an impulse to resolve every doubt forced him to seek explanation.

"But you told me once you had forgiven me that," replied Marie, lifting her face toward his. Something in her tears and the words recalled their parting on the river bank after he had saved her from the negroes, and gave a further revelation of the bond between them. "Oh, forget it too!" she begged with faltering lips.

That look into her heart was enough for the most exacting lover, and Perry never alluded to the fateful incident again.

"Then you do love me, Marie?" he reiterated as a thing almost beyond belief; and her confession, put into words for the first time, gave him the most exquisite moment of his life.

Perry trembled often enough afterward, when he thought by what a narrow margin he had reached his happiness. He might have gone on living the same desolate life to the end of his days, had he not met Marie in his workshop that afternoon;—chanced to meet her, he called it at first, but later dropped the term, unable to believe such perfect joy as was theirs

could come except by design. And design implied a Designer—which meant Providence,—leading him in time back to a faith akin to his mother's.

"A bit of earthly love helps maist wonderfu' to reveal the love of our Heavenly Father; that, and the warks o' the gude Doctor Chalmers, have done the pairt of a revival in the lad's heart," said Mrs. Rolland to Perry's sister, at the time of Laura's first visit to Detroit, a year after her brother's marriage. "I was maist afeared for his releegious preenciples when he telt me the Romish Priest, Father Kundig, was to solemnize the wedding. But the next Sabbath he came wi' his bonny bride to his ain kirk, and there they hae baith continued maist faithfu' syne the first. Marie is nae sae simple to understand,—but bonny and sweet, as ye say. I doot not she leads her husband a gay dance, but ony sic a ane as a braw lad loves frae his lass. Ay! and he is honored by the people, as ye maun see syne they aye put him for'ard when the grand folk coome to toon. First, it was juist to deliver a toast at the reception gi'en to Harriet Martineau, and noo he is to be master o' ceremonies during the veesit of Daniel Webster. Perry has a' that a man could ask—and I'm no denying the lad deserves it."

"If mother could only have lived to see it," sighed Laura.

"Ay, but do ye no think they ken it a' in Heaven?"

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